

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XC.—DECEMBER, 1902.—No. DXLII.

THE IDEALS OF AMERICA.¹

WE do not think or speak of the War for Independence as if we were aged men who, amidst alien scenes of change, comfort themselves with talk of great things done in days long gone by, the like of which they may never hope to see again. The spirit of the old days is not dead. If it were, who amongst us would care for its memory and distant, ghostly voice? It is the distinguishing mark, nay the very principle of life in a nation alive and quick in every fibre, as ours is, that all its days are great days,—are to its thought single and of a piece. Its past it feels to have been but the prelude and earnest of its present. It is from its memories of days old and new that it gets its sense of identity, takes its spirit of action, assures itself of its power and its capacity, and knows its place in the world. Old colony days, and those sudden days of revolution when debate turned to action and heady winds as if of destiny blew with mighty breath the long continent through, were our own days, the days of our childhood and our headstrong youth. We have not forgotten. Our memories make no effort to recall the time. The battle of Trenton is as real to us as the battle of San Juan hill.

We remember the chill, and the ardor too, of that gray morning when we came upon the startled outposts of the

town, the driving sleet beating at our backs; the cries and hurrying of men in the street, the confused muster at our front, the sweeping fire of our guns and the rush of our men, Sullivan coming up by the road from the river, Washington at the north, where the road to Princeton is; the showy Hessian colonel shot from his horse amidst his bewildered men; the surrender; the unceasing storm. And then the anxious days that followed: the recrossing of the icy river before even we had rested; the troop of surly prisoners to be cared for and sent forward to Philadelphia; the enemy all the while to be thought of, and the way to use our advantage.

How much it meant a third time to cross the river, and wait here in the town for the regiments Sir William Howe should send against us! How sharp and clear the night was when we gave Cornwallis the slip and took the silent, frosty road to Allentown and Princeton! Those eighteen miles between bedtime and morning are not easily forgot, nor that sharp brush with the redcoats at Princeton: the moving fight upon the sloping hillside, the cannon planted in the streets, the gray old building where the last rally was made,—and then the road to Brunswick, Cornwallis at our heels!

How the face of things was changed in those brief days! There had been despair till then. It was but a few short weeks since the men of the Jersey towns

¹ An address delivered on the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Trenton, December 26, 1901.

and farms had seen us driven south across the river like fugitives; now we came back an army again, the Hessians who had but the other day harried and despoiled that countryside beaten and scattered before us, and they knew not whether to believe their eyes or not. As we pushed forward to the heights at Morristown we drew in the British lines behind us, and New Jersey was free of the redcoats again. The Revolution had had its turning point. It was easy then to believe that General Washington could hold his own against any adversary in that terrible game of war. A new heart was in everything!

And yet what differences of opinion there were, and how hot and emphatic every turn of the war made them among men who really spoke their minds and dissembled nothing! It was but six months since the Congress had ventured its Declaration of Independence, and the brave words of that defiance halted on many lips that read them. There were men enough and to spare who would not speak them at all; who deemed the whole thing madness and deep folly, and even black treason. Men whose names all the colonies knew held off and would take no part in armed resistance to the ancient crown whose immemorial sovereignty kept a great empire together. Men of substance at the ports of trade were almost all against the Revolution; and where men of means and principle led, base men who played for their own interest were sure to follow. Every movement of the patriotic leaders was spied upon and betrayed; everywhere the army moved there were men of the very countryside it occupied to be kept close watch against.

Those were indeed "times that tried men's souls"! It was no light matter to put the feeling as of a nation into those scattered settlements: to bring the high-spirited planters of the Carolinas, who thought for themselves, or their humble neighbors on the upland farms, who

ordered their lives as they pleased, to the same principles and point of view that the leaders of Virginia and Massachusetts professed and occupied, — the point of view from which everything wore so obvious an aspect of hopeful revolt, where men planned the war at the north. There were great families at Philadelphia and in Boston itself who were as hard to win, and plain men without number in New York and the Jerseys who would not come for the beckoning. Opinion was always making and to be made, and the campaign of mind was as hard as that of arms.

To think of those days of doubt and stress, of the swaying of opinion this way and that, of counsels distracted and plans to be made anew at every turn of the arduous business, takes one's thoughts forward to those other days, as full of doubt, when the war had at last been fought out and a government was to be made. No doubt that crisis was the greatest of all. Opinion will form for a war, in the face of manifest provocation and of precious rights called in question. But the making of a government is another matter. And the government to be made then was to take the place of the government cast off: there was the rub. It was difficult to want any common government at all after fighting to be quit of restraint and overlordship altogether; and it went infinitely hard to be obliged to make it strong, with a right to command and a power to rule. Then it was that we knew that even the long war, with its bitter training of the thoughts and its hard discipline of union, had not made a nation, but only freed a group of colonies. The debt is the more incalculable which we owe to the little band of sagacious men who labored the summer through, in that far year 1787, to give us a constitution that those heady little commonwealths could be persuaded to accept, and which should yet be a framework within which the real powers of a nation might grow in the fullness of time,

and gather head with the growth of a mighty people.

They gave us but the outline, the formula, the broad and general programme of our life, and left us to fill it in with such rich store of achievement and sober experience as we should be able to gather in the days to come. Not battles or any stirring scene of days of action, but the slow processes by which we grew and made our thought and formed our purpose in quiet days of peace, are what we find it hard to make real to our minds again, now that we are mature and have fared far upon the road. Our life is so broad and various now, and was so simple then; the thoughts of those first days seem crude to us now and unreal. We smile upon the simple dreams of our youth a bit incredulously, and seem cut off from them by a great space. And yet it was by those dreams we were formed. The lineage of our thoughts is unbroken. The nation that was making then was the nation which yesterday intervened in the affairs of Cuba, and to-day troubles the trade and the diplomacy of the world.

It was clear to us even then, in those first days when we were at the outset of our life, with what spirit and mission we had come into the world. Clear-sighted men over sea saw it too, whose eyes were not holden by passion or dimmed by looking steadfastly only upon things near at hand. We shall not forget those deathless passages of great speech, compact of music and high sense, in which Edmund Burke justified us and gave us out of his riches our philosophy of right action in affairs of state. Chatham rejoiced that we had resisted. Fox clapped his hands when he heard that Cornwallis had been trapped and taken at Yorktown. Dull men without vision, small men who stood upon no place of elevation in their thoughts, once cried treason against these men, — though no man dared speak such a taunt to the passionate Chatham's face; but now all men speak as Fox spoke, and our Washington is become one of the

heroes of the English race. What did it mean that the greatest Englishmen should thus cheer us to revolt at the very moment of our rebellion? What is it that has brought us at last the verdict of the world?

It means that in our stroke for independence we struck a blow for all the world. Some men saw it then; all men see it now. The very generation of Englishmen who stood against us in that day of our struggling birth lived to see the liberating light of that day shine about their own path before they made an end and were gone. They had deep reason before their own day was out to know what it was that Burke had meant when he said, "We cannot falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition, your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery." . . . "For, in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood."

It turned out that the long struggle in America had been the first act in the drama whose end and culmination should be the final establishment of constitutional government for England and for English communities everywhere. It is easy now, at this quiet distance, for the closeted student to be puzzled how to set up the legal case of the colonists against the authority of Parliament. It is possible now to respect the scruples of the

better loyalists, and even to give all honor to the sober ardor of self-sacrifice with which they stood four-square against the Revolution. We no longer challenge their right. Neither do we search out the motives of the mass of common men who acted upon the one side or the other. Like men in all ages and at every crisis of affairs, they acted each according to his sentiment, his fear, his interest, or his lust. We ask, rather, why did the noble gentlemen to whom it fell to lead America seek great action and embark all their honor in such a cause? What was it they fought for?

A lawyer is puzzled to frame the answer; but no statesman need be. "If I were sure," said Burke, "that the colonists had, at their leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude, that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens, that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations, yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day, and to govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, on the principles of freedom. I am not determining a point of law; . . . the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fit for them." It was no abstract point of governmental theory the leaders of the colonies took the field to expound. Washington, Henry, Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Morris, Boudinot, Livingston, Rutledge, Pinckney, — these were men of affairs, who thought less of books than of principles of action. They fought for the plain right of self-government, which any man could understand. The government over sea had broken faith with them, — not the faith of law, but the faith that is in precedents and ancient understandings, though they be tacit and nowhere spoken in any charter. Hitherto the colonies had been let live their own lives according to their own genius, and vote their own

supplies to the crown as if their assemblies were so many parliaments. Now, of a sudden, the Parliament in England was to thrust their assemblies aside and itself lay their taxes. Here was too new a thing. Government without precedent was government without license or limit. It was government by innovation, not government by agreement. Old ways were the only ways acceptable to English feet. The revolutionists stood for no revolution at all, but for the maintenance of accepted practices, for the inviolable understandings of precedent, — in brief, for *constitutional government*.

That sinister change which filled the air of America with storm darkened the skies of England too. Not in America only did George, the king, and his counselors make light of and willfully set aside the ancient understandings which were the very stuff of liberty in English eyes. That unrepresentative Parliament, full of place-men, which had taxed America, contained majorities which the king could bestow at his will upon this minister or that; and the men who set America by the ears came or went from their places at his bidding. It was he, not the Parliament, that made and unmade ministries. Behind the nominal ministers of the crown stood men whom Parliament did not deal with, and the nation did not see who were the king's favorites, and therefore the actual rulers of England. There was here the real revolution. America, with her sensitive make-up, her assemblies that were the real representatives of her people, had but felt sooner than the mass of Englishmen at home the unhappy change of air which seemed about to corrupt the constitution itself. Burke felt it in England, and Fox, and every man whose thoughts looked soberly forth upon the signs of the times. And presently, when the American war was over, the nation itself began to see what light the notable thing done in America shed upon its own affairs. The king was to be grappled with at home,

the Parliament was to be freed from his power, and the ministers who ruled England were to be made the real servants of the people. Constitutional government was to be made a reality again. We had begun the work of freeing England when we completed the work of freeing ourselves.

The great contest which followed over sea, and which was nothing less than the capital and last process of making and confirming the constitution of England, kept covert beneath the surface of affairs while the wars of the French Revolution swept the world. Not until 1832 was representation in Parliament at last reformed, and the Commons made a veritable instrument of the nation's will. Days of revolution, when ancient kingdoms seemed tottering to their fall, were no days in which to be tinkering the constitution of old England. Her statesmen grew slow and circumspect and moved in all things with infinite prudence, and even with a novel timidity. But when the times fell quiet again, opinion, gathering head for a generation, moved forward at last to its object; and government was once more by consent in England. The Parliament spoke the real mind of the nation, and the leaders whom the Commons approved were of necessity also the ministers of the crown. Men could then look back and see that America had given England the shock, and the crown the opportune defeat, which had awakened her to save her constitution from corruption.

Meanwhile, what of America herself? How had she used the independence she had demanded and won? For a little while she had found it a grievous thing to be free, with no common power set over her to hold her to a settled course of life which should give her energy and bring her peace and honor and increase of wealth. Even when the convention at Philadelphia had given her the admirable framework of a definite constitution, she found it infinitely hard to hit

upon a common way of progress under a mere printed law which had no sanction of custom or affection, which no ease of old habit sustained, and no familiar light of old tradition made plain to follow. This new law had yet to be filled with its meanings, had yet to be given its texture of life. Our whole history, from that day of our youth to this day of our glad maturity, has been filled with the process.

It took the war of 1812 to give us spirit and full consciousness and pride of station as a nation. That was the real war of independence for our political parties. It was then we cut our parties and our passions loose from politics over sea, and set ourselves to make a career which should be indeed our own. That accomplished, and our weak youth turned to callow manhood, we stretched our hand forth again to the west, set forth with a new zest and energy upon the western rivers and the rough trails that led across the mountains and down to the waters of the Mississippi. There lay a continent to be possessed. In the very day of first union Virginia and her sister states had ceded to the common government all the great stretches of western land that lay between the mountains and that mighty river into which all the western waters gathered head. While we were yet weak and struggling for our place among the nations, Mr. Jefferson had added the vast bulk of Louisiana, beyond the river, whose boundaries no man certainly knew. All the great spaces of the continent from Canada round about by the great Rockies to the warm waters of the southern Gulf lay open to the feet of our young men. The forests rang with their noisy march. What seemed a new race deployed into those broad valleys and out upon those long, unending plains which were the common domain, where no man knew any government but the government of the whole people. That was to be the real making of the nation.

There sprang up the lusty states which now, in these days of our full stature, outnumber almost threefold the thirteen commonwealths which formed the Union. Their growth set the pace of our life; forced the slavery question to a final issue; gave us the civil war with its stupendous upheaval and its resettlement of the very foundations of the government; spread our strength from sea to sea; created us a free and mighty people, whose destinies daunt the imagination of the Old World looking on. That increase, that endless accretion, that rolling, resistless tide, incalculable in its strength, infinite in its variety, has made us what we are; has put the resources of a huge continent at our disposal; has provoked us to invention and given us mighty captains of industry. This great pressure of a people moving always to new frontiers, in search of new lands, new power, the full freedom of a virgin world, has ruled our course and formed our policies like a Fate. It gave us, not Louisiana alone, but Florida also. It forced war with Mexico upon us, and gave us the coasts of the Pacific. It swept Texas into the Union. It made far Alaska a territory of the United States. Who shall say where it will end?

The census takers of 1890 informed us, when their task was done, that they could no longer find any frontier upon this continent; that they must draw their maps as if the mighty process of settlement that had gone on, ceaseless, dramatic, the century through, were now ended and complete, the nation made from sea to sea. We had not pondered their report a single decade before we made new frontiers for ourselves beyond the seas, accounting the seven thousand miles of ocean that lie between us and the Philippine Islands no more than the three thousand which once lay between us and the coasts of the Pacific. No doubt there is here a great revolution in our lives. No war ever transformed us quite as the war with Spain transformed

us. No previous years ever ran with so swift a change as the years since 1898. We have witnessed a new revolution. We have seen the transformation of America completed. That little group of states, which one hundred and twenty-five years ago cast the sovereignty of Britain off, is now grown into a mighty power. That little confederation has now massed and organized its energies. A confederacy is transformed into a nation. The battle of Trenton was not more significant than the battle of Manila. The nation that was one hundred and twenty-five years in the making has now stepped forth into the open arena of the world.

I ask you to stand with me at this new turning-point of our life, that we may look before and after, and judge ourselves alike in the light of that old battle fought here in these streets, and in the light of all the mighty processes of our history that have followed. We cannot too often give ourselves such challenge of self-examination. It will hearten, it will steady, it will moralize us to reassess our hopes, restate our ideals, and make manifest to ourselves again the principles and the purposes upon which we act. We are else without chart upon a novel voyage.

What are our thoughts now, as we look back from this altered age to the Revolution which to-day we celebrate? How do we think of its principles and of its example? Do they seem remote and of a time not our own, or do they still seem stuff of our thinking, principles near and intimate, and woven into the very texture of our institutions? What say we now of liberty and of self-government, its embodiment? What lessons have we read of it on our journey hither to this high point of outlook at the beginning of a new century? Do those old conceptions seem to us now an ideal modified, of altered face, and of a mien not shown in the simple days when the government was formed?

Of course forms have changed. The form of the Union itself is altered, to the model that was in Hamilton's thought rather than to that which Jefferson once held before us, adorned, transfigured, in words that led the mind captive. Our ways of life are profoundly changed since that dawn. The balance of the states against the Federal government, however it may strike us now as of capital convenience in the distribution of powers and the quick and various exercise of the energies of the people, no longer seems central to our conceptions of governmental structure, no longer seems of the essence of the people's liberty. We are no longer strenuous about the niceties of constitutional law; no longer dream that a written law shall save us, or that by ceremonial cleanliness we may lift our lives above corruption. But has the substance of things changed with us, also? Wherein now do we deem the life and very vital principle of self-government to lie? Where is that point of principle at which we should wish to make our stand and take again the final risk of revolution? What other crisis do we dream of that might bring in its train another battle of Trenton?

These are intensely practical questions. We fought but the other day to give Cuba self-government. It is a point of conscience with us that the Philippines shall have it, too, when our work there is done and they are ready. But when will our work there be done, and how shall we know when they are ready? How, when our hand is withdrawn from her capitals and she plays her game of destiny apart and for herself, shall we be sure that Cuba has this blessing of liberty and self-government, for which battles are justly fought and revolutions righteously set afoot? If we be apostles of liberty and of self-government, surely we know what they are, in their essence and without disguise of form, and shall not be deceived in the principles of their

application by mere differences between this race and that. We have given pledges to the world and must redeem them as we can.

Some nice tests of theory are before us, — are even now at hand. There are those amongst us who have spoken of the Filipinos as standing where we stood when we were in the throes of that great war which was turned from fear to hope again in that battle here in the streets of Trenton which we are met to speak of, and who have called Aguinaldo, the winning, subtle youth now a prisoner in our hands at Manila, a second Washington. Have they, then, forgot that tragic contrast upon which the world gazed in the days when our Washington was President: on the one side of the sea, in America, peace, an ordered government, a people busy with the tasks of mart and home, a group of commonwealths bound together by strong cords of their own weaving, institutions sealed and confirmed by debate and the suffrages of free men, but not by the pouring out of blood in civil strife, — on the other, in France, a nation frenzied, dis-tempered, seeking it knew not what, — a nation which poured its best blood out in a vain sacrifice, which cried of liberty and self-government until the heavens rang and yet ran straight and swift to anarchy, to give itself at last, with an almost glad relief, to the masterful tyranny of a soldier? "I should suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France," said Burke, the master who had known our liberty for what it was, and knew this set up in France to be spurious, — "I should suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France until I was informed how it had been combined with government; with public force; with the discipline and obedience of armies; with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue; with morality and religion; with the solidity of property; with peace and order; with social and civil manners."

Has it not taken France a century to effect the combination; and are all men sure that she has found it even now? And yet were not these things combined with liberty amongst us from the very first?

How interesting a light shines upon the matter of our thought out of that sentence of Burke's! How liberty had been combined with government! Is there here a difficulty, then? Are the two things not kindly disposed toward one another? Does it require any nice art and adjustment to unite and reconcile them? Is there here some cardinal test which those amiable persons have overlooked, who have dared to cheer the Filipino rebels on in their stubborn resistance to the very government they themselves live under and owe fealty to? Think of Washington's passion for order, for authority, for some righteous public force which should teach individuals their place under government, for the solidity of property, for morality and sober counsel. It was plain that he cared not a whit for liberty without these things to sustain and give it dignity. "You talk, my good sir," he exclaimed, writing to Henry Lee in Congress, "you talk of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence is no government.* Let us have one by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once." In brief, the fact is this, that liberty is the privilege of maturity, of self-control, of self-mastery and a thoughtful care for righteous dealings,—that some peoples may have it, therefore, and others may not.

We look back to the great men who made our government as to a generation, not of revolutionists, but of statesmen. They fought, not to pull down, but to preserve,—not for some fair and far-

off thing they wished for, but for a familiar thing they had and meant to keep. Ask any candid student of the history of English liberty, and he will tell you that these men were of the lineage of Pym and Hampden, of Pitt and Fox; that they were men who consecrated their lives to the preservation intact of what had been wrought out in blood and sweat by the countless generations of sturdy freemen who had gone before them.

Look for a moment at what self-government really meant in their time. Take English history for your test. I know not where else you may find an answer to the question. We speak, all the world speaks, of England as the mother of liberty and self-government; and the beginning of her liberty we place in the great year that saw Magna Charta signed, that immortal document whose phrases ring again in all our own Bills of Rights. Her liberty is in fact older than that signal year; but 1215 we set up as a shining mark to hold the eye. And yet we know, for all we boast the date so early, for how many a long generation after that the monarch ruled and the Commons cringed; haughty Plantagenets had their way, and indomitable Tudors played the master to all men's fear, till the fated Stuarts went their stupid way to exile and the scaffold. Kings were none the less kings because their subjects were free men.

Local self-government in England consisted until 1888 of government by almost omnipotent Justices of the Peace appointed by the Lord Chancellor. They were laymen, however. They were country gentlemen and served without pay. They were of the neighborhood and used their power for its benefit as their lights served them; but no man had a vote or choice as to which of the country gentlemen of his county should be set over him; and the power of the Justices sitting in Quarter Sessions covered almost every point of justice and

administration not directly undertaken by the officers of the crown itself. "Long ago," laughs an English writer, "lawyers abandoned the hope of describing the duties of a Justice in any methodic fashion, and the alphabet has become the only possible connecting thread. A Justice must have something to do with 'Railroads, Rape, Rates, Recognizances, Records, and Recreation Grounds;' with 'Perjury, Petroleum, Piracy, and Playhouses;' with 'Disorderly Houses, Dissenters, Dogs, and Drainage.'" And yet Englishmen themselves called their life under these lay masters self-government.

The English House of Commons was for many a generation, many a century even, no House of the Commons at all, but a house full of country gentlemen and rich burghers, the aristocracy of the English counties and the English towns; and yet it was from this House, and not from that reformed since 1832, that the world drew, through Montesquieu, its models of representative self-government in the days when our own Union was set up.

In America, and in America alone, did self-government mean an organization self-originated, and of the stuff of the people themselves. America had gone a step beyond her mother country. Her people were for the most part picked men: such men as have the energy and the initiative to leave old homes and old friends, and go to far frontiers to make a new life for themselves. They were men of a certain initiative, to take the world into their own hands. The king had given them their charters, but within the broad definitions of those charters they had built as they pleased, and common men were partners in the government of their little commonwealths. At home, in the old country, there was need, no doubt, that the hand of the king's government should keep men within its reach. The countrysides were full of yokels who would have been

brutes to deal with else. The counties were in fact represented very well by the country gentlemen who ruled them: for they were full of broad estates where men were tenants, not freehold farmers, and the interests of masters were generally enough the interests of their men. The towns had charters of their own. There was here no democratic community, and no one said or thought that the only self-government was democratic self-government. In America the whole constitution of society was democratic, inevitably and of course. Men lay close to their simple governments, and the new life brought to a new expression the immemorial English principle, that the intimate affairs of local administration and the common interests that were to be served in the making of laws should be committed to laymen, who would look at the government critically and from without, and not to the king's agents, who would look at it professionally and from within. England had had self-government time out of mind; but in America English self-government had become *popular* self-government.

"Almost all the civilized states derive their national unity," says a great English writer of our generation, "from common subjection, past or present, to royal power; the Americans of the United States, for example, are a nation because they once obeyed a king." That example in such a passage comes upon us with a shock: it is very unexpected, — "the Americans of the United States, for example, are a nation because they once obeyed a king!" And yet, upon reflection, can we deny the example? It is plain enough that the reason why the English in America got self-government and knew how to use it, and the French in America did not, was, that the English had had a training under the kings of England and the French under the kings of France. In the one country men did all things at the bidding of officers of the crown; in the other,

officers of the crown listened, were constrained to listen, to the counsels of laymen drawn out of the general body of the nation. And yet the kings of England were no less kings than the kings of France. Obedience is everywhere the basis of government, and the English were not ready either in their life or in their thought for a free régime under which they should choose their kings by ballot. For that régime they could be made ready only by the long drill which should make them respect above all things the law and the authority of governors. Discipline — discipline generations deep — had first to give them an ineradicable love of order, the poise of men self-commanded, the spirit of men who obey and yet speak their minds and are free, before they could be Americans.

No doubt a king did hold us together until we learned how to hold together of ourselves. No doubt our unity as a nation does come from the fact that we once obeyed a king. No one can look at the processes of English history and doubt that the throne has been its centre of poise, though not in our days its centre of force. Steadied by the throne, the effective part of the nation has, at every stage of its development, dealt with and controlled the government in the name of the whole. The king and his subjects have been partners in the great undertaking. At last, in our country, in this best trained portion of the nation, set off by itself, the whole became fit to act for itself, by veritable popular representation, without the make-weight of a throne. That is the history of our liberty. You have the spirit of English history, and of English royalty, from King Harry's mouth upon the field of Agincourt: —

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed

Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

It is thus the spirit of English life has made comrades of us all to be a nation.

This is what Burke meant by combining government with liberty, — the spirit of obedience with the spirit of free action. Liberty is not itself government. In the wrong hands, — in hands unpracticed, undisciplined, — it is incompatible with government. Discipline must precede it, — if necessary, the discipline of being under masters. Then will self-control make it a thing of life and not a thing of tumult, a tonic, not an insurgent madness in the blood. Shall we doubt, then, what the conditions precedent to liberty and self-government are, and what their invariable support and accompaniment must be, in the countries whose administration we have taken over in trust, and particularly in those far Philippine Islands whose government is our chief anxiety? We cannot give them any quittance of the debt ourselves have paid. They can have liberty no cheaper than we got it. They must first take the discipline of law, must first love order and instinctively yield to it. It is the heathen, not the free citizen of a self-governed country, who "in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, and don't obey no orders unless they is his own." We are old in this learning and must be their tutors.

But we may set them upon the way with an advantage we did not have until our hard journey was more than half made. We can see to it that the law which teaches them obedience is just law and even-handed. We can see to it that justice be free and unpurchasable among them. We can make order lovely by making it the friend of every man and not merely the shield of some. We can teach them by our fairness in

administration that there may be a power in government which, though imperative and irresistible by those who would cross or thwart it, does not act for its own aggrandizement, but is the guarantee that all shall fare alike. That will infinitely shorten their painful tutelage. Our pride, our conscience will not suffer us to give them less.

And, if we are indeed bent upon service and not mastery, we shall give them more. We shall take them into our confidence and suffer them to teach us, as our critics. No man can deem himself free from whom the government hides its action, or who is forbidden to speak his mind about affairs, as if government were a private thing which concerned the governors alone. Whatever the power of government, if it is just, there may be publicity of governmental action and freedom of opinion; and public opinion gathers head effectively only by concerted public agitation. These are the things—knowledge of what the government is doing and liberty to speak of it—that have made Englishmen feel like free men, whether they liked their governors or not: the right to know and the right to speak out,—to speak out in plain words and in open counsel. Privacy, official reticence, governors hedged about and inaccessible,—these are the marks of arbitrary government, under which spirited men grow restive and resentful. The mere right to criticise and to have matters explained to them cools men's tempers and gives them understanding in affairs. This is what we seek among our new subjects: that they shall understand us, and after free conference shall trust us: that they shall perceive that we are not afraid of criticism, and that we are ready to explain and to take suggestions from all who are ready, when the conference is over, to obey.

There will be a wrong done, not if we govern and govern as we will, govern with a strong hand that will brook no

resistance, and according to principles of right gathered from our own experience, not from theirs, which has never yet touched the vital matter we are concerned with; but only if we govern in the spirit of autocrats and of those who serve themselves, not their subjects. The whole solution lies less in our methods than in our temper. We must govern as those who learn; and they must obey as those who are in tutelage. They are children and we are men in these deep matters of government and justice. If we have not learned the substance of these things no nation is ever likely to learn it, for it is taken from life, and not from books. But though children must be foolish, impulsive, headstrong, unreasonable, men may be arbitrary, self-opinionated, impervious, impossible, as the English were in their Oriental colonies until they learned. We should be inexcusable to repeat their blunders and wait as long as they waited to learn how to serve the peoples whom we govern. It is plain we shall have a great deal to learn; it is to be hoped we shall learn it fast.

There are, unhappily, some indications that we have ourselves yet to learn the things we would teach. You have but to think of the large number of persons of your own kith and acquaintance who have for the past two years been demanding, in print and out of it, with moderation and the air of reason and without it, that we give the Philippines independence and self-government now, at once, out of hand. It were easy enough to give them independence, if by independence you mean only disconnection with any government outside the islands, the independence of a rudderless boat adrift. But self-government? How is that "given"? *Can* it be given? Is it not gained, earned, graduated into from the hard school of life? We have reason to think so. I have just now been trying to give the reasons we have for thinking so.

There are many things, things slow and difficult to come at, which we have found to be conditions precedent to liberty,—to the liberty which can be combined with government; and we cannot, in our present situation, too often remind ourselves of these things, in order that we may look steadily and wisely upon liberty, not in the uncertain light of theory, but in the broad, sun-like, disillusioning light of experience. We know, for one thing, that it rests at bottom upon a clear experimental knowledge of what are in fact the just rights of individuals, of what is the equal and profitable balance to be maintained between the right of the individual to serve himself and the duty of government to serve society. I say, not merely a *clear* knowledge of these, but a clear *experimental* knowledge of them as well. We hold it, for example, an indisputable principle of law in a free state that there should be freedom of speech, and yet we have a law of libel. No man, we say, may speak that which wounds his neighbor's reputation unless there be public need to speak it. Moreover we will judge of that need in a rough and ready fashion. Let twelve ordinary men, empaneled as a jury, say whether the wound was justly given and of necessity. "The truth of the matter is very simple when stripped of all ornaments of speech," says an eminent English judge. "It is neither more nor less than this: that a man may publish anything which twelve of his fellow countrymen think is not blamable." It is plain, therefore, that in this case at least we do not inquire curiously concerning the Rights of Man, which do not seem susceptible of being stated in terms of social obligation, but content ourselves with asking, "What are the rights of men living together, amongst whom there must be order and fair give and take?" And our law of libel is only one instance out of many. We treat all rights in like practical fashion. But a people must

obviously have had experience to treat them so. You have here one image in the mirror of self-government.

Do not leave the mirror before you see another. You cannot call a miscellaneous people, unknit, scattered, diverse of race and speech and habit, a nation, a community. That, at least, we got by serving under kings: we got the feeling and the organic structure of a community. No people can form a community or be wisely subjected to common forms of government who are as diverse and as heterogeneous as the people of the Philippine Islands. They are in no wise knit together. They are of many races, of many stages of development, economically, socially, politically disintegrate, without community of feeling because without community of life, contrasted alike in experience and in habit, having nothing in common except that they have lived for hundreds of years together under a government which held them always where they were when it first arrested their development. You may imagine the problem of self-government and of growth for such a people,—if so be you have an imagination and are no doctrinaire. If there is difficulty in our own government here at home because the several sections of our own country are disparate and at different stages of development, what shall we expect, and what patience shall we not demand of ourselves, with regard to our belated wards beyond the Pacific? We have here among ourselves hardly sufficient equality of social and economic conditions to breed full community of feeling. We have learned of our own experience what the problem of self-government is in such a case.

That liberty and self-government are things of infinite difficulty and nice accommodation we above all other peoples ought to know who have had every adventure in their practice. Our very discontent with the means we have taken to keep our people clear-eyed and steady in

the use of their institutions is evidence of our appreciation of what is required to sustain them. We have set up an elaborate system of popular education, and have made the maintenance of that system a function of government, upon the theory that only systematic training can give the quick intelligence, the "variety of information and excellence of discretion" needed by a self-governed people. We expect as much from school-teachers as from governors in the Philippines and in Porto Rico: we expect from them the *morale* that is to sustain our work there. And yet, when teachers have done their utmost and the school bills are paid, we doubt, and know that we have reason to doubt, the efficacy of what we have done. Books can but set the mind free, can but give it the freedom of the world of thought. The world of affairs has yet to be attempted, and the schooling of action must supplement the schooling of the written page. Men who have an actual hand in government, men who vote and sustain by their thoughts the whole movement of affairs, men who have the making or the confirming of policies, must have reasonable hopes, must act within the reasonable bounds set by hard experience.

By education, no doubt, you acquaint men, while they are yet young and quick to take impressions, with the character and spirit of the polity they live under; give them some sentiment of respect for it, put them in the air that has always lain about it, and prepare them to take the experience that awaits them. But it is from the polity itself and their own contact with it that they must get their actual usefulness in affairs, and only that contact, intelligently made use of, makes good citizens. We would not have them remain children always and act always on the preconceptions taken out of the books they have studied. Life is their real master and tutor in affairs.

And so the character of the polity men live under has always had a deep significance in our thoughts. Our greater statesmen have been men steeped in a thoughtful philosophy of politics, men who pondered the effect of this institution and that upon morals and the life of society, and thought of character when they spoke of affairs. They have taught us that the best polity is that which most certainly produces the habit and the spirit of civic duty, and which calls with the most stirring and persuasive voice to the leading characters of the nation to come forth and give it direction. It must be a polity which shall stimulate, which shall breed emulation, which shall make men seek honor by seeking service. These are the ideals which have formed our institutions, and which shall mend them when they need reform. We need good leaders more than an excellent mechanism of action in charters and constitutions. We need men of devotion as much as we need good laws. The two cannot be divorced and self-government survive.

It is this thought that distresses us when we look upon our cities and our states and see them ruled by bosses. Our methods of party organization have produced bosses, and they are as natural and inevitable a product of our politics, no doubt, at any rate for the time being and until we can see our way to better things, as the walking delegate and the union president are of the contest between capital and federated labor. Both the masters of strikes and the masters of caucuses are able men, too, with whom we must needs deal with our best wits about us. But they are not, if they will pardon me for saying so, the leading characters I had in mind when I said that the excellence of a polity might be judged by the success with which it calls the leading characters of a nation forth to its posts of command. The polity which breeds bosses breeds managing talents rather than leading characters, —

very excellent things in themselves, but not the highest flower of politics. The power to govern and direct primaries, combine primaries for the control of conventions, and use conventions for the nomination of candidates and the formulation of platforms agreed upon beforehand is an eminently useful thing in itself, and cannot be dispensed with, it may be, in democratic countries, where men must act, not helter skelter, but in parties, and with a certain party discipline, not easily thrown off; but it is not the first product of our politics we should wish to export to Porto Rico and the Philippines.

No doubt our study of these things which lie at the front of our own lives, and which must be handled in our own progress, will teach us how to be better masters and tutors to those whom we govern. We have come to full maturity with this new century of our national existence and to full self-consciousness as a nation. And the day of our isolation is past. We shall learn much ourselves now that we stand closer to other nations and compare ourselves first with one and again with another. Moreover, the centre of gravity has shifted in the action of our Federal government. It has shifted back to where it was at the opening of the last century, in that early day when we were passing from the gristle to the bone of our growth. For the first twenty-six years that we lived under our Federal constitution foreign affairs, the sentiment and policy of nations over sea, dominated our politics, and our Presidents were our leaders. And now the same thing has come about again. Once more it is our place among the nations that we think

of; once more our Presidents are our leaders.

The centre of our party management shifts accordingly. We no longer stop upon questions of what this state wants or that, what this section will demand or the other, what this boss or that may do to attach his machine to the government. The scale of our thought is national again. We are sensitive to airs that come to us from off the seas. The President and his advisers stand upon our chief coign of observation, and we mark their words as we did not till this change came. And this centring of our thoughts, this looking for guidance in things which mere managing talents cannot handle, this union of our hopes, will not leave us what we were when first it came. Here is a new world for us. Here is a new life to which to adjust our ideals.

It is by the widening of vision that nations, as men, grow and are made great. We need not fear the expanding scene. It was plain destiny that we should come to this, and if we have kept our ideals clear, unmarred, commanding through the great century and the moving scenes that made us a nation, we may keep them also through the century that shall see us a great power in the world. Let us put our leading characters at the front; let us pray that vision may come with power; let us ponder our duties like men of conscience and temper our ambitions like men who seek to serve, not to subdue, the world; let us lift our thoughts to the level of the great tasks that await us, and bring a great age in with the coming of our day of strength.

Woodrow Wilson.

ALL SORTS OF A PAPER.

BEING STRAY LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

EVERY living author has a projection of himself, a sort of eidolon, that goes about in near and remote places making friends or enemies for him among persons who never lay eyes upon the writer in the flesh. When he dies, this phantasmal personality fades away, and the author lives only in the impression created by his own literature. It is only then that the world begins to perceive what manner of man the poet, the novelist, or the historian really was. Not until he is dead, and perhaps some long time dead, is it possible for the public to take his exact measure. Up to that point contemporary criticism has either overrated him or underrated him, or ignored him altogether. Contemporary criticism has been misled by the eidolon, which always plays fantastic tricks with the author temporarily under its dominion. It invariably represents him as either a greater or a smaller personage than he actually is. Presently the simulacrum works no more spells, good or evil, and the deception is unveiled. The hitherto disregarded poet is recognized, and the flimsy idol of yesterday, which seemed so genuine, is taken down from his too large pedestal and carted off to the dumping-ground of inadequate things. To be sure, if he chances to have been not entirely flimsy, and on cool examination is found to possess some appreciable degree of merit, then he is set up on a new slab of appropriate dimensions. The late colossal statue shrinks to a modest bas-relief. On the other hand, some scarcely noticed bust may suddenly become a revered full-length figure. Between the reputation of the author living and the reputation of the same author dead there is ever a wide discrepancy. It is the eidolon that does it.

SAVE us from our friends — our enemies we can take care of. The well-meaning rector of the little parish of Woodgates, England, and several of Robert Browning's local admirers have recently busied themselves in erecting a tablet to the memory of "the first known forefather of the poet." This lately turned up ancestor was also named Robert Browning, and is described on the mural marble as "formerly footman and butler to Sir John Banks of Corfe Castle." Now, Robert Browning the poet had as good a right as Abou Ben Adhem himself to ask to be placed on the list of those who love their fellow men; but if the poet could have been consulted in the matter he probably would have preferred not to have that particular footman exhumed. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Sir John Banks would scarcely have been heard of in our young century if it had not been for his footman. As Robert stood day by day, sleek and solemn, behind his master's chair in Corfe Castle, how little it entered into the head of Sir John that his highly respectable name would be served up to posterity — like a cold relish — by his own butler! By Robert!

A MAN is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.

THE deceptive Mr. False and the volatile Mrs. Giddy who figure in the pages of seventeenth and eighteenth century fiction are not tolerated in modern novels and plays. Steal the burglar and Palette the artist have passed on. A name indicating the quality or

occupation of the bearer strikes us as a too transparent device. Yet there are such names in contemporary real life. That of our worthy Adjutant-General Drum, for example. Neal and Pray are a pair of deacons who linger in the memory of my boyhood. The old-time sign of Ketchum & Cheetam, Brokers, in Wall Street, New York, seems almost too good to be true. But it was once, if it is not now, an actuality.

LOWELL used to find food for a great deal of mirth in General George P. Morris's line,

"Her heart and morning broke together."

Lowell's well-beloved Dr. Donne, however, had an attack of the same platitude, and probably inoculated poor Morris with it. Even literature seems to have its mischief-making bacilli. The late "incomparable and ingenious Dean of St. Paul's" says, —

"The day breaks not, it is my heart."

I think Dr. Donne's case rather worse than Morris's. Chaucer had the disease in a milder form when he wrote:

"Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye."

THE thing one reads and likes, and then forgets, is of no account. The thing that stays, and haunts one, and refuses to be forgotten, that is the sincere thing. I am describing the impression left upon me by Mr. Howells's blank-verse sketch called *Father and Mother: A Mystery* — a strangely touching and imaginative piece of work, not unlike in effect to some of Maeterlinck's psychological dramas. As I read on, I seemed to be standing in a shadow cast by some half-remembered experience of my own in a previous state of existence. When I went to bed that night I had to lie awake and think it over as an event that had befallen me. I should call the effect *weird*, if the word had not lately been worked to death. The gloom of Poe and the spirituality of Hawthorne touch cold finger-tips in those three or four pages.

No man has ever yet succeeded in painting an honest portrait of himself in an autobiography, however sedulously he may have set to work about it. In spite of his candid purpose he omits necessary touches and adds superfluous ones. At times he cannot help draping his thought, and the least shred of drapery is a disguise. It is only the diarist who accomplishes the feat of self-portraiture, and he, without any such end in view, does it unconsciously. A man cannot keep a daily record of his comings and goings and the little items that make up the sum of his life, and not inadvertently betray himself at every turn. He lays bare his heart with a candor not possible to the self-consciousness that inevitably colors premeditated revelation. While Pepys was filling those small octavo pages with his perplexing cipher he never once imagined that he was adding a photographic portrait of himself to the world's gallery of immortals. We are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Samuel Pepys, the inner man — his little meanesses and his generousities — than we are with half the persons we call our dear friends.

EVERY one has a bookplate these days, and the collectors are after it. The fool and his bookplate are soon parted. To distribute one's *ex-libris* is inane to destroy the only significance it has, that of indicating the past or present ownership of the volume in which it is placed.

AMONG the delightful men and women whom you are certain to meet at an English country house there is generally one guest who is supposed to be preternaturally clever and amusing — "so very droll, don't you know." He recites things, tells stories in costermonger dialect, and mimics public characters. He is a type of a class, and I take him to be one of the elementary forms of animal life, like the *acalephæ*.

His presence is capable of adding a gloom to an undertaker's establishment. The last time I fell in with him was on a coaching trip through Devon, and in spite of what I have said I must confess to receiving an instant of entertainment at his hands. He was delivering a little dissertation on "the English and American languages." As there were two Americans on the back seat — it seems we term ourselves "Amurricans" — his choice of subject was full of tact. It was exhilarating to get a lesson in pronunciation from a gentleman who said *boult* for bolt, called St. John *Sin' Jun*, and did not know how to pronounce the beautiful name of his own college at Oxford. Fancy a perfectly sober man saying *Maudlin* for Magdalen! Perhaps the purest English spoken is that of the English folk who have resided abroad ever since the Elizabethan period, or thereabouts.

IN the process of dusting my study, the other morning, the maid replaced an engraving of Philip II. of Spain upside down on the mantelshef, and his majesty has remained in that undignified posture ever since. I have no disposition to come to his aid. My abhorrence of the wretch is as hearty as if he had not been dead and otherwise provided for these last three hundred years. Bloody Mary of England was nearly as cruel, but she was sincere and uncompromising in her extirpation of heretics. Philip II., when it was politic to do so, could mask his fanaticism or drop it for the time being. Queen Mary was a maniac; but the successor of Torquemada was the incarnation of cruelty pure and simple, and I have a mind to let my counterfeit presentment of him stand on its head for the rest of its natural life. I cordially dislike several persons, but I hate nobody, living or dead, excepting Philip II. of Spain. He seems to give me as much trouble as the head of Charles I. gave the amiable Mr. Dick.

VOL. XC. — NO. 542.

47

THE average Historical Novel is wonderfully and fearfully made. The stage itself at its worst moments is not so melodramatic. In romance-world somebody is always somebody's wholly unsuspected father or mother or child — and the reader is not deceived five minutes. The "caitiff" is always hanged from "the highest battlement" — the second highest battlement would not do at all; or else he is thrown into "the deepest dungeon of the castle" — the second deepest dungeon was never known to be used on these occasions. The hero invariably "cleaves" his foeman "to the midriff" — the "midriff" being what the properly brought up hero always goes for. A certain fictional historian of my acquaintance makes his swashbuckler exclaim: "My sword will [shall] kiss his midriff;" but that is an exceptionally lofty flight of diction. His heroine dresses as a page, and in the course of long interviews with her lover remains unrecognized — a diaphanous literary invention that must have been old when the Pyramids were young. The heroine's small brother — with playful archaicism called "a springald" — puts on her skirts and things and passes himself off for his sister or anybody else he pleases. In brief, there is no puerility that is not at home in this particular realm of ill-begotten effort. Listen — a priest, a princess, and a young man in woman's clothes are on the scene: —

The Princess rose to her feet and approached the priest.

"Father," she said swiftly, "this is not the Lady Joan, my brother's wife, but a youth marvellously like her, who hath offered himself in her place that she might escape. . . . He is the Count von Löen, a lord of Kernsburg. And I love him. We want you to marry us now, dear Father — now, without a moment's delay; for if you do not they will kill him, and I shall have to marry Prince Wasp!"

This is from Joan of the Sword Hand,

and if I ever read a more silly performance I have forgotten it.

BOOKS that have become classics — books that have had their day and now get more praise than perusal — always remind me of venerable colonels and majors and captains who, having reached the age limit, find themselves retired upon half pay.

FORTUNATE was Marcus Aurelius Antoninus who in early youth was taught “to abstain from rhetoric, and poetry, and fine writing” — especially the fine writing. Simplicity is art’s last word.

THERE is a phrase spoken by Hamlet which I have seen quoted innumerable times, and never once correctly. Hamlet, addressing Horatio, says: —

“Give me that man

That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him
In my heart’s core, ay, in my *heart of heart*.”

The words italicized are invariably written “heart of hearts” — as if a person possessed that organ in duplicate. Perhaps no one living, with the exception of Sir Henry Irving, is more familiar with the play of Hamlet than my good friend Mr. Bram Stoker, who makes his heart plural on two occasions in his recent novel, *The Mystery of the Sea*.

WHAT is slang in one age sometimes goes into the vocabulary of the purist in the next. On the other hand, phrases that once were not considered inelegant are looked at askance in the period following. The word “brass” was formerly an accepted synonym for money; but at present, when it takes on that significance, it is not admitted into the politer circles of language. It may be said to have seen better days, like another word I have in mind — a word that has become slang, used in the sense which once did not exclude it from very good company. A friend lately informed me that he had “fired” his housekeeper — that is, dismissed her. He little dreamed

that he was speaking excellent Elizabethan.

THIS is the golden age of the inventor. He is no longer looked upon as a madman or a wizard, incontinently to be made away with. Two or three centuries ago Marconi would not have escaped a ropeless end with his wireless telegraphy. Even so late as 1800, the friends of one Robert Fulton seriously entertained the luminous idea of hustling the poor man into an asylum for the unsound before he had a chance to fire up the boiler of his tiny steamboat on the Hudson River. In olden times the pillory and the whipping-post were among the gentler forms of encouragement awaiting the inventor. If a man devised an especially practical apple-peeler he was in imminent danger of being peeled with it by an incensed populace. To-day we hail a scientific or a mechanical discovery with enthusiasm, and stand ready to make a stock company of it.

THE man is clearly an adventurer. In the seventeenth century he would have worn huge pistols stuck into a wide leather belt, and been something in the seafaring line. I shall end badly some day by writing an historical novel with him for hero. The fellow is always smartly dressed, but where he lives and how he lives are as unknown as “what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women.” He is a man who apparently has no appointment with his breakfast and whose dinner is a chance acquaintance. His probable banker is the next person. A great city like this is the only geography for such a character. He would be impossible in a small country town, where everybody knows everybody and what everybody has for lunch.

THE unconventional has ever a morbid attraction for a certain class of mind. There is always a small coterie of highly

intellectual men and women eager to give welcome to whatever is eccentric, obscure, or chaotic. Worshipers at the shrine of the Unpopular, they tingle with a sense of their tolerant superiority when they say, "Of course this is not the kind of thing *you* would like." Sometimes these impressionable souls almost seem to make a sort of reputation for their fetish.

WHENEVER I take up Emerson's poems I find myself turning automatically to his Bacchus. Elsewhere, in detachable passages embedded in mediocre verse, he rises for a moment to heights not reached by any other of our poets; but Bacchus is in the grand style throughout. Its texture can bear comparison with the world's best in this kind. In imaginative quality, austere richness of diction, and subtilty of phrase, what other verse of our period approaches it? The day Emerson wrote Bacchus he had in him, as Michael Drayton said of Marlowe, "those brave translunary things that the first poets had."

I HAVE thought of an essay to be called On the Art of Short-Story Writing, but have given it up as smacking too much of the shop. It would be too *intime*, since I should have to deal chiefly with my own ways, and so give myself the false air of seeming to consider them of importance. It would interest nobody to know that I always write the last paragraph first, and then work directly up to that, avoiding all digressions and side issues. Then who on earth would care to be told about the trouble my characters cause me by talking too much? They *will* talk, and I have to let them. But when the story is finished, I go over the dialogue and strike out four fifths of the long speeches. I fancy that it makes my characters pretty mad.

¹ This page, the lightness of which has turned to sadness on my hands, was written a few days

SHAKESPEARE is forever coming into our affairs — putting in his oar, so to speak — with some pat word or phrase. The conversation, the other evening, had turned on the subject of watches, when one of the gentlemen present, the manager of a large watch-making establishment, told us a rather interesting fact. The component parts of a watch are produced by different workmen, who have no concern with the complex piece of mechanism as a whole, and possibly, as a rule, understand it imperfectly. Each worker needs to be expert in only his own special branch. When the watch has reached a certain advanced state, the work requires a touch as delicate and firm as that of an oculist performing an operation. Here the most skilled and trustworthy artisans are employed; they receive high wages, and have the benefit of a singular indulgence. In case the workman, through too continuous application, finds himself lacking the steadiness of nerve demanded by his task, he is allowed without forfeiture of pay to remain idle temporarily, in order that his hand may recover the requisite precision of touch. As I listened, Hamlet's courtly criticism of the grave-digger's want of sensibility came drifting into my memory. "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," says Shakespeare, who has left nothing unsaid.

I SOMETIMES get a kind of surreptitious amusement out of inventing short-story plots that are of no service to me personally as they do not lend themselves to my method. They are tantalizingly apt to be the sort of scheme that would fit some other writer's hand like a glove. Awhile ago, in the idle mood that constitutes the only soil capable of producing such trivial plants, I evolved a plot which Mr. Frank Stockton¹ could have made much of with his droll gift of presenting impossibilities in so natural before the death of that delightful story-teller and most lovable man.

a way as to make them appear matters of course. The same indolence that generated the plot kept me from placing the outline of it, the *scenario*, at his disposal.

The story was to be called *The Reformed Microbe*, and dealt with a young scientist, Dr. Mildew, who had set up a laboratory in a country village, say in western Massachusetts. Before long he detects the presence of a peculiar and unclassified species of microbe that is getting in its work among the rural maidens. As there is a Young Ladies' Academy in the neighborhood, no reasonable microbe could ask for pleasanter environment. The premonitory symptom in those infected by the new malady — which in fact is only an exaggerated phase of a well-known complaint — is a certain disconcerting levity of demeanor followed by acute attacks of candor. Affianced young damsels immediately grow so flirtatious that all matrimonial engagements are broken off; and disconnected buds, previously noted for sedateness and shyness of deportment, become a fascinating menace to society. It would seem as if a perpetual leap year had set in. The contagion quickly spreads to widows of every age and rank. None but happily married women are immune.

The young scientist drops his indoor experiments, and sallies forth to capture this interesting and vivacious microbe — the exigencies of fiction require that it should be comparatively gigantic. The doctor finally captures it and takes it to his laboratory, where he talks to it, so to speak, like a father. He points out the dire distress and embarrassments resulting from its thoughtless behavior, and succeeds in impressing the creature with a proper sense of its iniquity. It begins to see itself as others see it — through a microscope. The little animal, or vegetable — it may be either one — bitterly repents, promises to reform, and is set at liberty. It determines to turn over a new leaf, and in-

dulges in as many fine resolutions as a pensive man on the first of January. It seriously thinks of attempting to carry out the agreeable idea of the late Mr. Ingersoll, who said that if he had created the world he would have made good health contagious.

The village now resumes its normal tranquillity; broken engagements are gradually mended and look as good as new; the young ladies of the neighboring academy, when they walk abroad, two abreast, might be taken for so many nuns; Chloe and Daphne are shy once more, and the doctor goes back to his absorbing investigations. He is on the point of discovering and heading off the playful germ that impels young sprigs of the aristocracy to seek spangled brides in the front rank of the *corps de ballet*, and is giving his days and nights to it. Presently, however, there are fresh indications of the old disturbance in the village, and the flirtatious affection of the heart breaks out with more than its original virulence. "Mic is at it again, yer honor," remarks the janitor of the sanitarium to Dr. Mildew, as that gentleman ascends the front steps one morning. The fact is painfully apparent. The reformed microbe has fallen in with some of its former roistering boon companions, and is up to its old pranks. It is no easy business this time to catch the little imp, made cautious by its lively recollection of the doctor's disinfectants; but it is ultimately caught, and confined in a crystal cell in the laboratory, where it is now undergoing a life sentence.

This is only the merest outline and filament of the narrative. The complicated character of the microbe, its soliloquies, its temptations, its struggles, and the final cause of its relapse — a young widow who eventually marries the young specialist — were matters to be fully elaborated. And how ingeniously and divertingly Mr. Stockton would have done it all!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE ATLANTIC FISHERIES QUESTION.

[The present phase of the important Atlantic Fisheries Question is here discussed from the Newfoundland point of view by Mr. P. T. McGrath, a journalist and publicist residing in St. John's.

THE EDITORS.]

A RENEWAL of the ancient Atlantic Fisheries dispute is rendered imminent by the recent visit to Washington of Newfoundland's Premier, with a proposal to revive the much discussed Bond-Blaine Convention. He may succeed in inducing the State Department to indorse a newly drafted instrument, but whether the Senate will prove equally amenable to reason is the crucial point. Matters of much greater moment than a mere economic arrangement between an obscure British colony and the United States are involved; the Convention is really the kernel of the whole fisheries difficulty, and no other issue of to-day so vitally affects Canada-American relations as that which a deadlock with Newfoundland may give rise to. The effect of Sir Robert Bond's mission must be far-reaching, in one way or another; if he succeeds, the New England and Newfoundland fishing interests will be allied against Canada, while, if he fails, Newfoundland may make common cause with Canada and work great harm to the American fishing industry.

This Bond - Blaine Convention was framed in 1890, and provided for reciprocity in fishery products between the United States and the colony of Newfoundland, irrespective of Canada. Canada having sought a similar concession, and been refused, protested to the Imperial Cabinet against our being permitted to make such a compact without her inclusion, and the protest was so effective that the ratification of the treaty was postponed in order that Canada might have an opportunity of securing like terms. If she failed in this, after a reasonable interval, the embargo on our agreement was to be withdrawn.

The hiatus having lasted twelve years, and all Canada's overtures during that time having been rejected, Newfoundland declined to remain quiescent any longer, and at the recent Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, Sir Robert Bond was permitted to reopen the suspended negotiations.

The other issues between the countries all hang upon this fisheries question, which antedates them in existence as it overshadows them in importance. Before the War for Independence, the British colonies in common enjoyed these fisheries, and by the treaty of 1783, the United States fishermen were continued the privilege, subject to certain restrictions. This treaty lapsed with the war of 1812, and the Americans failed to secure a renewal of the concession when the treaty of Ghent closed the war. Naturally, friction arose before long, and in 1818 a conference was held at Washington, when the treaty was signed, which represents the last official deliverance on the question, and fixes the status of the parties down to the present day. By it the United States abandoned all its claims to British North American waters in return for the right, on the same terms as British subjects, to catch fish on the west coast of Newfoundland and the shores of Labrador. But in modern times the scene of the fishing has changed, and it is now mainly carried on off the eastern coast of Newfoundland, near the Grand Banks, in which vicinity the American fishermen are not benefited by this treaty at all, as they have no coastwise rights there.

The question as we now understand it is one of peculiar difficulty because there are three parties to it, — the

United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. The last named, strange as it may seem, is the predominant factor. This she owes to her inexhaustible bait supply, her proximity to the Grand Banks, and her political independence of Canada, which she has steadfastly refused to surrender. Were Newfoundland absorbed in the Dominion, the federal government would assume control of her fisheries, and then it would be a clear and well-defined issue, — the United States against Canada. But Newfoundland's part in the dispute introduces the disconcerting element, and provides three parties, each with its own distinct and antagonistic interests.

The only fisheries at issue are those of the coastline within the three-mile limit. The deep-sea fisheries on the Grand Banks are free to all nationalities, and no power has any jurisdiction over them. At present they are prosecuted by the Newfoundlanders, Canadians, Americans, and French. But the coast fishes are used as bait for the larger denizens of the outer waters, and this bait is indispensable to successful off-shore fishing. The bait fisheries are the property of the particular country in whose territorial waters they are obtained, and the finest bait supply of the North Atlantic is in Newfoundland.

The Americans are so dependent upon this that they are willing to concede us free entry for our fish to United States markets in return for unrestricted access to these bait fishes, yet Canada, on the strength of being a fellow colony, with kindred interests and a small bait supply herself, has been insisting upon sharing in the benefits of such a concession.

In order that a more intelligent understanding of the whole subject may be obtained, it may not be amiss to explain, first, the different fishery industries concerned, and, second, how these acquire an international aspect. The deep-sea fisheries of commercial importance, which exercise a bearing upon this

question, are the cod, halibut, haddock, and mackerel fisheries, because they rely upon the coast fisheries for bait, and because they are sometimes pursued within the three-mile limit.

The mackerel are first hunted in American waters in the early spring, then in the Bay of Fundy later, whence they work their way along the Nova Scotia coast during the summer, the fishing ending off Cape Breton in the fall. It frequently happens that as the shoals or schools of these fish make their way along the Nova Scotia coast pursued by American fishing craft, they approach the shore too closely, only to be followed by the eager fishermen, who are pounced upon by the Canadian cruisers which patrol the coast for that purpose. This is the origin of the announcements from time to time in the United States papers of American fishing vessels being seized for violating the Canadian laws. The halibut fishery has two branches, — the "fresh" halibut fishery off the eastern coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the "fetched" (partly salted for smoking) halibut fishery off Greenland and Iceland, which is declining of late. The haddock fishery is pursued all over the Banks and adjacent "Deeps." The famous cod fishery is of course too well known to require detailed explanation. All these different pursuits employ about 400 American vessels, which fit out from Gloucester, Boston, and other New England ports, about one third operating on the fishing-grounds directly off that coast, while the other two thirds ply their calling on the Grand Banks.

The bait fishes are the herring, caplin, and squid. The herring are available during the winter and early spring, the caplin strike the shore in the early summer, and the squid follow them in August, and can be had until boisterous weather compels a cessation of the deep-sea trawling in the autumn. The habits of all these fishes, both inshore and offshore, are almost a mystery to both

fishermen and scientists. All that is known with certainty is that they appear along the coast or on the Banks at certain seasons, and that their coming can be counted upon at the stated periods, and fishing operations planned accordingly.

The fishing year for the Americans begins in November, when fifty or sixty of their vessels leave Gloucester for our southern bays, to load frozen herring. These fish are then abundant in the shallows, and are netted and exposed to the chill winter air, which freezes them solid. They are in large demand for food in New England, because during the winter no fresh herring can be got anywhere else in the world; and they are also the mainstay of the cod and halibut catchers on the southern Banks during the winter and spring, who use them as bait. We allow the Americans to conduct this winter herring fishery as a commercial venture; they merely buy the herring, which are really caught by our own people. Our regulations fix the minimum price at \$1.25 a barrel, and the Americans take away about 200,000 barrels every season. It may be observed in passing that these herring are entered in American ports as the products of American fisheries, as having been taken by American subjects, assisted by Newfoundlanders, and thereby entitled to free entry. As a matter of fact they are sometimes frozen and stored before the ships leave Gloucester; yet if a Newfoundland vessel, with a cargo of frozen herring from the very same bulk, enters an American port, she has to pay an import duty of one half cent a pound on all the fish.

In April it is possible to fish on the Grand Banks without fear of the ice floes, and from then until November vessels of the countries previously mentioned will be found there pursuing their business as best they may. They have all to obtain their supplies of bait from our coast. Our bait Act requires every fishing vessel to procure a license after

April 1. With our local schooners there is little trouble. The Canadians, being British subjects also, enjoy the same privileges. The Americans obtain bait through a *modus vivendi* arranged at Washington in 1889, granting them free access to our waters for this purpose by paying a license fee of \$1.50 per ton of the vessel's register. The French we exclude altogether, and they have to depend upon salted squid brought from the "French Shore," or such meagre quantities of fresh bait as they can get smuggled to them from our coast.

The significance of Newfoundland's attitude toward France should not be lost sight of in considering the American aspect of this question. France has fishing rights over our western seaboard, the same strip where the Americans are recognized, and commonly known as the "French Shore," or "Treaty Coast." But the fishing there is depleted, so that the French have virtually abandoned it, and concentrate all their efforts on the fisheries of the Grand Banks. They possess the St. Pierre-et-Miquelon islets, off the southern seaboard, as a shelter-port and outfitting base, and their fleet numbers about 300 sail, with 7000 men. A decade ago the numbers were nearly twice as great. The explanation of the decline is that France, to make these fisheries a nursery of seamen for her navy, subsidized them so liberally with bounties and drawbacks, equaling almost the intrinsic value of the catch, that they could undersell us in every market in Europe, and came near driving us therefrom.

In self-defense we retaliated by passing an Act prohibiting the sale or export of bait by our people to the French, and we enforce it so vigorously every year that, in spite of the bounties, the French are being slowly but surely driven to the wall.

What gives Newfoundland such a predominant place in this Canada-American fisheries dispute is the know-

ledge that we can cripple the American fisheries in the same manner by refusing bait to them. If we closed the winter herring business against the Yankees, their southern banking fleet would have to tie up at the wharves, and by canceling the *modus vivendi* we would force the northern fleet to abandon the Grand Banks. It is true that Canada has a trifling bait supply, and that American vessels sometimes avail themselves of it. But in addition to the 200,000 barrels of herring taken from our waters last winter, sixty-six out of seventy American vessels on the Grand Banks baited here during 1901, and ninety-nine Canadian vessels, out of a fleet of 146, also obtained their bait from us. This latter fact is the best evidence of the relative values of our bait supply and their own. The geographical situation will make this clearer. Our coast is but half a day's sail from the Banks, while it is a week's run to and from Nova Scotia. Our waters always abound in bait, while Canada's coast is but sparsely stocked. Therefore both Americans and Canadians come to us, and only those vessels which follow the mackerel along the Nova Scotia seaboard visit the Canadian coast.

Further, it must be remembered that the Canadians are decidedly hostile to American fishermen, and only grant them the present concessions because we do so, as Canada has not wished to provoke too bitter a feeling with her southern rival, particularly as we could meet all the needs of the United States fishing interests. Our relations with them have been most friendly, and nobody in the island desires anything to the contrary. But we contend that for the valuable bait concessions we grant them we are very inadequately recompensed in the \$6000 of license fees received by us each year. We maintain that in return for the immense stock of frozen herring the Americans take away, and the bait privileges they enjoy, we should be given free entry for fish products in

their markets. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Bond convinced the late Mr. Blaine of the force of this argument in 1890, and it was upon this basis that they concluded the Convention which now bears their names, of which the revival is being urged upon Secretary Hay.

Mr. Blaine was influenced by several considerations of special moment in espousing the policy of reciprocal trade in fish between the republic and this island. First, he recognized that Newfoundland, by her bait, controlled the situation, and that if France, with a fishing base near our coast, was unable to cope with us, the Americans, who would be a thousand miles from their own territory, would be helpless altogether. Second, he was aware that Newfoundland, because of her insular position, her remoteness, and the varying character of her fishery pursuits, would not ship very largely to the American market. This demands its own cure of fish, which the Newfoundlanders do not practice. All the cod we take on Labrador and the northern coast is cured specially for the European markets, and is sent there direct, so that only the fish taken on our southern seaboard, and a portion of the lobster catch, would be forwarded to New England for sale. Third, he foresaw that by an arrangement with Newfoundland the American fishermen would be released completely from all dependence upon Canada, and be able to disregard any hostile enactments she might propose.

Canada's protest against our Convention was the fullest admission of the superiority of our case. She declared the pact an injustice to her fishermen and their interests, basing this argument upon their right to enter our waters and procure bait on the same terms as our own people. Canada asserted that these bait fishes were the joint possession of all the British American colonies, which contention Newfoundland met by the obvious reply that as British subjects the Australians had an equal theoretical

right to them. Yet, as a practical proposition, the bait fishes were ours, within our waters, and subject to our laws. We, and we alone, could make all regulations for the catching and conserving of them, and so long as we did not attempt to discriminate against the Canadians, they had no ground for complaint and no right to interfere. If we chose to admit the French or Americans to the same privileges as the Canadians, that was our own business, for we did not hamper the Canadians, nor deprive them of their rights. We might, indeed, prohibit all "baiting," and none of these applicants could object. The logic of this was unassailable, and although, to placate Canada, our treaty was "side-tracked" for the time, Premier Bond's present mission to put it in motion again, if the United States proves willing now, attests the soundness of the position Newfoundland assumed from the start. Canada was eager to secure access to the American market, and finding herself unable to accomplish this, was unwilling that we should be allowed to gain what she had failed to achieve.

Canada is unable to plead that her bait supply, her bonding privilege, or her coastwise advantages figure to any appreciable extent as an inducement for the United States fishermen. Indeed, every authority on the subject agrees that Canada has little or nothing to offer in exchange for reciprocity on the subject, especially as compared with Newfoundland. As the Americans only require a bait supply, and to the country alone from which they should seek this would they be called upon to offer a recompense, it is clear that there is no need for them to traffic in terms with Canada. For all the advantage the Canadian waters are to the New England fishing craft the Nova Scotia coast might be absolutely barred against them. So clearly was this recognized that Newfoundland was accorded the right of special representation on the Anglo-

American Joint High Commission of 1898, for the express purpose of safeguarding her own interests in this matter. Sir James Winter, then Premier, was our representative.

The position of the United States is easily understood from the foregoing. She is not yearning for reciprocity, but is willing to concede it to Newfoundland through fear that the latter will cut off the bait supply. But reciprocity with Canada is not palatable, because it would mean swamping the home product with the immense volume of Canadian fish that would then be let into American markets. In other words, the United States is in the position of having to choose the lesser of two evils. If she were satisfied that she could contrive an indefinite continuance of the present status of matters, that her fishermen could get bait and herring for a mere bagatelle, she would never consent to revise her existing fishery policy, but because it is a moral certainty that Newfoundland will adopt a new course if reciprocity fails, Uncle Sam may be inclined to accept the lesser obligation and make terms with the little colony from which he will gain most, and which yet will be his least formidable competitor.

The United States, like France, has been bonusing her fleet with the idea of making it a naval auxiliary. The assistance takes the form of an import duty of one half cent a pound on all foreign caught fish. This has sufficed to maintain a fairly vigorous activity in the home fishing fleet. The New England fisheries are valued at \$10,000,000, being one fourth of the total valuation of the fisheries of the republic. The deep-sea fisheries of the Atlantic, which involve this question, are themselves worth \$4,500,000 to the United States. They maintain to a large extent the prosperity of the seaports which are the centres of the industry, and they provide an occupation for large numbers in the enterprise itself and its subsidiary pursuits. But the New England fisheries are de-

clining steadily under the competition of the more modern canned foods. All this fish has to be brought home either fresh or partly salted, and in the spring and summer it is difficult to preserve and dispose of large stocks of such perishable commodities. Nor will the American people themselves continue to prosecute the industry now. It is too hazardous and toilsome; they find easier work on shore, and they crew their ships with Scandinavians and Provincialists. Newfoundlanders form their largest contingent. The naval nursery theory is not of much value in the light of these facts, but it serves to stimulate congressional sympathy, and the fishing ports — Gloucester, Boston, etc. — are a unit in opposing reciprocity with Canada, because they say that if such came to pass they “might as well put their shutters up.” They view the Bond-Blaine Convention differently, for the reasons I have already set forth, and may not oppose it therefore, certainly not so actively.

They have cause to fear Canadian competition, however. The Canadians can prosecute the industry much more advantageously than the Americans. The fishermen along the coast can secure fresh fish every day with their small boats and ship it by train across the border, so that it may be on sale in New York within twenty-four hours. The Canadian schooners can ply to and from the Banks every fortnight or so, running into their home ports and unloading their catch for shipment in the same way. The American coast fishers have no supply to depend upon, and their offshore fishers are hundreds of miles from home. The Canadians are also helped by their less expensive methods of fishing. Their vessels, outfits, and upkeep are cheaper, and their crews receive less wages, so that they would handicap the Americans not a little from this cause. They operate about one third cheaper than the Americans, and they have a sum of \$180,000 distributed among them in

fishing bounties every year. It is certain, therefore, that if the United States tariff did not “protect” the home catch there would be much more Canadian fish marketed in New England.

Canada's position with regard to this international dispute is becoming more untenable every season. Her existing markets are inadequate to absorb her yearly catch, and the American control of Cuba and Porto Rico has increased her difficulties by depriving her almost wholly of two large and profitable markets. Her fish in these territories must now face an adverse duty of eighty-four cents a hundred pounds, and this accentuates the congestion at home. Hence, Canada strives hard for reciprocity, alleging that the removal of the American tariff will cheapen fresh food for the American consumer, and thus increase the demand in the republic, not only for Canadian, but also for American fish. But the American treaty makers have not been satisfied that the advantages of free trade would outweigh the detriments of unlimited Canadian competition, and so have declined all overtures from the Dominion. This was the reason that the Joint High Commission failed in 1898; the United States, while willing to make terms with Newfoundland, would not treat with Canada, because this could not be done without crippling the New England fishing industry. The principle underlying the whole problem is the all-important one of preserving the home pursuit from disaster while yet providing some alleviation for the masses of fish consumers who pay so heavily for this edible.

It might be supposed from the fact of Newfoundland giving no bounties, like the Canadians, and having no protective tariff, like the Americans, that she would be unable to effectively compete with them. Yet the island is the greatest fishing centre in the world. Its advantages as regards bait have already been shown, its catches of cod near its coast are very large, and it takes im-

mense quantities of fish from the Grand Banks, which are only a few hours' sail from its southeastern seaboard. Its people are the most expert fishermen afloat, and the proximity of the coast enables them to use it to an unusual extent and as a convenience of decided advantage over other nationalities. The codfish, too, is all cured by being soaked in brine and then dried in the sun and air. The Americans and Canadians cure their fish differently, and have other markets for it. Practically none of the Newfoundland catch is exported fresh, because the insularity of the region forbids this being done advantageously. The catch of our rivals is partly marketed fresh, and it is this non-competition in foreign markets which enables us to approach the Americans and ask for terms which shall be mutually beneficial and avert clashing.

This is the complication which the Bond-Blaine Convention proposes to unravel in part. If a treaty is concluded, the United States and Newfoundland will have free trade in fish products, and Canada will be excluded from the compact. The United States fishermen will then be able not only to procure bait in our waters, but also to enter them in order to transport their catch by fast steamers, with cold storage chambers, direct to Boston and New York. The frozen herring industry can be developed in the same manner, and so far from reciprocity being detrimental to the New England fishery interests, it will be positively advantageous to them. We would, of course, compete against them to some extent, but the lessening of their expenses consequent upon being able to use our coast as an advanced base would enable them to meet us upon more equal terms. Canada will resent our success, if we do succeed, but the British government seem to be satisfied that Canada's objections are not valid, else Premier Bond would never have been permitted to resume negotiations with the object he has now in view.

If, however, we fail to secure reciprocity, the result must be to throw us into the arms of Canada, ever open to embrace us. In such a contingency the Canadian federal government would take over the control of our fisheries from the provincial administration, and a united policy would be possible. The fisheries of British North America would be absolutely barred to the Americans, because Canada would then have in her own hands the lever by which to force them to grant her reciprocity, or else she would do her best to destroy the New England fishing industry. The existing *modus vivendi*, which was originally only intended to be two years, has been continued season after season in the hope that some transformation in the status of the problem might take place which would give an opportunity for effecting a compromise between the three contributors. Canada has already come to see that there is no prospect of her being able to make terms for herself, and she stands ready to denounce the *modus vivendi* as soon as she is satisfied that Newfoundland will do the same. If reciprocity fails, there will be no longer any reason why we should continue to recognize that makeshift, and our canceling it would leave the American fleet without a solitary means of procuring bait, or of availing itself of the facilities which, although not specifically provided for by treaty, Newfoundland nevertheless accords to the Yankee fishing vessels. The effects of this policy it is not difficult to forecast. The American fishermen, deprived of bait, would be but poorly able to maintain their maritime industry, and would gradually be driven from the Grand Banks. Neither Newfoundland nor Canada would suffer seriously, as their only loss would be the sums paid for licenses, and these would be very much more than offset by the prospect which there would be of securing a large slice of the American market by the decline of the New England fishery. As the latter condition would

become acute, the price of fish in the United States would run high, so high that the import duty would become but a small matter, and with the cheaper maintenance of our vessels we should be able to hold our own even in the head centres of the American fishing business.

It can be seen from this presentation of the case that the Bond-Blaine Convention is of much greater importance than appears at first sight. Newfoundland, though she may be insignificant in

other respects, has clearly the chief voice in this Atlantic Fisheries Question, and if the present negotiations are of no effect she will probably give a vigorous demonstration of this fact. While, for the sake of the better feeling which now manifests itself between Great Britain and the United States, it is to be regretted that any ill feeling should be provoked over the subject, nevertheless it is only just that Newfoundland should use her manifold advantages in order to secure larger concessions for herself.

P. T. McGrath.

TWO SONNETS FROM THE HEBREW.

I. THE PREPARATION.

"And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake."

Look back and see this brooding tenderness!
 Ye wait till Bethlehem? Nay then, not I!
 Under the law doth Israel ever sigh?
 Is there no mercy till the great redress?
 See now, amid the nameless wickedness
 Love dreadeth lest one soul of his should die,
 Spareth and faltereth and passeth by,
 Soft'ning the law to ease a son's distress.

Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?
 Ay, child, and more! thou hast not learned to spell
 Love's first great letter: centuries of pain
 Still leave him terrible in thy scared sight
 Who quencheth with his tears the fires of hell,
 And yearneth o'er the cities of the Plain!

II. THE INCARNATION.

"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"

"Speak thou for us: with God we will not speak!"
 Ye will have prophet, yea, and Saviour too,
 And saint and creed and priest to worship through,
 Whereat Love smiles and gives them, ye being weak.
 And most ye clutch at her, that Virgin meek
 With cradling arms: ah, child of Love, but who

Curved her soft breast, and taught the dove to coo,
And sent the shepherd forth the lamb to seek?

Surely great wings are wrapped around our world!
And the one pulse that in us ebbs and flows
Leaps at her name, for she has understood:
In our hearts' lowest leaves her love is curled;
Unshrined, she yet hath comfort for all woes,
If not God's mother, still God's motherhood!

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

WHAR MY CHRIS'MUS?

THE night was cold, and the howling storm, like a blustering bully bent upon forcing admission, beat in angry gusts upon the doors and windows of a white-washed frame house, standing alone by the side of a country road, and through the cracks of its ill-constructed walls of cheap, unseasoned lumber crept like a sneak in chill drafts and tiny drifts of snow.

In the open fireplace of a room upon the upper floor, half green pine logs were smouldering, and in a rough bed, drawn close to the hearth, lay a young boy, stricken, like many of his dusky race, with consumption.

The sickly flame of a dimly burning lamp suggested, rather than disclosed, the squalor of the room and the poverty of its furniture.

Seated in a split-bottom chair, and bending over the struggling fire, was an old negro. His figure, warped and twisted by rheumatism into a grotesque shape, was clad in tattered garments of an age as great, apparently, as his own. His feet, wrapped about with many cloths, had the appearance of two large bundles of woolen rags. Upon his face hopelessness and sorrow had furrowed their history, yet his expression was sweet and benevolent.

Snow-white hair crowned him with dignity.

"Honey," said the old man to the

boy, "I des put on de las' log dar is, an' de fire ain' gwine las' much longer; yit it ain' gret while atter sun-down. I ax dat man ter gimme few mo' sticks, kaze dis yer Chris'mus Day, an' he say he reck'n he would, but he in sich a hurry to git off dat he done forgit it."

"Whar he gone, Unc' Dan'l?" asked the boy.

"He gone a-junkettin' an' a-jolli-fyin' wid he frien's, dat whar he gone," replied the old man, "an' he done lock Crazy Dick in he room. Dat he a-moanin' to hisse'f right now."

"I spec' he cole," said the boy.

"An' hongry, too," rejoined the old man. "De vittles dat man done lef' us warn't 'nuff fur good dinner, let 'lone supper."

"I ain' never hongry no mo'," said the boy, "but I cole."

The old man looked at him compassionately, and when he spoke again his voice was beautiful in its tenderness.

"Son," said he, "I ain' been h'yer but a mont', 'scusin' two days, yit it seem like I been h'yer a coon's age; an' dar you is. You wuz borned in de ole po'house, an' you wuz raised in dis h'yer po'house, an' now yer sick abed an' ain' never have no good times."

"I so stiff an' rickety wid dis h'yer rheumatiz dat I cyahn rastle 'roun' same like I useter could, but it brek my heart ter see yer a-lyin' dar sufferin' an' do

nuthin' fur yer 'musement. Does yer wan' me tell yer 'bout de good ole times agin, 'fo' I git ter bed?"

"Fofe July or Chris'mus?" asked the boy. "You done tell me 'bout dem befo'."

"Dey wuz bofe good times," said the old man musingly, "but mo' speshully wuz I studyin' 'bout Chris'mus, kaze dis h'yer Chris'mus night. When I study 'bout Fofe July I recterlec' mo' 'bout young niggers an' barb'cue, an' when I study 'bout Chris'mus I recterlec' mo' 'bout Marse George an' Ole Miss an' de ole niggers what done daid; but de mo' I study 'bout dem times, hit 'pears like dey wuz all good times."

"Tell 'bout whar you live when yer little," said the boy, "an' 'bout dem folks yer studyin' 'bout dat done daid."

"I wuz borned on Marse George plantation," began the old man, after a pause, — "borned when he father wuz 'live an' Marse George wuz mos' grow'd up. Hit wuz way over yonder at de yuther en' of dis h'yer county, by de water, whar de lan' wuz mos'ly of de bes', like eve'ything what Marse George have; — not po' lan' like 'roun' 'bout h'yer. Marse George had a heap o' lan'. 'T warn't de bigges' plantation in de county, kaze Colonel Jones dat live on nex' place had mo' lan', an' Marse Ned Brent 'cross de river, he had mo' lan', but yit it wuz mighty big plantation; an' Marse George had better lan' dan dem gen'muns, an' he own mo' niggers, an' he have de bigges' mortgages in dis h'yer county, Marse George did, kaze I done hearn a gen'mun say so; but dat wuz atter de war; an' de gret house, — I spec' dar ain' no bigger house nowhar dan Marse George house, 'scusin' de Cote-House in de town, but dat ain' no house 't all, kaze hit mo' like a hôtél.

"My daddy he wuz de driver fur Marse George, an' my mammy, she he'p 'bout de washin', an' dey had der own cab'n an' gyard'n; an' when dey git ole, dey des live dar in dat same cab'n,

an' dey had de bes' ter eat an' warm flannel an' cloze, an' when dey sick, Marse George doctor 'tended 'em, an' Ole Miss 'ud bring 'em sump'n nice ter eat fum her own table, — bring hit herse'f, or sen' one o' de chillun; an' my daddy, when he too ole ter wuk, he des do what he please; — he go fishin', an' he smoke he pipe, an' chaw he chawin' terbaccer what Marse George gun him, an' he cuss de young niggers kaze dey ain' so peart as he wuz when he young nigger, an' kaze dey lazy an' ain' got no sense. He sut'ny did 'njoy hisse'f, fur de good Lord gun him grace an' peace in his ole age. An' when dey die, which dey wuz took'n sick 'bout same time, an' die one on dis day an' turrer on nex', Marse George gun 'em de fines' shrouds, which he promust fo' dey done daid, an' mighty han'some pine coffins; an' all de niggers what 'tended de funer'l say dat it de bigges' an' de fines' funer'l in der recterlection, an' dat dey git mo' 'njoyment out'n dat funer'l dan any befo', 'cep'n' when de las' preacher done daid.

"Now'days," continued the old man in a tone of anguish, sinking his voice that the boy might not hear him, — "now'days de nigger cyahn die happy like dey useter could, kaze dese h'yer grave robbers is eve'ywhar, an' dar ain' no perfec' safety for no nigger, when he daid; an' when nigger die in po'-house, O Lord! de doctors cuts him up wid long knife. Nigger cyahn mek he peace wid he Maker 'bout he soul, when he studyin' all time 'bout how de doctors gwine cyarve he body."

"What dat yer sayin', Unc' Dan'l?" inquired the boy.

"I wuz des a-studyin' to myse'f," answered the old man, forcing a look and tone of cheerfulness. "Folks does dat when dey gits ole. Lemme see whar I is. I mos' done come to de en' o' my tale befo' I git started.

"Well, I wuz borned an' raised in dat dar cab'n what I tell you un, an' when I git big 'nuff I play wid de yuther lit-

tle niggers, an' I fish in de river, an' I cotch catfish an' eels out'n it, an' cotch rabbits in de brier patch wid rabbit gum. An' when Marse George 'way fum home, I steal fruit out'n he gyard'n an' git cotched, which Unc' Hez'kiah dat wuk de gyard'n he cotch me, an' he done gin me a whalin' dat mek me mo' blue dan black. I ain' forgit dat whalin' yit, kaze Unc' Hez'kiah sut'ny mek it clar ter me dat I mus' quit stealin' fruit out'n Marse George gyard'n, dat he did."

"Dem wuz times," said the boy.

"Dey mos' sholy wuz," responded the old man with emphasis; "an' when dey kill hogs, which hog-killin' time come des 'fo' Chris'mus, eve'y little nigger on de plantation have a pigtail fur hisse'f, an' all de niggers have dat 'mount o' spar-rib an' chine an' sausage an' blood-pudd'n, an' all dem yuther things, which dey comes in hog-killin' time, dat dey mos' bus' deyse'f wid eatin'.

"An' Fofe July dar wuz barb'cue what I done tole yer un befo', wid ox roasted whole an' races fur little niggers, which dey run 'em deyse'f, an' mule-race fur big niggers, an' de las' mule git de prize, kaze eve'y nigger whip 'nuther nigger's mule, an' try to mek yuther nigger's mule come in fus', so his mule come in las', an' he win de prize. I recterlee' one Fofe July when my daddy win de prize, which he rode Blin' Billy, dat so ole, he go slow like a mud turkle, an' he balky besides; an' de prize wuz a gret big watermillion, which hit tuk two niggers to tote it; but I spec' I done tole yer 'bout Blin' Billy an' dat watermillion befo', an' how Unc' Hannibal win de prize fur ploughin' straightes' furrer. When I gun ter git bigger I did n' fool 'way my time wid no spellin'-book, like little niggers does dese days, an' my Marse George he did n' larn me no sich stuff as dat, but I larn ter weed de gyard'n an' hoe an' pick veg'tables, an' I wuz handy man in de gyard'n, an' when Unc' Hez'kiah git too ole ter wuk an' did n'

hatter do nothin' 'cep'n' ter 'muse hisse'f, Marse George mek me de gyard'ner, an' I wuz a proud nigger when he done dat, dat I wuz.

"Dar wuz a mighty spry yaller gal what he'p Marse George ole mammy tek care he chillun. She mighty skit-tish gal, an' she pester me a heap, dat gal did. When I foller atter her she run 'way, an' when I quit bodderin' 'long o' her, kaze she too stuck up, den she run atter me. One day 't wuz up an' nex' day 't wuz down wid me, twel I mos' lose my patience; but one mornin' when I wuz a-pick'n' peaches in de gyard'n, dat gal pass, an' I ain' noticin' her, but she gun to sass me, an' den I git mad an' run atter her, an' I cotch her, an' I kiss her mos' a hunderd times, an', when I kiss her 'bout fifty times, she 'low she gwine marry me ef Marse George willin', an' when I look up 'gin, dar wuz Marse George a'stannin' in de grape arbor, which hit close by. I sut'ny feel like a fool nigger, an' Susan, she squeal an' run up to de house, an' Marse George mek out like he ain' seen us. But dat afternoon, when I wuz a-totin' some veg'tables up to de kitch'n, Marse George met me an' he sez, 'Dan'l,' sezee, 'dem wuz de bigges' an' de mos' juicies' peaches what I seen yer he'p'n' yerse'f to dis mornin' out'n my gyard'n dat I mos' ever see,' sezee, an' den he laugh an' laugh fit ter kill hisse'f. He wuz a joker dat pull de laughin' string, wuz Marse George. When he done laughin', I up 'n' ax 'im kin I have de cab'n what Unc' Hez'kiah useter live in, an' which he done move out'n, kaze Marse George done built him new cab'n; an' Marse George say I kin; an' dat gal Susan an' me wuz married in a mont', but she did n' live mor'n a yer, an' I ain' never had no chile 'scusin' one which he done daid when Susan wuz took'n. I ole, but I ain' fergit Susan, kaze I spec' ter chune my harp an' lif' my voice in de heavenly choir, along o' her, when de good Lord call me ter come."

"Ain' yer fergit tellin' 'bout Chris'mus times, Unc' Dan'l?" asked the boy.

"Hit seem like I have," said the old man. "Clar ter gracious, when I git ter talk'n' 'bout ole times, I fotch up so much to my 'membunce dat I ramble 'long an' ramble 'long twel I dunno whar I is.

"In dem days," continued the old man, "Chris'mus times wuz a nigger heav'n on earf. Dar wuz holiday times fur mos' three weeks, an' no nigger ain' do no wuk twel de backlog in de big fireplace wuz who'ly ashes. An' de nigger what fotch dat log tek good care dat hit mighty green log, so hit cyahn burn fas'. Chris'mus mornin' de ole niggers git up early an' 'sprise Marse George an' Ole Miss an' de chillun an' cotch 'em Chris'mus gif'. Eve'y nigger on de plantation, big 'n' little, have he Chris'mus gif', 'sides mighty good Chris'mus dinner an' sumpustuous vittles all de time. Marse George an' Ole Miss tek de Chris'mus gif's fur de ole niggers down to de cab'ns deyse'f, an' young niggers tote de baskets. Atter dinner all de white folks what spen'nin' Chris'mus wid we-alls, kaze Marse George have a house full o' de quality all de time, but mo' speshully endurin' Chris'mus times, — all de white folks come wid Marse George an' Ole Miss inter de kitch'n, whar all de niggers waitin', what wuk in de house an' roun' de house, an' den dey drink Marse George and Ole Miss health an' de health of yuther ladies an' gen'muns what stayin' wid we-alls. Dey drinks dey health out'n a gret big bowl o' egg-nogg, an' Marse George sen' plenty mo' down to de cab'ns, an' I tell yer dis, honey, dat dat-dar egg-nogg, which Marse George mix hit hisse'f, wuz fitten fur a regal king to squench his thirs' out'n, an' when de niggers dance dat night in de kerridge house, which dey move de kerridges so dey kin dance, de fiddle furnish de music, but de toddy done mek de frolic.

"Dis yer kep' up eve'y Chris'mus 'fo' de war, but endurin' de war Marse George wuz 'way fum home fightin', an' I hearn tell dat he fit same like a lion, but he boun' ter fight brave, kaze he quality. De war ain' tech us much whar we live, kaze we wuz out'n de way, but all de gen'muns in de neighborhoods went 'way an' fit.

"Bymeby de news reach us dat Marse Lincoln done set all de niggers free. At fus' dis doan mek much diffunce 'cep'n' de niggers mighty glad dat dey free now same like white folks. I spec' mos' un 'em think dat freedom gwine mek der skin white des like dey marseters. How nigger gwine know dat when he own hisse'f he gotter rastle 'roun' an' tek care hisse'f an' buy his own cloze an' vittles an' chawin' terbaccer? How nigger gwine know what freedom is, when he cyahn spell freedom, an' he cyahn read freedom, an' he cyahn write freedom? Yit he think he know, an' hit mek him mighty peart and biggity to hol' he head high an' say, 'I ain' slave no mo'. I free same like white gen'mun.' Dat de way dey feel, an' 't warn't long 'fo' mos' de niggers gun ter git ras'less an' leave de plantation an' ramble off to 'njoy deyse'f an' seek dey forchun. But I stay whar I wuz, an' some o' de yuther niggers stay dar too, — mo' speshully de ole niggers, kaze we hatter stay dar an' tek care Ole Miss an' de chillun when Marse George 'way fum home. Yit I feel mighty proud kaze I free.

"Marse George come back when de war over, an' live on de plantation. He live dar 'bout fo'teen yers, an' I live dar, too, an' wuk in de gyard'n. But times wuz changed. Dar warn't no niggers in mos' o' de cab'ns; an' Marse George kep' one buggy an' one kerridge an' two horses stid o' big stable full like he useter keep. An' atter while de craps did n' fotch de prices no mo' what dey useter fotch, an' Marse George hatter borrer money which he spected ter pay back nex' yer when prices riz, an'

when nex' yer come, prices done drap mo', an' he hatter borrer mo' money.

"Den come de day when he call me inter de dinin'-room an' de yuther niggers what stayed wid 'im atter de war, an' Ole Miss wuz dar, an' de tears wuz in he eyes, an' he clar he throat an' say, 'Dan'l an' Tobe,' sezee, an' de yuther niggers, which he call 'em by name, 'I done ruint, an' de she'iff gwine sell dis place nex' mont'. I gwine tek yo' Mistis an' de chillun to de city whar I got wuk promust. You all is my black chillun, eve'y one, an' hit brek my heart to leave yer, but I ain' got money 'nuff ter tek no one 'cep'n' ole mammy an' Rachel,' which wuz de cook. Den we-all bus' loose a-cryin', an' we beg Marse George not ter go 'way an' leave us, an' ef he boun' ter go to de city, to tek us wid him. But he say he cyahn do dat, kaze he too po'. He might tek Smallpox Tobe dat wait on table, an' Nancy what wuk in de house, an' git 'em place wid some quality folks in de city, but he cyahn tek me 'long, kaze I ain' got no larnin' an' dunno nothin' but 'bout wuk in gyard'n, an' Marse George say dar ain' no gyard'ns in de city; yit all de quality, what 'quainted wid me, 'low my manners wuz of de bes', kaze I bin raised right.

"So nex' mont' de plantation wuz sole, an' de house an' all de furnicher an' de kerridge an' horses; an' Marse George an' he fambly, an' ole mammy an' Rachel, an' Smallpox Tobe an' Nancy move to de city, an' I stay dar on de plantation, kaze de man what bought it, he hired me to wuk de gyard'n, an' Marse George done tell him dat I fus'-class gyard'ner.

"De man what bought we-all's place wuz po' white trash, an' he wife, she po' white trash, too; an' dey wuz de meanes' white folks dat I ever run up wid atter soshiatin' wid de quality all my born days. Dey useter keep market stall in de town, an' dey live po' an' save money 'fo' dey buy our plantation, which hit brung less 'n half what it wurf. Dey

warn't real bad people what de debbil loves, but dey mean, an' dey ain' got no breed'n'. Dey wuz des trash, dat what dey wuz, yit dey git 'long better'n Marse George.

"De ve'y fus' thing dat man done, he tek de marble statchers off'n de lawn an' sell 'em in de town at auction sale; an' he plough up de lawn mos' up to de front do' an' sow wheat dar; an' de graveyard, which hit had mos' un de graves took'n out'n hit, but not all, he riz a wire nettin' fum de groun up 'bove de iron pailin's an' mek chicken-yard out'n hit. He plough up mos' o' de flower gyard'n an' mek veg'table gyard'n bigger; an' atter fo' er five yer, des 'fo' Chris'mus, he cut down de gret big boxwood hedges, what wuz 'long o' de gyard'n walks an' wuz higher dan tall man's head, an' he sen' 'em to de city an' sell 'em fur Chris'mus fixin's; an' he rent de right to haul seine on his sho' by de river, which Marse George allus 'lowed 'em to haul free, when dey please. Yas, honey! He done des what I tells you un; an' fuddermo', in summer time his wife took'n in po' white trash bo'ders in de gret house whar Marse George an' Ole Miss useter live, an' whar de bes' o' de quality useter stay all de time.

"Hit seem like I cyahn stan' dat man, an' I cyahn stan' he wife fum de fus', an' when he come in my gyard'n an' cut down my boxwood hedges, I mek up my min' dat I mus' sholy leave 'n go to de city an' fin' Marse George an' tell 'im dat I cyahn stay on de ole place no mo', but, des 'bout dat time, Marse George wuz took'n sick, which de wuk in de city ain' never 'gree wid his systums, an' 'fo' long de good Lord tuk him to hisse'f, an' Ole Miss ain' live mor'n fo' five mont's atter him. Dat man read me dat out'n de newspaper, kaze he know dat I studyin' 'bout leavin', an' he know I fus'-class gyard'ner.

"Atter Marse George an' Ole Miss done daid, I mek up my min' dat I stay whar I is, an' die dar too, kaze I love

dat place, yit I feel mighty lonesome. I ain' seen Marse George an' Ole Miss sence dey move to de city, but eve'y Chris'mus atter dey done gone an' whiles dey wuz livin', dey sont me a gret big box fur Chris'mus gif' same like ole times, wid good cloze an' chawin' ter-baccar an' cole vittles an' little money.

"Atter while I feel like I gettin' ole myse'f, an' when winter come, sho' 'nuff, de rheumatiz cotch me, an' hit cotch me mighty bad. I wuz kep' in bed endurin' all dat winter, an' dat man ain' treat me so bad twel de spring gunter commence. Den I git out'n bed an' hobble 'roun', but I so lame an' stiff wid de rheumatiz dat I cyahn do no wuk; an' de doctor say he spec' I gwine git wuss but he doan spec' I gwine git no better.

"Dat wuz dis yer las' spring. When de doctor say I gwine be lame an' cyahn do no wuk, dat man come down ter my cab'n an' say he sorry, but ef I don' git strong an' limbersome by de fall, so I kin wuk 'gin, he hatter sen' me to de county po'house.

"Den I git mad, I did, an' I up 'n' ax him what he doin' talkin' to free nigger like dat; an' I tell 'im dat dis h'yer cab'n 's *my* cab'n, kaze Marse George gun hit to me 'n' Susan atter Unc' Hez'-kiah done move out, an' I done live dar all my life an' I gwine die dar, too.

"Den he laugh an' say he bought de cab'n when he bought de lan', an' he ax me fuddermo' what I gwine do fur vittles.

"Dat upsot my min' when he up 'n' ax me what I gwine do fur vittles, yit I know dat de cab'n 's *my* cab'n.

"Dar I wuz. I kep' a-studyin' an' a-studyin' 'bout what I gwine do. All de quality what wuz frien's of Marse George an' dat I 'quainted wid, an' dat useter live in de neighborhoods, wuz bus' up like Marse George was bus' up, an' done moved 'way wid dey fambleys like him, or wuz done daid. All 'roun', whar I wuz 'quainted, po' white trash had bought de lan', leas'wise dey warn't

quality, an' dey wuk de lan' like dat man what gwine tek my cab'n 'way fum me, an' ain' gwine gin me no vittles, kaze I cyahn do no wuk, an' what gwine sen' me to po'house.

"An' all de ole niggers what I know is moved 'way deyse'f, or took'n 'way by dey marseters, like we-alls, Small-pox Tobe an' ole mammy an' Rachel an' Nancy, or dey done daid; an' as fur de young niggers what 's growed up sence de war, I ain' never had no use fur dem, wid dar spellin'-books an' dar readin' an' writin' an' dar uppity manners.

"I kep' on a-studyin' what I gwine do, an' I pray to de good Lord, an' I ax him ter he'p me out'n dis yer trouble an' triberlation, an' ter ferry me over de deep waters what all 'roun' me. An' den hit come to my 'membunce dat Marse George done lef' a son what live in de city; an' I git dat man ter write him a letter, an' tell him in dar, dat I ole an' got rheumatiz an' cyahn wuk no mo'; an' I say I mus' go ter county po'house 'cep'n' I took'n care of by de quality what love ole nigger dat cyahn wuk better 'n young nigger dat kin. An' I tell him all de quality done move 'way fum our neighborhoods, an' he Marse George son, an' I feared ter go ter po'house.

"Atter while I git a letter back an' dat man read hit to me. Hit say he mighty sorry dat I mus' go to po'house, but he cyahn tek care o' me, fur he got big fambly to tek care un; an' he sont me five dollars. But dat man tek de five dollars hisse'f, kaze he say he done tek care me free fur mos' a yer, an' I owe 'im mor'n five dollars a'ready.

"Den I think de good Lord done fer-git de ole nigger sho' 'nuff, an' den dey brung me h'yer."

"I spec' de good Lord sont yer h'yer fur ter keep comp'ny wid me, kaze I sick an' gwine die," said the boy. "When yer tells me 'bout dem good times, hit mek me mos' fergit dis h'yer."

The old man looked at the boy affec-

tionately. "Honey," said he, "de fire gone out an' I spec' I better kiver yer up de bes' I kin 'fo' I say de Lord's Pra'r, what Ole Miss larn me when I little nigger, an' git ter bed myse'f."

With many a grunt and groan of pain he rose from his chair, and with the aid of a home-made crutch and hickory walking-stick hobbled painfully to the boy's side. He tucked the clothes about him, smoothed his straw pillow, and stood for the moment of prayer with his hand resting caressingly on the boy's head. Then he blew out the light, stretched himself upon his own rude bed, and drew the tattered blankets about him.

Outside the wind howled and the storm beat upon the house. Within was silence, broken only by the coughing of

the sick boy and the dismal moaning of Crazy Dick.

After a while the boy called softly, "Unc' Dan'l! Is yer 'sleep?"

The old man's pillow was wet with tears, and his voice shook when he answered.

"I ain' git ter sleep yit, son," said he. "I des bin lyin' h'yer an' studyin' 'bout dem ole times what I bin tellin' yer 'bout. Mebbe dese yer times is good times fur young nigger dat brung up sence de war. But I bin studyin' 'bout fool nigger what wuz raised a'ready when he git he freedom, an' dat glad when de news come. Now he ole, an' he cole, an' he hongry, an' he ain' got no chawin' terbaccer; an' he ax hisse'f dis h'yer question: 'Marse Lincoln gun me freedom. Whar my Chris'mus?' "

Beirne Lay.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.¹

I.

THE praise "he deserved well of his country" is an exceeding great reward, and should be bestowed only after grave deliberation. Some men prefer a wider reach, and nurse a hope that their memories will pass beyond national boundaries, unhindered as by the line of a meridian. There are others whose pride is to have deserved well of some ideal person, to have been "friend to Sir Philip Sidney," disciple to Socrates; "to have deserved well of his country" is commendation, to be given sparingly, and when given not to be forgotten. We are too ready with this phrase, as if it were the cross of St. Olaf, a ribbon with the Black Eagle, or the Order of the Bath; we give it too prodigally to those who gratify the appetite of the hour, to the

man who gains a battle, or extends the landmarks of empire, or, may be, with heaped-up wealth founds a university. Such men may merit the epitaph, but there is a risk, in that first cheerfulness begotten by dissipated alarms, by lengthened purse, or by the comfortable prospect of a royal road to learning, lest our tongues should be too quickly loosed. It is so easy and seems so generous to grant great epithets to men who have staked their lives or hazarded their fortunes for the very complacent and laudable end that our lives and fortunes be made easier. The men who have indeed deserved well of their country are they who have set up a loftier standard for its gentlemen, who have in prosperity and adversity consistently followed the strait ways of honor, who have bestowed upon their fellow countrymen new cause to be proud of their native land, who have endeared her to other nations, or have given enjoyment to millions of her children.

¹ *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902. 5 vols.

This is true service, and all this Sir Walter Scott did.

Three generations ago lived four very famous British men, of Westminster Abbey mortuary measure: Nelson, who from the Cape of Good Hope to the Arctic Ocean made England mistress of the seas; Wellington, who from Talavera to Waterloo added glory upon glory to the British flag; Byron, who carried the breath of English liberty to down-trodden Italy and enslaved Greece; and Walter Scott, who made Britain beloved by men of other countries, who, by his ideals of manhood, of chivalry, of honor, gave new incentives to Englishmen, and on his joyous and painful path through life bestowed more happiness upon his fellow men than any other British man has ever done.

It is wholly fit that Americans should go on pilgrimage to Abbotsford. A remembrance of virtue is there which we, at least, cannot find at Canterbury, Lourdes, or Loreto. There is but one comparable spot in Great Britain, and that is on the banks of Avon; but at Stratford, encompassed by memorials of idolatry, surrounded by restoration and renovation, harried and jostled by tourists, the pilgrim wearily passes from bust to portrait, from Halliwell to Furness, from sideboard to second-best bedstead, with a sick sense of human immortality, till his eye lights upon the "W. Scott" scrawled on the window-pane. If Walter Scott made this pilgrimage, if his feet limped through the churchyard of Holy Trinity, if he looked at the ugly busts, if he, too, was elbowed by American women there, then welcome all, the sun shines fair on Stratford again.

Abbotsford has discomforts of its own, but there one has glimpses of Scott's abounding personality. How wonderful was that personality; how it sunned and warmed and breathed balm upon the lean and Cassius-like Lockhart, till that sweetened man became transfigured, as

it were, and wrote one of the most acceptable and happy books of the world; — a personality, so rich and ripe, that nature of necessity encased it in lovable form and features. In the National Portrait Gallery is a good picture of Scott, large-browed, blue-eyed, ruddy-hued, the great out of door genius; one of his dogs looks up at him with sagacious appreciation. There is the large free figure, the benevolent man, the mirthful host, the honest counselor, the chivalric friend; but what can a painter with all his art tell us of a person whom we love? How can he describe the noble career from boyhood to death; how can he narrate the wit, the laughter, the generosity, the high devotion, the lofty character, the dogged resolution, and the womanly tenderness of heart? The biographer has the harder task. A hundred great portraits have been painted, from Masaccio to John Sargent, but the great biographies are a half dozen, and one of the best is this book of Lockhart's.

As generations roll on, the past drifts more and more from the field of our vision; the England of Scott's day has become a classic time, the subjects of George III. are strangers of foreign habits; tastes change, customs alter, books multiply, and with all the rest the Waverley Novels likewise show their antique dress and betray their mortality; but the life of a great man never loses its interest. As a time recedes into remoteness, its books, saving the few on which time has no claim, become unreadable, but a man's life retains and tightens its hold upon us. It is hardly too much to say that Lockhart has done for Scott's fame almost as much as Scott himself. The greatest of Scotsmen in thirty novels and half a dozen volumes of poetry has sketched his own lineaments, but Lockhart has filled out that sketch with necessary amplification, admiring and just. What would we not give for such a biography of Homer

or Cicero, of Dante or Shakespeare? But if we possessed one, dare we hope for a record of so much virtue and happiness, of so much honor and heroic duty?

Walter Scott is not only a novelist, not only a bountiful purveyor of enjoyment; his life sheds a light as well as a lustre on England. Of right he ought to be seated on St. George's horse, and honored as Britain's patron saint, for he represents what Britain's best should be, he, the loyal man, the constant friend, joyous in youth, laborious in manhood, high-minded in the sad decadent years, thinking no evil, and faithful with the greatest faith, that in virtue for virtue's sake. Every English-speaking person should be familiar with that noble life.

One sometimes wonders if a change might not without hurt be made in the studies of boys; whether Greek composition, or even solid geometry, — studies rolled upward like a stone to roll down again at the year's end with a glorious splash into the pool of oblivion, — might not be discontinued, and in its stead a course of biography be put. I would have my boys read and read again the biographies of the men who to my thinking deserved well of their country. The first two should be the *History of Don Quixote* and *Lockhart's Life of Scott*. In young years, so fortified against enclitics and angles, yet unfolding and docile to things which touch the heart, would not the boy derive as much benefit from an enthusiastic perusal of Lockhart's volumes as from disheartening attempts to escalate the irregular aorist? It was not for nothing that the wise Jesuits bade their young scholars read the *Lives of the Saints*. Are there no lessons to be learned for the living of life?

Don Quixote and Sir Walter Scott look very unlike, one with his cracked brain and the other with his shrewd good sense, but they have this in common, that the one is an heroic man whose heroism is obscured by craziness

and by the irony under which Cervantes hid his own great beliefs, and the other is an heroic man, whose heroism is obscured by success and by the happiness under which Scott concealed daily duty faithfully done. In the good school of hero-worship these men supplement one another, the proud Spaniard, the canny Scot, great-hearted gentlemen both. Our affection for them is less a matter of argument than of instinct; their worthiness is demonstrated by our love. I cannot prove to you my joy in the month of May; if you feel dismal and Novemberish, why, turn up your collar and shiver lustily. The Spaniard is rather for men who have failed as this world judges; the Scot for those who live in the sunshine of life.

English civilization, which with all its imperfections is to many of us the best, is a slow growing plant; though pieced and patched with foreign graftings, it still keeps the same sap which has brought forth fruit this thousand years. It has fashioned certain ideals of manhood, which, while changing clothes and speech and modes of action, maintain a resemblance, an English type, not to be likened to foreign ideals, beautiful as those may be; we have much to learn from their great examples, but the noble type of the English is different. Sir Thomas Malory's Round Table, Philip Sidney, Falkland, Russell, Howard the philanthropist, Robertson the priest, Gordon the soldier, — choose whom you will, — have a national type, not over-flexible, but of a most enduring temper. The traditions which have gathered about these men have wrought a type of English gentleman, which we honor in our unreasonable hearts. Our ideals are tardy and antiquated; they savor of the past, of the long feudal past. We listen politely to the introducer of new doctrines of righteousness, of new principles of morality, and nod a cold approval, "How noble!" "What a fine fellow!" "Excellent!"

lent man!" but there is no touch of that enthusiasm with which we cry, "There! there is a gentleman!" A foolish method, no doubt, and worthy of the raps and raillery it receives, but it is the English way. Educated men, with their exact training in sociology and science, smile at us, mock us, bewail us, and still our cheeks flush with pleasure as we behold on some conspicuous stage the old type of English hero; and we feel, ignorantly, that there is no higher title than that of gentleman, no better code of ethics than that of chivalry, rooted though it be on the absurd distinction between the man on horseback and the man on foot.

The great cause of Sir Walter Scott's popularity during life and fame after death is that he put into words the chivalric ideas of England, that he declared in poem, in romance, and in his actions the honorable service rendered by the Cavalier to society, because his stories stirred the deep instinctive affections — prejudices if you will — of British conservatism. He founded the Romantic School in Great Britain, not because he was pricked on by Border Ballads or by Götz von Berlichingen, but because, descended from the Flower of Yarrow and great-grandson of a Killiecrankie man, he had been born and bred a British gentleman, with all his poetic nature sensitive to the beauty and charm of chivalry. History as seen by a poet is quite different from history as seen by a Social Democrat, and the Cavalier — if we may draw distinctions that do not touch any question of merit — requires a historian of different temper and of different education from the historian of the clerk or the ploughman. The youth filled with rich enthusiasm for life, kindled into physical joy by a hot gallop, quickened by a fine and tender sympathy between man and beast, crammed with fresh air, health, and delight, vivified with beauty of April willows and autumnal heather, is remote, stupidly re-

mote perhaps, from the scrivener at his desk, or the laborer with his hoe. The difference is not just, it is not in accord with sociological theories, it must pass away; yet it has existed in the past and still survives in the present, and a Cavalier to most of us is the accepted type of gentleman, and "chivalric" is still the proudest adjective of praise. Of this section of life Sir Walter Scott is the great historian, and he became its historian, not so much because he was of it, as because he delighted in it with all his qualities of heart and head.

We still linger in the obscurity of the shadow cast by the Feudal Period; we cannot avoid its errors, let us not forget the virtues which it prescribes; let us remember the precepts of chivalry, truth-telling, honor, devotion, enthusiasm, compassion, reckless self-sacrifice for an ideal, love of one woman, and affection for the horse. For such learning there is no textbook like this *Life of Scott*. Moreover, in Lockhart's biography, we are studying the English humanities, we learn those special qualities which directed Scott's genius, those tastes and inclinations which, combining with his talents, enabled him to shift the course of English literature from its eighteenth-century shallows into what is known as the Romantic movement.

It is a satisfaction that America should render to Scott's memory this homage of generous print, broad margin, and that comfortable weight that gives the hand a share in the pleasure of the book and yet exacts no further service. What would the boy Walter Scott have said, if in vision these stately volumes, like Banquo's issue royally appareled, had risen before him one after one, to interrupt his urchin warfare in the streets of Edinburgh? But the physical book, admirable as it is, equipped for dress parade and somewhat ostentatious in its pride of office, is but the porter of its contents. Miss Susan M. Francis, with pious care, excellent judgment, and sound discrimi-

nation, worthy indeed of the true disciple, has done just what other disciples have long been wishing for. At appropriate places in the text, as if Lockhart had paused to let Miss Francis step forward and speak, come, in modest guise as footnotes, pertinent passages from Scott's Journal, and letters from Lady Louisa Stuart, John Murray, and others. The Familiar Letters, the Journal, and many another book to which Lockhart had no access, have supplied Miss Francis with the material for these rich additions. The reader's pleasure is proof of the great pains, good taste, and long experience put to use in compiling these notes. The editor's is an honest service honorably performed. As a consequence — and perhaps I speak as one of many — I now possess an edition of Lockhart, which, strong in text, notes, and form, may make bold to stand on the shelf beside what for me is *the* edition of the Waverley Novels. This edition published in Boston — it bears the name Samuel H. Parker — has a binding, which by some ordinance of Nature or of Time, the two great givers of rights, has come to be *the* proper dress of the Waverley Novels. Its color varies from a deep mahogany to the lighter hues of the horse-chestnut; what it may have been before it was tinted by the hands of three generations cannot be guessed. This ripe color has penetrated within and stained the pages with its shifting browns. It is plain that Time has pored and paused over these volumes, hesitating whether he should not lay aside his scythe; he will travel far before he shall find again so pleasant a resting-place. This Parker edition used to stand on a shelf between two windows, with unregarded books above and below. On another bookcase stood the Ticknor and Fields edition of Lockhart, 1856, according to my Benedict Arnold memory, its back bedecked with claymores and a filibeg, or some such thing; the designer seems to have thought that Scott was a Highland chief. But,

though exceeding respectable, that edition was obviously of lower rank than the Parker edition of the novels; be-claymored and filibegged it stood apart and ignored, while the novels were taken out as if they had been ballroom belles. In fact, there is something feminine, something almost girlish, about a delightful book; without wooing it will not yield the full measure of its sweetness. In those days we always made proper preparation — a boy's method of courtship — to read Scott. The proper preparation — but who has not discovered it for himself? — is to be young and to put an apple, a gillyflower, into the right pocket, two slices of buttered bread, quince jam between, into the left, thrust the mahogany volume into the front pouch of the second-best sailor suit, then, carefully protecting these protuberant burdens, shinny up into a maple tree, and there among the branches, hidden by the leaves, which half hinder and half invite the warm, green sunshine, sit noiseless; the body be-appled and be-jammed into quiescent sympathy, while the elated spirit swims dolphin-like over the glorious sea of romance. That one true way of reading the Waverley Novels poor Mr. Howells never knew. He must have read them, if he has read them at all, seated on a high stool, rough and hard, with teetering legs, in a dentist's parlor. He has had need to draw a prodigal portion from his Fortunatus' purse of our respect and affection to justify his upward obliquity toward Scott. I wish that I were in a sailor's blouse again, that I might shinny back into that maple tree, in the company of Mr. Howells, with Miss Francis's volumes of Lockhart (one at a time), to read and re-read the story of Sir Walter Scott, and feel again the joy which comes from the perusal of a biography written by a wise lover and edited by a wise disciple, with no break in the chain of affection between us and the object of our veneration. Perhaps Miss Francis would do us the honor

to take a ladder and join our party. But youth and jam and gillyflowers are luxuries soon spent, and Miss Francis has done her best to make amends for their evanescence. She has done a public kindness, and she has had a double reward, first, in living in familiar converse with Scott's spirit, second, in the thanks which must come to her thick and fast from all Scott lovers.

We might well wish that every young man and every boy were reading these big-printed volumes, adorned with pictures of our hero, of his friends, both men and dogs, and of the places where he lived. Let a man economize on his sons' clothes, on their puddings, and toys, but the wise father is prodigal with books. A good book should have the pomp and circumstance of its rank, it should betray its gentle condition to the most casual beholder, so that he who sees it on a shelf shall be tempted to stretch forth his hand, and having grasped this fruit of an innocent tree of knowledge, shall eat, digest, and become a wiser, a happier, and a better man or boy.

II.

Without meaning to disparage the Future, — it will have its flatterers, — or the Present, which is so importunately with us always, there is much reason with those who think that the home of poetry is in the Past. There our sentiments rest, like rays of light which fall through storied windows and lie in colored melancholy upon ancient tombs. That which was once a poor, barren Present, no better than our own, gains richness and mystery, and, as it drifts through twilight shades beyond the disturbing reach of human recollection, grows in refinement, in tenderness, in nobility. Memory is the great purgatory; in it the commonness, the triviality of daily happenings become cleansed and ennobled, and our petty lives, gliding back into the Eden from which they seem to issue, become altogether innocent and beautiful.

In this world of memory there is an aristocracy; there are ephemeral things and long-lived things, there is existence in every grade of duration, but almost all on this great backward march gain in beauty and interest. It is so in the memory of poets, it is so with everybody. There is a fairy, benevolent and solemn, who presides over memory; she is capricious and fantastic, too, and busies herself with the little as well as with the big things of life. If we look back on our boarding-school days, what do we remember? Certainly not our lessons, nor the rebukes of our weary teachers, nor the once everlasting study hour; but we recall every detail of the secret descent down the fire-escape to the village pastry-cook's, where, safeguarded by a system of signals stretching continuous to the point of danger, we hurriedly swallowed creamcakes, Washington pies, raspberry turnovers, and then with smeared lips and skulking gait stealthily crept and climbed back to a sleep such as few of the just enjoy.

This fairy of memory was potent with Walter Scott. He loved the Past, he never spoke of it but with admiration and respect, he studied it, explored it, honored it; not the personal Past, which our egotism loves, but the great Past of his countrymen. This sentiment is the master quality in his novels, and gives them their peculiar interest. There have been plenty of historical novels, but none others bear those tender marks of filial affection which characterize the *Waverley Novels*.

There is another quality in Scott closely connected with his feeling for the Past, which we in America, with our democratic doctrines, find it more difficult to appreciate justly. This quality, respect for rank, — a very inadequate and inexact phrase, — is part and parcel of a social condition very different from our own. Scott had an open, generous admiration for that diversity which gave free play to the virtues of loyalty and gratitude on one side, and of protection

and solicitude on the other. The Scottish laird and his cotters had reciprocal duties ; instead of crying " Each man for himself ! " they enjoyed their mutual dependence. The tie of chieftain and clansman bore no great dissimilarity to that of father and son, new affections were called out, a gillie took pride in his chief, and the chief was fond of his gillie.

Scott's respect for rank was as far removed from snobbery as he from Hecuba ; it was not only devoid of all meanness, but it had a childlike, a solemn, and admirable element, a kind of acceptance of society as established by the hand of God. Added to this solemn acceptance was his artistic pleasure in the picturesque variety and gradation of rank, as in a prospect where the ground rises from flatness, over undulating meadows, to rolling hills and ranges of mountains. It is exhilarating to behold even seeming greatness, and the perspective of rank throws into high relief persons of birth and office, and cunningly produces the effect of greatness. That patriotism which clings to flag or king, with Scott attached itself to the social order. He was intensely loyal to the structure of society in which he lived, not because he was happy and prosperous under it, but because to him it was noble and beautiful. When a project for innovations in the law courts was proposed, he was greatly moved. " No, no," said he to Jeffrey, " little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain ; " and the tears gushed down his cheeks. The social system of clanship, " We Scots are a clannish body," made this sentiment easy ; he felt toward his chief and his clan as a veteran feels toward his colonel and his regiment.

To Scott's historic sentiment and tenderness of feeling for the established social order was added a love of place, begotten of associations with pleasant Teviotdale, the Tweed, Leader Haughs,

the Braes of Yarrow, bequeathed from generation to generation. We Americans, men of migratory habits, who do not live where our fathers have lived, or, if so, pull their houses down that we may build others with modern luxury, are strangers to the deep sentiment which a Scotsman cherishes for his home ; — not the mere stones and timber, which keep him dry and warm, but the hearth at which his mother and his forefathers sat and took their ease after the labor of the day, the ancient trees about the porch, the heather and honeysuckle, the high-road down which galloped the post with news of Waterloo and Culloden, the little brooks of border minstrelsy, and the mountains of legend ; we do not share his inward feeling that his soul is bound to the soul of the place by some rite celebrated long before his birth, that for better or worse they two are mated, and not without some hidden injury can anything but death part them. Perhaps such feelings are childish, they certainly are not modish according to our American notions, but over those who entertain them they are royally tyrannical. It was so with Scott, and though when left to ourselves we may not feel that feeling, he teaches us a lively sympathy with it, and gives us a deeper desire to have what we may really call a home.

Scott also possessed a great theatrical imagination. He looked on life as from an upper window, and watched the vast historical pageant march along ; his eye caught notable persons, dramatic incidents, picturesque episodes, with the skill of a sagacious theatre manager. Not the drama of conscience, not the meetings and maladjustments of different temperaments and personalities, not the whims of an over-civilized psychology, not the sensitive indoor happenings of life : but scenes that startle the eye, alarm the ear, and keep every sense on the alert ; the objective bustle and much ado of life ; the striking effects which contrast clothes as well as character, bringing together

Highlander and Lowlander, Crusader and Saracen, jesters, prelates, turnkeys, and foresters. That is why the Waverley Novels divide honors with the theatre in a boy's life. I can remember how easy seemed the transition from my thumb and dog-eared Guy Mannering to the front row of the pit, which my impatience reached in ample time to study the curtain resplendent with Boccaccio's garden before it was lifted on a wonderful world of romance wherein the *jeune premier* stepped forward like Frank Osbaldistone, Sir Kenneth, or any of "my insidiously imbecile young men," as Scott called them, to play his difficult, ungrateful part, just as they did, with awkwardness and self-conscious inability, while the audience passed him by, as readers do in the Waverley Novels, to gaze on the glittering *mise en scène*, and watch the real heroes of the piece.

The melodramatic theatre indicates certain fundamental truths of human nature. We have inherited traits of the savage, we delight in crimson and sounding brass, in soldiers and gypsies, nor can we conceal, if we would, that other and nearer ancestry, betrayed by the poet; — "The child is father to the man:" the laws of childhood govern us still, and it is to this common nature of Child and Man that Scott appeals so strongly.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name."

Scott was a master of the domain of simple theatrical drama. What is there more effective than his bravado scenes, which we watch with that secret sympathy for bragging with which we used to watch the big boys at school, for we know that the biggest words will be seconded by deeds. "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaller's shield; he is your cheapest bargain." "'Who has dared,' said Richard, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, 'who has dared to place this paltry rag beside

the banner of England?'" "'Die, blood-thirsty dog!' said Balfour, 'die as thou hast lived! die, like the beasts that perish — hoping nothing — believing nothing' — 'And fearing nothing!' said Bothwell." These, and a hundred such passages, are very simple, but simple with a simplicity not easy to attain; they touch the young barbarian in us to the quick.

In addition to these traits, Scott had that shrewd practical understanding, which is said to mark the Scotsman. Some acute contemporary said that "Scott's sense was more wonderful than his genius." In fact, his sense is so all-pervasive that it often renders the reader blind to the imaginative qualities that spread their great wings throughout most of the novels. It was this good sense that enabled Scott to supply the admirable framework of his stories, for it taught him to understand the ways of men, — farmers, shopkeepers, lawyers, soldiers, lairds, graziers, smugglers, — to perceive how all parts of society are linked together, and to trace the social nerves that connect the shepherd and the blacksmith with historic personages. Scott had great powers of observation, but these powers, instead of being allowed to yield at their own will to the temptation of the moment, were always under the control of good sense. This controlled observation, aided by the extraordinary healthiness of his nature, enabled him to look upon life with so much largeness, and never suffered his fancy to wander off and fasten on some sore spot in the body social, or on some morbid individual; but held it fixed on healthy society, on sanity and equilibrium. Natural, healthy life always drew upon Scott's abundant sympathy. Dandie Dinmont, Mr. Oldbuck, Baillie Jarvie, and a hundred more show the greatest pigment of art, the good color of health. Open a novel almost at random and you meet a sympathetic understanding. For example, a fisherwoman is pleading for a dram of whiskey: "Ay, ay, — it's easy for your honor, and like

o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside. But an' ye wanted fire and meat and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi' it, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain till the morn's morning?"

It is easy to disparage common sense and the art of arousing boyish interest, just as it is easy to disparage romantic affections for the past, for rank, and for place, but Scott had a power which transfigured common sense, theatrical imagination, and conservative sentiments; Scott was a poet. His poetic genius has given him one great advantage over all other English novelists. As we think of the famous names, Fielding, Richardson, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Meredith; according to our taste, our education, or our whimsies, we prefer this quality in one, we enjoy that in another, and we may, as many do, put others above Scott in the hierarchy of English novelists, but nobody, not even the most intemperate, will compare any one of them with Scott as a poet. Scott had great lyrical gifts. It has been remarked how many of his poems Mr. Palgrave has inserted in the *Golden Treasury*. Palgrave did well. There are few poems that have the peculiar beauty of Scott's lyrics. Take, for example, —

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green —
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew."

What maiden could resist, —

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue"?

Scott's poetic nature, delicate and charming as it is in his lyrics, picturesque and vigorous as it is in his long poems, finds its sturdier and most natural expression in his novels; in them it refines the prodigal display of pictorial life, it bestows lightness and vividness, it gives an atmosphere of beauty, and a joyful exhilaration of enfranchisement from the commonplace; it mingles the leaven of poetry into ordinary life, and causes what we call romance. Take, for example, a subject like war. War, as it is, commissariat, dysentery, mule-trains, six-pounders, disemboweled boys, reconcentration, water-cure, lying, and swindling, has been described by Zola and Tolstoi with the skill of that genius which is faithful to the nakedness of fact. But for the millions who do not go to the battlefield, hospital, or burial-ditch, war is another matter; for them it is a brilliant affair of colors, drums, uniforms, courage, enthusiasm, heroism, and victory; it is the most brilliant of stage-shows, the most exciting of games. This is the familiar conception of war; and Scott has expressed his thorough sympathy with immense poetical skill. Let the sternest Quaker read the battle scene in *Marmion*, and he will feel his temper glow with warlike ardor; and the fighting in the novels, for instance the battle in *Old Mortality*, is still better. In like manner in the pictures of Highland life the style may be poor, the workmanship careless, but we are always aware that what we read has been written by one who looked upon what he describes with a poet's eye.

The poetry that animates the *Waverley Novels* was not, as with some men, a rare accomplishment kept for literary use, but lay deep in Scott's life. As a young man he fell in love with a lady who loved and married another, and all his life her memory, etherealized no doubt after the manner of poets and lovers, stayed with him, so that despite the greatest worldly success, his finer

happiness lay in imagination. But as he appeared at Abbotsford, gayest among the gay, prince of good fellows, what comrade conjectured that the poet had not attained his heart's desire?

III.

It is easy to find fault with Scott; he has taken no pains to hide the bounds of his genius. He was careless to slovenliness, he hardly ever corrected his pages, he worked with a glad animal energy, writing two or three hours before breakfast every morning, chiefly in order to free himself from the pressure of his fancy. So lightly did he go to work that when taken sick after writing *The Bride of Lammermoor* he forgot all but the outline of the plot. His pen coursed like a greyhound; at times it lost the scent of the story and strayed away into tedious prologue and peroration, or in endless talk, and then, the scent regained, it dashed on into a scene of unequaled vigor and imagination. There are few speeches that can rank with that of Jeanie Deans to Queen Caroline: "But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your Leddyship — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours — O my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Scott was a vigorous, happy man, who rated life far higher than literature, and looked upon novel-writing as a money-getting operation. "'I'd rather be a kitten and cry Mew,'" he said, "than write the best poetry in the world on condition of laying aside common sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world." He would have

entertained pity, not untouched by scorn, for those novelists who apply to a novel the rules that govern a lyric, and come home fatigued from a day spent in seeking an adjective. Scott wrote with what is called inspiration; when he had written, his mind left his manuscript and turned to something new. No doubt we wish that it had been otherwise, that Scott, in addition to his imaginative power, had also possessed the faculty of self-criticism; perhaps Nature has adopted some self-denying ordinance, that, where she is so prodigal with her right hand, she will be somewhat niggard with the left. We are hard to please if we demand that she shall add the delicate art of Stevenson to the virile power of Walter Scott.

There is a second fault; archæologists tell us that no man ever spoke like King Richard, Ivanhoe, and Locksley. Scott, however, has erred in good company. Did Moses and David speak as the Old Testament narrates? Did knights-errant ever utter such words as Malory puts into the mouth of Perceval? Or did the real Antony have the eloquence of Shakespeare? Historical and archæological mistakes are serious in history and archæology, and shockingly disfigure examination papers, but in novels the standards are different. Perhaps men learned in demonology are put out of patience by *Paradise Lost* and the *Inferno*, and scholars in fairy lore vex themselves over Ariel and Titania; but *Ivanhoe* is like a picture, which at a few feet shows blotches and daubs, but looked at from the proper distance, shows the correct outline and the true color. The raw conjunction of Saxon and Norman, the story how the two great stocks of Englishmen went housekeeping together, is told better than in any history. A multitude of little errors congregate together and yet leave a historic whole, which if not true to Plantagenet England, is yet correct in its delineation of a great period of

social change, and of those phenomena that attend the struggle of social orders for self-preservation and dominion. So it is with *The Talisman*. The picture of the crusading invasion of Palestine is no doubt wholly incorrect in all details, and yet what book equals it in enabling us to understand the romantic attitude of Europe and the great popular Christian sentiment which expressed itself in unchristian means and built so differently from what it knew? But we need not quarrel in defense of *Ivanhoe*, or *Quentin Durward*, or *The Talisman*. Unquestionably the Scottish novels are the best, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*; in them we find portraiture of character, drawn with an art that must satisfy the most difficult advocate of studies from life; and probably all of Scott's famous characters were drawn from life.

A more serious charge is that Scott is not interested in the soul, that the higher domains of human faculties, love and religion, are treated not at all or else inadequately. At first sight there seems to be much justice in this complaint, for if our minds run over the names of the *Waverley Novels*, — the very titles, like a romantic tune, play a melody of youth, — we remember no love scene of power, nor any lovable woman except *Diana Vernon*, and the religion in them is too much like that which fills up our own Sunday mornings between the fishballs of breakfast and the cold roast beef of dinner. Carlyle has expressed his dissatisfaction with Scott's shortcomings, after the manner of an eloquent advocate who sets forth his case, and leaves the jury to get at justice as best they may. He denies that Scott touches the spiritual or ethical side of life, and therefore condemns him. But Carlyle does not look for ethics except in exhortations, nor for spiritual life except in a vociferous crying after God; whereas the soul is wayward and strays outside

of metaphysics and of righteous indignation. That Scott himself was a good man, in a very high and solemn significance of those words, cannot be questioned by any one who has read his biography and letters. No shadow of self-deception clouded his mind when, in moments of great physical pain, he said: "I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch, to complain of such inflictions as these. My life has been in all its private and public relations as fortunate, perhaps, as was ever lived, up to this period; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it;" nor when he thought he was dying: "For myself I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit." Every one knows his last words: "Lockhart, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Ethics has two methods, one is the way of the great Hebrew prophets who cry, "Woe to the children of this world! Repent, repent!" and Carlyle's figure, as he follows their strait and narrow way, shows very heroic on the skyline of life; but there is still room for those teachers of ethics who follow another method, who do not fix their eyes on the anger of God, but on the beautiful world which He has created. To them humanity is not vile, nor this earth a magnified Babylon; they look for virtue and they find it; they see childhood ruddy-cheeked and light-hearted, youth idealized by the enchantment of first love; they rejoice in a wonderful world; they laugh with those who laugh, weep with mourners, dance with the young, are crutches to the old, tell stories to the moping, throw jests to the jolly, comfort cold hearts, and leave everywhere a ripening warmth like sunlight, and a

faith that happiness is its own justification. This was the way of Walter Scott.

No doubt spiritual life can express itself in cries and prophecies, yet for most men, looking over chequered lives, or into the recesses of their own hearts, the spiritual life is embodied not in loud exhortations and threats, but rather in honor, loyalty, truth; and those who let this belief appear in their daily life are entitled to the name, toward which they are greatly indifferent, of spiritual teachers. Honor, loyalty, truth, were very dear to Walter Scott; his love for them appears throughout his biography. He says, "It is our duty to fight on, doing what good we can and trusting to God Almighty, whose grace ripens the seeds we commit to the earth, that our bene-

factions shall bear fruit." Among the good seeds Scott committed to the earth are his novels, which, if they are not spiritual, according to the significance of that word as used by prophet and priest, have that in them which has helped generations of young men to admire manliness, purity, fair play, and honor, and has strengthened their inward resolutions to think no unworthy thoughts, to do no unworthy deeds. Literature, not preaching, has been the great civilizer; if it has not been as quick to kindle enthusiasm for large causes, it has acted with greater sureness and has built more permanently; and of all the great names in literature as a power for good, who shall come next to Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes, if not Walter Scott?

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

A DELICATE TRIAL.

I.

THE smoky atmosphere of a Western city darkens the windows of a gray stone building in which the local Art Students' League is housed, — on the second floor, over, under, and side by side with the quieter sort of business offices. A cheerless place, even at noon, is the principal room of this league, and now, at the approach of night, in the silence that pervades the entire building after business hours, the plaster casts and the unfinished drawings abandoned on easels are like spectres in the twilight watching the agony of the only real person here present.

This solitary occupant, a man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old, has been drawing a head of Dante and quarreling desperately with his own work; as yet, however, suppressing outward signs of this conflict. You will notice merely that the hollows

in his cheeks are deepened by the firm set of a resolute jaw, and that under the spectacles, which look almost grotesquely large on his thin, smooth-shaven face, his eyes are burning with concentrated purpose, or fever, or both. It is the culmination of a long struggle of the will to have its way, in spite of failing strength and the assaults of a rabble of cares (taking advantage of this weakness) upon his heart, — which "citadel of courage" is in imminent danger of being captured by the enemy. The decisive moment in the career of an artist has arrived.

If one of us, now, should be able to steal forward unperceived into the room, impelled by sympathy, it would be to hear, on coming nearer, the art student's short, quick breathing, and to notice that his whole frame is shaken from time to time by a tremor, though this may be only the natural effect of the chilly air upon his overworked and, I

fear, half-starved body. And, in fact, while we cannot interpose, something which amounts to an actual diversion does take place, a familiar counselor of the young man — none other than common sense — beginning to advise him almost as distinctly as though a separate person had entered into conversation with him.

"You have set a task for yourself that's far beyond your powers," this counselor begins. "Your own head is crowded with the people of Dante's Inferno; but must you try to suggest in the expression of the poet's face, as you draw it, his vision of hell? Be content to draw his features as they are shown in the bust before you, — really an excellent piece of work; and do not even go on with that moderate task until you have had dinner and a good night's sleep."

The young man grins unpleasantly when the expression "dinner and a good night's sleep," a formula with rather different and not very recent associations, slips into his thoughts. The counselor goes on: —

"I may as well tell you, since you are bent on showing Dante face to face with all those ingeniously tortured souls he has described, that after years of patient study, provided you have genius, such things may be done. But do you insist that it is of the essence of portraiture to interpret your subject so completely, and that you must and will do it immediately? Nonsense, my dear boy! A few years of waiting are nothing at all to a young man like you. Come away to rest."

By way of reply to this easy-going plan the art student's face takes on an immovable look; it is set like another grim image opposite Dante's. From time to time he adds to the drawing.

Presently he directs a perplexed and startled look toward his right hand.

"Go on!" he commands, but it will not budge in the work. "Not another line," it replies in effect, by falling at his side.

For a little while the demons his fancy conceives, with Fear and Despair in the lead, have him at their mercy. Mutiny among the members he has experienced often enough before this moment, but now his will stands alone, with no servant to do its bidding, deserted by its forces; still he does not yield, with gallant unreason refusing to accept defeat, even when defeat is proved.

And now, without any conscious effort, but as though by some extraneous force, his hand is lifted up; and while it goes on with the interrupted work still under this extraneous guidance, he listens to a voice of authority, most agreeably distinguished from that of the first counselor, a voice so full of confidence that its accent is well-nigh humorous: —

"A few knowing touches with pencil, crayon, or brush are all we need. Omit this line; put one here. Strengthen this shadow. Here, nothing at all: give the imagination its chance. There a rub — so: a little laying on of hands, as though you would conjure the work to grow, not compel or drive it.

"Now isn't he almost alive! See how the old fellow stares and wonders. Does n't it make you glance over your shoulder in the direction his eyes take, expecting to see Count Ugolino of the gruesome repast, poor Francesca, and the rest? At any rate, your portrait is finished."

"My portrait!" cries the art student. "You made it."

"But you made me," says the other.

"I believe you are the devil," says the art student.

"My name," the newcomer replies, "is Genius, and I have come at the command of your will, to serve you always."

II.

Genius and the art student have such a time of it as you might expect when they look for professional advancement

in New York. The former, being unseen, at first naturally counts for nothing in the metropolis, while the latter, though actually ready (thanks to his invisible and now inseparable associate) to give abundantly, has the appearance of a Western person in need of everything. So the best part of Edward Lawton, artist, is ignored, and the obvious part shunned for a little while. He paints as though to save his soul every day while there is light, and after dark with equal passionateness studies music. He is painter by day, musician by night, working at art, playing with music.

III.

Another resident in New York who devotes his evenings to music (and his days, too, whenever he is out of work) is a gentleman past middle life, Mr. Charles Brentford. There is no hint of foreign ancestry in his name, but in New York we must always reckon with the possibility that a Latin strain, prone to art and supine to music, may lurk under a sterling Anglo-Saxon patronym.

As our story runs, Mr. Brentford used to take his little daughter to the opera even if there had been no meat for dinner; nor did Charlotte suppose that this was a mere coincidence, although nothing was ever said on the subject. To the child, as well as to her father, the tickets admitting them to the gallery seemed infinitely more important than a hearty meal, especially since this deprivation and indulgence did not occur every evening.

At the time we have now reached she is still her father's companion, with the heart and simple manners of a child, but, in an emergency, coming to the rescue with something of the wisdom of a mature woman, as befits a maiden of fifteen or sixteen years.

On one occasion the music of an opera which they are hearing for the first time

is so delightful, and Mr. Brentford's enjoyment of it becomes so apparent, that Charlotte begins to look uneasy. Finally, when he takes a lead pencil from his pocket, she clutches his arm and whispers, —

"Where is the writing paper you promised to bring?"

"I forgot it," he whispers in reply, swiftly jotting down notes of the music on his cuff; and Charlotte nearly laughs aloud as she recalls the *akimbo* request of an Irish laundress who had asked Miss Charlie, dear, to tell her father he must shtop writin' on his linen shurrts, that were all wore out with scrubbin' av the pencil marks.

There are so many fetching arias that the white cuff is soon dotted all over with notes, and then the point of Mr. Brentford's nimble pencil continues its records on his shirt-bosom. Charlotte fears these marks will be rather too conspicuous, and, indeed, they do attract the attention of a man in the next row of seats who leans forward, putting out his hand and tapping his thumb with the fore and middle fingers, to show that he wants the pencil.

Mr. Brentford looks at him gravely and makes up his mind about him before complying.

"Allow me," says this critic, leaning still nearer and adding a little stroke to the cluster of notes written on the shirt-front. "*A half note*," he explains, and raises his eyebrows behind his spectacles, and smiles.

Mr. Brentford looks down at the correction; then nods and smiles in his turn.

And now, as Mr. Brentford and his critic, who introduces himself as Edward Lawton, have thus met on the common ground of a knowledge and love of music, it comes to pass quite naturally that others sitting near are subject, without knowing or caring why, to a certain contagion of friendliness. It is not long before the children of an Italian family party, who have brought a quantity of

oranges and bananas (which they eat quite fearlessly in this part of the house), share their fruit with Carlotta: very easily they persuade the pretty stranger, whose big eyes seem to promise all the future for her thrilling slip of a body, to take her part in the feast. Moreover the spectacles of the young man who understands music so well beam upon her at short intervals.

So then, at the end of the opera, Charlotte laughs merrily as she says to her father, "I'm glad you did *not* bring writing paper!"

IV.

During the months that follow father and daughter have small occasion to be glad about anything. The former loses the use of his eyes almost entirely, as the result of a malady which does not yield to simple treatment; he is forced to give up his business position and to grope around in search of some new employment which may be compatible with his infirmity. For days together they are wholly without money, and once Charlotte has a rather severe illness.

Never mind the other dreary happenings of these months; we may learn all that is worth knowing if we give our attention to the two people for just one minute in a single day.

It is the evening of Mr. Brentford's birthday, and Charlotte has been suffering because she has no birthday gift for him, — suffering, too, from the thought that in her illness and weakness she is a burden to him; and he cannot persuade her that the burden is light because she would rather break her heart in silence than challenge his affection by expressing what is in her mind.

The dim-sighted man, waiting on the sick girl, brings her a bottle of some sparkling tonic water that the doctor has prescribed; and now her bedside becomes a borderland between discouragement and native cheerfulness. Nor can I tell which of the two people resists

discouragement most unselfishly. Their conversation we must hear just as it is caught from their lips, with its characteristic blending of humor and pathos.

First she says that he must have a glass of the precious water; and then she cannot finish her own glass because the thought of the expense of it chokes her; and will he not drink it for her? It will spoil otherwise.

And he begins, "You dear little girl" —

But she stops him with "Don't say anything kind, Charles Brentford, Charles" — reaching out through the oppression of their circumstances to find a strange pleasure in the use of his given name. "I shall cry if you do."

And he says, "Sleep well;" but immediately corrects himself: "No, that's too kind. Be as uncomfortable as you can."

Then she: "Will you kiss me good-night?"

And he: "Not for worlds. Nothing kind, you know."

"Oh, Charles Brentford — father!" she says, pulling his head down on the coverlet and laying her finger tips on his eyelids.

So they part for the night, each to pray for the other's happiness.

V.

Mr. Brentford is amazed every day at his good fortune in having managed to pay the rent of their apartment until now. The cheap rooms become so endeared to him through fear of their loss that when he comes home in the evening after his day's groping, he presses his breast against the walls and caresses the shabby old chairs.

He will not play connectedly now, but at most improvises things which hurt one's feelings incredibly. Lawton, when he comes to see these friends of his, is made utterly miserable by such unconscious confessions of suffering; still he

comes again and again, for the sake of receiving from Charlotte and making to her another confession, — a confession of mutual trust, perfect understanding and sympathy, with some element in the feeling which is unfamiliar to both the young people, and more delightful than anything they will ever again experience: it is like entering a luminous cloud of sentiments — all generous — when they are near each other. There is never a word of love spoken, partly because they have not yet discovered that this common little word may define emotions which seem to them absolutely without a precedent.

One afternoon when father and daughter are alone Mr. Brentford's improvisation fairly dies of its own misery; he stops playing in order to express himself to Charlotte in words so full of regret and longing not clearly defined that they may fairly be called a translation from the music, — in words such as these: —

"It seems to me (and you must imagine this, Charlotte) that you and I are walking hand in hand through all this little world, looking for happiness. And on the earth there are houses, houses, more than we have ever seen before; and they all stand empty, though crowded one against another, with scarce room for them upon the ground. And there is no living creature except ourselves. Then we say, 'We will look in the sea; perhaps the happy creatures are there.' And on the seashore are heaped shells, shells, more than we have ever seen before. And we look again, and the water is full of sea-houses, all the shells that ever were. And they are all empty. There is not another living creature in the sea or on the shore.

"Then a great storm arises, so that ocean and land are blended and become one distressful place.

"And then we see, very far away, a wide-roofed house. It stands straining against wind and rain, like a man, with its shoulders hunched and its hat-brim

drawn over its windows to keep off the pelting weather. And a little light and warmth and life begin within the sheltering walls of that house. The other houses disappear, and all the shells vanish. That one familiar house, your birthplace, stands for them all.

"But when we join hands more firmly and run toward our old home it also vanishes; and where we had fancied it stood, we come upon your mother's grave."

After this outburst both are silent for a minute or two. Then Charlotte says very gently, —

"I think I understand, father. When we went out to see the house agent this morning, and came back so much earlier than usual, he told you that he had rented our apartment to some one else, and we must move out. Is that the trouble?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

"Within a few days."

Charlotte fetches her father's hat and stick, and next she makes her own preparations for going out.

"I want you to take a walk with me," she says.

VI.

As they are walking slowly up Park Avenue, just beyond the crest of the hill, people who pass them, as well as the shopkeepers and their gossiping customers, turn to look at them in a fashion far removed from the usual free, staring curiosity; and yet this marked deference is not occasioned by the elderly man's gentle dignity or his evident weakness, nor has it any relation to his companion's delicate beauty. Nearly everybody in this neighborhood can tell at a glance that the young lady is saying in her heart, over and over again, "Dear Saint Anne, hear my prayer. Good Saint Anne, help my poor father!"

For the whole neighborhood is attentive during this week in July to the sto-

ries of miraculous cures which the relic of Saint Anne, enshrined in the little church of Saint Jean Baptiste, is said to work. Hundreds of the blind, the deaf, the lame, arrive every day, to utter a prayer kneeling before the altar in the crypt, to kiss the relic, to touch it with their hands, to press against it (as the priest holds it out to them in a small circular box with a glass cover) their foreheads, their eyes.

"I read about it in the paper," Charlotte says, "and yesterday I went to see for myself. It is really wonderful what a stack of crutches the lame people have left behind; and all the candles that are kept burning — every one of them a sign of somebody's faith. I saw mothers bring their sick babies in their arms; perhaps that is n't so important, but grown men were there, too, — crowds of them, — helping their parents up to the railing; not young parents like you, dearest, but really old people. Oh, father, don't you think it is worth trying?"

("Dear Saint Anne, help my poor father. . . . You *must*!")

Her eyes are aflame.

They have reached the corner of Seventy-sixth Street. The church and the crowd in front of it, with groups of sight-seers across the way, are in plain view. Mr. Brentford hesitates.

"I certainly want my eyesight badly enough," he says; "but, child, we are not even Catholics."

"I said that to the priest," she answers eagerly. "He told me that Jesus and his disciples worked almost exclusively among non-Catholics. And he laughed: he is a nice man."

("Dear Saint Anne, hear me, help us!")

VII.

Even while they stand at the corner waiting till Mr. Brentford shall recover from his hesitancy, a glad voice calls out, "Hello!" and "What luck! — I

was just starting out to see you. But who ever heard of your being so far up town at this hour of the day?"

Mr. Brentford begins to say something in a rather frightened undertone, but Lawton will not let him finish.

"Come along. Oh, come along with me," he continues. "I live in the very next street, and I've good news to tell you." Placing himself between them, he takes Mr. Brentford's arm, and has them moving off toward his studio before there is time to protest.

"You know those pictures of mine?" he suggests, confident that they will remember the subject of their last talk together.

Of course they do know precisely which ones he means.

"Sold — for a price so large I am afraid to mention it. I did n't suppose I should ever have so much money. And, better still, Fairlie — you know Fairlie?"

"Oh yes," says Mr. Brentford.

— "has given me an order. That makes the future all right: his approval is a fortune in itself. Besides, he's been saying such things about my work. . . .

"Well, here we are already, and I am mighty glad to have you. — Look out for this broken step."

VIII.

Several hours later they are still in the studio, which is Lawton's home as well. Evidently some pleasant understanding has been arrived at, for Mr. Brentford is contentedly smoking, when he is not dozing, in his chair beside a table which even now bears up the last course of a splendid and protracted feast, — such a feast as only happiness knows how to enjoy from beginning to end, though when such happiness as this is present the nearest German caterer can send in food and drink for the gods, not forgetting that smallest divinity whose

appetite is well known to be in proportion to his size.

Precisely how the young people have employed every minute of these hours, important though they are, I do not know, nor do they; but at the moment we have now reached it happens that Lawton (*not* at the table) is speaking as reasonably as any one could wish on a subject no less technical and — as one not initiated might suppose — unsuited to the occasion than that of diseases of the eyes; though, to tell the truth, it may convey a false impression if I let the word “speaking” stand as just written, without adding that Lawton’s voice, and Charlotte’s, too, when she questions or answers in words, resembles whispering or murmuring rather than the clear tones of ordinary speech, and the whisperers seem to be drawn to each other uncommonly by this subject, of all others. Lawton is saying, as we contrive to hear by straining our attention, —

“You know my own eyes were none of the best for a while, and I’m sure I can’t imagine what I should have done if I had not found this” — (The name of the oculist escapes us.) “A wonderful fellow! set me right in no time at all. No, with his skill, you see, and rest and nursing, there’s no reason to doubt that” — (Here again his voice is an inarticulate murmur to us, but we notice that both glance toward the silent figure at the table.) The girl throws back her head as though she would like to reply, but her lip trembles, and she keeps that word in reserve for use at another moment.

Presently Lawton’s voice grows more distinct as he asks pointedly, “Where were you yesterday, in the morning?”

“At church — or, rather, at a church.”

“Rather a funny thing happened,” he goes on. “I fancied you were — it came into my head that you were in distress of some kind, and called out to me. Did you think of me?”

“Perhaps, a little, now and then.”

“A curious experience, any how. It startled me, and made me so uneasy I could n’t keep on working. So, to cure my restlessness, I went to ask Fairlie to come around and look at my things; and that was the beginning of the — beginning.”

“And so,” he continues, musing, “it appears you were just quietly at church. I do not see the connection — What’s more, to-day — this afternoon, in fact — I felt something like a force stronger than my will, or a will stronger than my own, drawing me to you; and that, even more than just wanting to tell the good news, made me start away to see you. And there you were with your — our — blessed old dad at the corner of Seventy-sixth Street, taking a mighty long walk for such warm weather . . . Can’t see the connection. Are you sure you were not thinking of me or wanting me somehow?”

Charlotte puts an arm around his neck and begins to cry at last. “Oh, Anne, Anne, thank you!” she says, and again, “thank you.”

Now Lawton has still to learn the occasion for her choice of such a curious pet name, and for her offering of thanks to him (who fairly goes down on his knee to her at the thought, and says *that* must be a mistake); nor will he be more free from the obligation to learn why, having once pronounced this name so deliciously, she never will apply it to him again, but will only laugh (as deliciously and as irrelevantly, he will think) whenever he asks her for her good reason.

Marrion Wilcox.

CHINESE DISLIKE OF CHRISTIANITY.

[Mr. Francis H. Nichols, who has prepared this article, is the author of *Through Hidden Shensi*. Recently he has had the advantage of making an extended tour through several little known provinces of China in the disbursement of a famine fund. THE EDITORS.]

It is now nearly one hundred and fifty years since Lien Chi Altangi, a mandarin of Honan, lived in Oliver Goldsmith's brain, and wrote letters from London to his friend Fum Hoam in Pekin. Altangi was exceptionally fortunate in his London residence. No mandarin's yamen in all the Eighteen Provinces was ever half so splendid as were the halls of the mind where lived Dr. Primrose and The Traveller. When Altangi was writing letters the West knew even less of China than it does to-day. Goldsmith had never visited the country of Fum Hoam. In the time of Goldsmith and of Altangi the arrogance of patriotism and the bitterness of bigotry were more potent forces in the world than now. Yet in those stubborn years when England was bullying her colonies and when Boswell was toadying to Johnson, Altangi, from that serene height of mind that "like some tall cliff . . . midway leaves the storm," wrote of Georgian British civilization from a Chinaman's point of view.

The Powers were then so busy in fighting among themselves that China had not yet become a factor in world politics. Europe had not awakened to a practical interest in Cathay. It may have been that Goldsmith's only intention in writing *The Citizen of the World* was to satirize the narrowness of the England in which he lived. But whatever his motive, the letters of imaginary Altangi are to-day the most eloquent plea in the English language for fair play for the Chinese, — their civilization, their institutions, and their right to think. Many times after listening to an explanation by a Chinaman of some institution of his country I have found myself mentally inquiring, —

"Whom of my acquaintances have I heard speak in a similar vein before?" And the answer was always, "Yes, my old friend Mr. Altangi."

"When I had just quitted my native country and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from Nature. But I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them, but in me; that I falsely condemned others for absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality." So wrote Altangi in one of his first letters, as a notice to his correspondent that the writer had ceased to be only a subject of the Emperor of China, but had become in addition a citizen of the world.

This change of attitude was very exceptional for a Chinaman. In the case of Altangi it can be accounted for as the result of the environment of his London residence. But equally exceptional is it to find a Western modern who can ever for one moment forget the prejudices or partiality of his nativity when he crosses the wall that separates Chinese civilization from his own. His experience of China may be lifelong, his information of men and things may be absolutely truthful and accurate, but his point of view is never that of the people he describes. He may be a man of the world at home, but he is never a citizen of the world in China. Underlying everything that is written or spoken about the Middle Kingdom is the foregone conclusion that the Chinese way of doing everything is wrong. It may be interesting, picturesque, and unique, but it is wrong simply because it is Chinese. It is always

taken for granted that a Chinaman is an inferior, and is therefore "absurd." The thing described must always be referred to as though it were a mere idiosyncrasy. Reasons if given at all are merely foreign generalizations based on the sweeping supposition that the "absurd" Chinaman is necessarily wrong. By good-natured men persons and things Chinese are referred to as though they constituted something in the nature of a huge joke, while men of the sterner missionary nature ascribe differences from their own standards to a persistently low state of prevailing morality, which they hope and pray may some day be elevated to a Western level by the light of Christianity. Only very rarely does any one recognize that John Chinaman is a human being, that he is a man and a brother, that God created him in his own image quite as much as he did any Christian critic; that he has always "honored his father and his mother," and that his "days have been longer in his land" than the days of any other man on earth; and starting from this premise ask the Chinaman "Why?"

In writing of England, Altangi always attempted to find the reason for everything he saw about him. He criticised when he was unable to discover a proper relation between cause and effect. Altangi's searching for reasons and his studying of causes was eminently characteristic of his Chinese mind. For every detail of Chinese government and civilization and method there is a reason distinct, clearly defined, and permanent; a direct relation between cause and effect that is much more easy to determine than it would be in England or the United States. If asked why we preferred a certain kind of food, most of us would consider it sufficient to answer that we liked it, but this would never do for a Chinese explanation of a motive in eating. A Chinaman can explain the component elements of every bowl into which he dips his chop-sticks.

He knows the relation one to another of different foods in the process of digestion, and if you care to listen to him long enough he can perhaps give you the history of the ancient experiment which resulted in the production of the food about which you have inquired. In New York and London the prevailing width and thickness of the sole of a man's shoe are prescribed from year to year by an arbitrary fashion, for which there is no reason unless it be a restless desire for change. In China, where fashions change about once in every dynasty, the soles of shoes worn by ordinary citizens must always be of one thickness in order to be proportionately lower than the sole of a mandarin's boot, whose wearer must always tower higher than his fellow men. These are the reasons for trifling details, but with equal clearness and precision they obtain in all the complicated relations of law and government, and it is these same causes that we so seldom hear explained either by the Chinese who have produced the results, or by some Western citizen of the world who can speak of them from Altangi's point of view.

When, as the result of my environment on my travels through China, I was forced to ask "Why?" directly of the Chinese without the mediation of foreign trader, foreign consul, or foreign missionary, I always found that "the ridicule lay . . . in me." As the result of my encounters with reasons my prejudices to a very large extent vanished, and I began to see the Chinese in an entirely new light. I ceased to laugh at chop-sticks when I discovered that their use prevented too large mouthfuls and too rapid eating. I forgot the clumsiness of ferries when I realized that most of the rivers were too shallow to permit of any other kind of craft, and I really admired the people who could devise a boat equally capable of floating on water and of slipping over mud. Instead of ridicule I came to have a great liking for a national character that could produce the things I saw around me.

I have met foreigners who have lived in China for the greater part of their lives, and whose knowledge and appreciation of the land and the people were far less than Altangi ever obtained of London. They had never put themselves in John Chinaman's place. They had never looked at anything from his point of view. They had never listened to his reason for anything. And these were the men who believed that nothing good could come from a Chinaman, although they knew him very well. It is like the old story of the relative advantages of being a man and a dog. The question can never be answered satisfactorily, because we shall probably never have an opportunity of hearing the dog's side. But we could hear the Chinaman's side. He could tell us *why* he thinks and acts and believes as he does if we would ask *him* "Why?" Yet that is just what has never been done. The Black-Haired People are ridiculed and patronized and denounced, but never reasoned with, and until they are we shall continue to misjudge them just as they misjudge us.

These reasons that are the springs of action are often fallacies. Superstition and a complacent ignorance sometimes play a prominent part in them. But just as in the march of all civilizations fallacies have been overthrown only by attacking the ideas on which they were founded, so we can never hope to modernize the Chinese until we meet them on their own ground and successfully controvert their reasons.

Probably no Chinese custom or institution has been the object of more denunciation and shuddering than the practice of binding the feet of the women. *Per se* it undoubtedly merits all the condemnation it receives. It certainly is cruel, barbarous, and degrading. The inference usually drawn from it is that a parent who would thus deliberately cripple his daughter for life can be little less than a savage. Yet it is safe to say that of the thousands of Americans who

have heard of foot-binding not one in ten has a clear idea of the Chinese reason for the torture.

For foot-binding has its reason. It is only a practical application of the theory that "woman's sphere is the home," a belief that is by no means confined to China, but which in less active form prevails to a very large extent in the United States. The premise once admitted, it becomes the duty of all respectable citizens to devise some means of permanently preventing women from escaping from their sphere. Other Oriental nations who hold in a practical form the same belief as the Chinese make prisoners of their women. They hide them in their homes and compel them to appear veiled in the street. As a different means of accomplishing the same end, the Chinese make it physically impossible for a woman to walk far from home. Founded on the simple principle that every good woman's life is spent within certain narrow limits, foot-binding has become a universal custom which can be transgressed only by the lifelong disgrace of the woman whose feet are allowed to remain in a natural condition. I firmly believe that the Chinese appreciate the cruelties of foot-binding quite as much as we do.

A woman leading a little girl passed by the inn where we were resting one afternoon. On the child's drawn face were depicted some of the agonies which the bandages on her legs were causing her. One of the soldiers of my escort sprang up, and taking the child in his arms, carried her to her home a quarter of a mile down the road.

"It must be terrible to be a woman," he said to me as he reentered the kung kwan courtyard.

Several educated men with whom I talked of the practice in Shensi agreed with me as to its cruelty. They all regretted it as a painful necessity. Their argument against its discontinuance was always, "How else can women be made to stay at home?"

If, instead of merely shuddering at foot-binding and of calling the Chinese unpleasant names for persisting in the practice, the advantages of an enlightened idea of womanhood could be demonstrated to them; if the majority of parents could be persuaded that their daughters were capable of living in other spheres than home, — if the reason could be annihilated, I believe that foot-binding might decline in popularity, and might ultimately disappear. Such a course would at least be interesting as an experiment that has heretofore never been tried in attacking any Chinese institution or belief.

Although a lack of appreciation of native reasons is a fault common to all foreigners who have to do with the Chinese, none more seldom consider the Chinese answer to the "Why?" than do the missionaries.

China needs the gospel. She needs it far more than she needs anything else. Until she is truly converted to Christianity she can never take the place among the nations of the earth to which her great resources, her vast population, the age and civilization of her people entitle her. This fact is so obvious to any one who has come in contact with the China that lies outside of Treaty Ports and Foreign Concessions, that I am sometimes inclined to wonder why missionaries spend so much time and energy in arguing about this first premise of the proposition.

Whatever opinions a traveler through the interior provinces may hold on the question of whether or not religion is no longer essential for his own *fin de siècle* nation of the West, he must, it seems to me, admit that Christianity is a necessity for China. Twenty-five hundred years ago Confucius drew a complete and elaborate chart for the guidance of the race to which he belonged. The chart was intended to provide for every possible contingency that might ever arise in the life of the individual or the nation. Confucius fastened his chart

on the wall and said, "Follow that." It was a wonderfully made chart, more nearly perfect than any that modern altruist or student of ethics has ever devised. As the chart was supposed to describe every course that could be sailed with safety, the Chinese have never thought it possible to discover new continents. They have never looked at the stars or the horizon, always at the chart. It made no pretensions to the supernatural. It was essentially human and matter of fact. The chart related to the known, not to the unknown. It took little account of hopes or inclinations. It made no provision for a change of conditions either in the state or in the individual. As a result Chinese civilization has never changed. It is restrained from drifting or turning aside into dangerous channels by the Confucian chart, but it cannot and will not go forward until it recognizes a soul, until it has ideals that are not earth made, until it "seeks a country" that is not like Shensi, eternal on earth, "but eternal in the heavens."

It is true that China needs many other things besides Christianity. She would be greatly better off if she had railroads and clean hotels, and a knowledge of geography and post offices and factories, yet the lack of these is due not to the inability of the Chinese to provide them, but to their failure to see and appreciate their need of them. No mention of them is made in the chart by which they are steering. China has succeeded in existing almost from the beginning of the world without them; therefore they are useless. The Chinese nature is patient, and the Chinese brain is resourceful. The stories oft told in Tientsin of how native engineers, with very crude tools and comparatively little experience, repaired locomotives that the Boxers had wrecked are proof that the Chinese are capable with very little instruction of building and operating railroads. The Chinese do not build railroads because they do not

want them, just as they do not want anything that would necessitate a change in their methods or customs. They lack incentive, not ability; and the spiritual element of Christianity is the only incentive that will ever make them appreciate that a chart, no matter how perfectly made, can never include all of the expanding scope of human life and endeavor.

Just because the gospel is China's first and primary need to-day, it is lamentable that Christianity seems to be making so little progress throughout the Eighteen Provinces. Perhaps in the higher sense, that "no power is lost that ever wrought for God," it is not wholly correct to say that efforts to introduce Christianity into China have failed. But humanly speaking, in proportion to the amount of money, lives, and effort expended, they have apparently not met with great success. The small number of converts after one century of Protestant and three centuries of Roman Catholic endeavor is the least part of the failure of missions in China. All over the empire to-day there prevails a spirit of hatred and antagonism to Christianity so intense and so peculiar that a certain brilliant missionary in describing it has had to coin a new word. He has called the feeling of the provincial authorities of Shantung toward Christianity "Christophobia." Usually it is specially stipulated when foreign teachers are engaged for recently organized government schools that they shall make no reference even in the remotest way to the Bible or to anything connected with it. In the gradual subsiding of the Boxer storm the one kind of foreigners warned to keep away from a troubled district are always missionaries. Except in the few places where they are numerous enough to form a community by themselves Christian converts are ostracized, boycotted, and sometimes persecuted. Tuan Fang, the former Governor of Shensi, saved the lives of all the missionaries in his province. He is re-

garded, by them, as more favorable to missionaries than almost any other prominent official of the government. In a recent conversation with a friend, he said: "I am glad that I did not permit murder. I know much more of missionaries now than I did before the Boxer uprising, and I am convinced that the less heed we pay to their teaching the better it will be for us. Confucius is better for China than Christ."

While missionaries most vigorously deny anything like the failure of their work in China, they sometimes express regret at Christophobia. They most frequently account for it by saying that the Chinese hatred of Christianity is only a part of their dislike of everything foreign; that the objection to the spread of the gospel lies only in the fact that it is a foreign religion.

My own observations in Shansi and Shensi have convinced me that Chinese prejudices against foreign religion as such do not obtain to anything like the extent that missionary reports and writings would lead us to believe. In the Province of Shensi about one third of the population are Mohammedans. Only thirty years ago they rose in revolt, burned towns, and massacred thousands of helpless men, women, and children. Their attitude toward the existing dynasty has never changed. It is still their hope and prayer that a follower of the Prophet may some day sit on the dragon's throne. Islam is essentially a foreign religion, and it is far more a menace to the peace of the country than was ever Christianity. Yet in the same province, where time and again missionaries have been expelled and their chapels destroyed, it is no more to a man's discredit to be a Mohammedan than it would be for a British subject to be a Dissenter from the Church of England. Mohammedans have their schools and mosques. They engage in business with Confucians and Buddhists, and their lives and property are quite as secure as those of any other of the population.

Although blended with and to some extent overshadowed by Confucianism, Buddhism is one of the three great religions of China, yet Buddhism is a foreign religion. It was imported from India in 95 A. D. by the Emperor Ming Ti, who had heard of the fame of Gautama, and who had sent messengers to study his religion and to report to him on its merits. The tolerance of a Chinese who belongs to any one of the three great religions toward the other two faiths of his country is so proverbial that it is sometimes used as an argument to prove that China has no real religion of any kind. Two or three times a year a Confucian will visit a temple of his faith and leave an offering with the priest. He will then in turn visit the Buddhist and Taoist temples and make equally generous offerings on the theory that if a little religion is a good thing, more of it is better.

If the hatred of the Chinese toward Christianity is due only to a national intolerance, then it is so at variance with their conduct toward all other religions that it is only an unaccountable exception, without precedent and without reason. The chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity in China is, I believe, not any especial dislike of it as an imported religion, but a fear and an objection to certain foreign concomitants which, because of a mistaken point of view, are regarded by missionaries as essentials. Christophobia is due not only to Chinese hardness of heart, but also to the methods by which the message of "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been presented to them.

With the hackneyed objections to missionaries I have nothing to do; they are as cruel and unjust as they are untruthful. All of these so-called "lootings," for which Peking missionaries have been denounced by men on this side of the world, never enriched an individual missionary or his mission by so much as a single tael. When "officers and gentlemen," legations' attachés, soldiers, sail-

ors, and foreign merchants were plundering and helping themselves to everything on which they could lay their hands during the chaotic days that followed the fall of Peking, it is really surprising that a few missionaries did not loot more as the only means of providing food for the hundreds of starving converts dependent upon them. Equally outrageous is the charge that missionaries are as a rule men of little education and of less than average ability, who are enabled by their calling to live in China amid a luxury of surroundings that would be impossible for them in any occupation at home. In wretched little Chinese houses in the towns of Shansi and Shensi, that are visited by about one white man in two years, I have had the honor of dining with missionaries who were graduates of universities, who could have filled any pulpit, or who could have graced any assemblage in New York or London. It is true that in the educational missions in Foreign Concessions the instructors live very comfortably and sometimes even luxuriously. The institutions as at present conducted are in my opinion a very serious mistake, but the environment of the missionaries who teach in them is in no degree better than that of the humblest student. Of all the missionaries with whom I came in contact in the interior, I did not find one who was not both brave and honorable, or who would not willingly have given his life in the cause of the Christianity in which he believed. The faults of missionaries are all of the head, not of the heart.

The missionary tells the Chinese that they need the gospel above and beyond anything else, but he supplements this announcement with the idea that a Chinaman cannot be a Christian unless his Christianity finds expression in exactly the same forms and observances that it would in the land from which the missionary has emigrated. The missionary does not stop with the statement that the Chinaman is a non-believer in Chris-

tianity. He goes a step farther and calls the Chinaman a "heathen."

From the lips of the few English-speaking men who are leading lives of denial and self-sacrifice in the interior of China, one must hear this word frequently used in order to fully appreciate what a heathen is.

"Heathen" is both a noun and an adjective. As a noun it means an unconverted Chinaman, of whom there are more than three hundred millions. He is a child of the Devil, on the road to perdition. All of his ancestors whom he has been taught to worship are now living in a fiery lake. Everything that he may say or do or think is a prompting of the Evil One. He is the heir to countless generations of inherited sin. He is incapable of noble aspirations or of any real goodness.

In the adjectival sense just about all of China outside of mission chapels and schools is heathen. All the world-old literature of the empire, all Confucian morality, all the beauty of the temples, even the extreme honoring of parents by their children, — all are heathen, and must receive unqualified condemnation. The conversion of a heathen to Christianity means much more than it would in the case of an American. A Chinaman must not only experience a change of heart, he must also undergo a complete revolution of opinions and sentiments. He can no longer venerate his ancestors and pray before their tablets that he may keep unsullied the honored name they have left him. It is not permitted to him to take pride in the traditional glories of palaces and gray-walled cities; he must learn the history of his country over again; he must discover that all the great sages and rulers of his country's past are eternally lost; he must experience a constant feeling of pity if not of contempt for the civilization and government of China and for his friends and relatives who persist in remaining heathen. In other words, in order to become a Christian

according to missionary standards, a Chinaman must be denationalized. In sentiment he must become a foreigner. And naturally enough his "heathen" countrymen who still love their country and reverence their ancestors do not like the denationalizing process.

If, as is frequently the case, the process of conversion to Christianity is begun in extreme youth, the convert receives a supplementary course in denationalization in one of the large educational missions in a city on the coast. Here he learns the English language. Chop-sticks are relegated to the past, and he uses a knife and fork. He sleeps between sheets on an American-made spring mattress. He learns to sing hymns. He may be a godly and righteous man, but he is either an Englishman or an American; he is no longer a Chinaman. When on his graduation he returns to his native town, he is shunned and pitied and hated by his relatives and former friends. They point to him sadly as he goes on his way rejoicing and remarking, "Few there be that shall be saved." They shake their heads and say one to another, "That is what the missionary's religion does for a man."

The cause of all this denationalization is the missionary. All over China he is regarded as the man who teaches disloyalty, who turns Chinese into Americans or Englishmen, and who induces them to despise their country, and this purely Chinese reason which has been explained to me at length by more than one Chinaman I believe to be the chief cause of the hatred of Christianity in the Eighteen Provinces to-day.

But the saddest part of it is that a missionary as a rule likes to be hated. From long contact with the Chinese he knows the answer to their "Why?" for doing everything, but their explanations, arguments, and prejudices he brushes aside as "heathen reasons," not worthy of serious consideration. His attitude is often one of perpetual hostility to the

people to whom he ministers, and it must be admitted that from his standpoint his conduct is perfectly logical. Assuming that China is heathen, for him to in any way recognize a national sentiment or custom would be for him to compromise himself with the children of the Devil. From the very nature of the case he can never see any good in the Chinese, and in return he does not expect them to see any good in him until they shall have experienced such a complete change of both heart and mind that they are really Chinese no longer. I once asked a missionary in an isolated little town what progress he was making in his work. His reply was, "Oh, of course they hate me. If it were not for the protection insured me by treaty I should have been driven out long ago, but the Lord of Hosts is on my side, and I revile them in their sin." There is something magnificent and even sublime in a man's willingness to submit to a life of reviling and persecution for his faith, but that is not what a missionary is sent to China to do. His "mission" is to "preach the gospel," nothing more. He is not engaged to be a reformer or even a martyr. It has always seemed to me that in the observances and services of the Christian faith, the missionary rather enjoyed shocking Chinese sensibilities and ideas of propriety. A heathen's feelings do not count for much. He has no business to be a heathen.

Perhaps the one dominating trait in Chinese character is a striving for the maintenance of dignity and self-control. The man most to be admired is he who can most successfully repress his feelings. Any extreme ebullition of joy or of sorrow or of hatred is an unpardonable breach of propriety. This is the reason why the Chinese very seldom sing. When they do it is in a subdued chanting monotone that produces an effect on the listener similar to hearing a man talking to himself. Imagine what must be the feelings of a Confucian scholar

on seeing and hearing a Christian convert standing at the door of his house singing loudly Beulah Land, or Hallelujah 't is Done. If the neighbors plead with the convert to desist, and tell him that he is disgracing his family, he only sings the louder. He must not "hide his light" or his voice "under a bushel;" of course not, and the missionary approvingly reminds him that "so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

By and by some gentlemen of Boxer proclivities tear up the convert's hymn-books, wreck his furniture, and perhaps drive him out of town as a nuisance. Immediately the missionary communicates with the consul of his nation in the nearest Treaty Port and complains of "malicious persecution of Christians." Things have been altogether too slow for the consul of late. He has had no opportunity of entering a "manly and vigorous protest" with the Chinese Foreign Office for some time. He fears that the government which he represents will begin to think that he is not doing enough to "uphold the dignity of his flag." The missionary's communication is very gratifying to the consul. He leaves his rubber at Bridge to draw up a demand for immediate reparation for "this outrage, in the name of the Christian government I have the honor," etc. The members of the Chinese Foreign Office know by bitter experience that the Christian government has warships and plenty of men in khaki uniforms with quick-firing guns, and also that the Christian government has perhaps a longing for another seaport and some more "hinterland." The Chinese Foreign Office replies to the consul's note that they "deplore the unfortunate occurrence." The mandarin of the town in which the convert sang is dismissed from office in disgrace. By an indemnity tax levied on the townspeople the cost of the convert's hymn-books and furniture is restored to him, sometimes "tenfold," sometimes "an hundred-

fold." The convert will not be molested again. He can now shout in loud Chinese, "Sometimes a light surprises the Christian as he sings," to his soul's delight. The missionary can truthfully say, "The Lord is mighty, he will prevail;" and yet strangely enough the people of the town are praying to the idols of the temple that the missionary will go away and will stay away.

As a prerogative of their great superiority over the heathen, missionaries have a habit of interpreting the workings of Divine Providence in a way that, to say the least, is not conducive to inspiring Chinese listeners with kindly feelings toward the Christian's Almighty. Several missionaries have told me that the opium traffic, with its horrors, was so evidently an instrument in God's hands for the salvation of Chinese souls that it would be positively wrong for a Christian to attempt its suppression. The reasoning by which this conclusion was reached was something like this. In a town we will suppose of 20,000 inhabitants, about 2000 are hopeless slaves of the opium habit, and 500 are in the last stages of rags and degradation. Of the 500 perhaps twenty, having tried every other available remedy, will in desperation, as a last resort, take refuge in a missionary opium cure. Here their spiritual needs will be ministered to. During their course of treatment no effort will be spared to convert them to Christianity. Of the twenty victims thus admitted to the refuge in the course of a year perhaps half that number will leave the institution not only cured, but with "saved souls" as well. "Therefore," explains the missionary, "it is plain that the opium curse was sent upon the 2000 in order that the ten might have eternal life." I am not a theologian, and I should make sad work of it were I to attempt to combat this reasoning on theological grounds; but I know that if I were a Chinaman urged to believe in a God who would wither and degrade

and destroy the minds and bodies of 2000 of his own creatures for the sake of the souls of ten, no better than the rest, I should gladly return to my painted idols who were never guilty of such a crime.

The West depends very largely upon missionary literature for its knowledge of China. A missionary's statements are almost without exception truthful and accurate and painstaking, but in his writing, as in his teaching, the bias of the missionary's mind manifests itself in his fondness for pointing a "moral and adorning a tale" to the most trifling description of an institution or a method; the moral being often a sweeping condemnation of the Chinese not warranted by the limited facts.

Before the International Suffrage Convention recently held in Washington, D. C., a report was read on the Condition of Women in China. The author was a woman and a missionary. To the extent of two newspaper columns she confined herself to a careful and able exposition of this, the saddest feature of Chinese civilization, and told of the sorrows of her own sex in China in simple facts that the most ardent admirer of China could never think of denying. But near the close of the report the author suddenly expanded her subject and said:—

"This is a dark picture, and one is tempted to ask, 'Is there no good thing in all the land of China?' Yes, if we look at the bright spots, which are illuminated by the light of the gospel. Here we see colleges, universities, schools for the rich and the poor, churches, Sabbath schools, anti-foot-binding societies, Christian Endeavor and missionary societies."

This is an excellent example of missionary literature; a conclusion covering all of Chinese civilization deduced from a description of one phase of it. On any hot summer afternoon the writer of the report could walk for hours through streets and alleys in the city of

New York where she could see pale-faced little children lying on fire-escapes of tenements, panting for a breath of God's fresh air. She could pass hundreds of rum-shops where drunken husbands and fathers spent their last cent of wages and let their families starve. She could see men fighting, and she could hear women cursing, and could discover many other things in the "dark picture" which it would be impossible for her to find in China. Would she then be warranted in asking, "Is there no good thing in all the United States?" There is no more reason for so sweeping an inquiry in the case of the land of the Black-Haired People than in our own. There certainly are "bright spots" in China besides those which the writer of the report has enumerated. Is not the universal observance of the fifth commandment — the love of children for their parents, and the respect for old age — a bright spot? Is not the absence of slums and saloons a bright spot? If, as the result of a crusade, the W. C. T. U. had succeeded in closing all the saloons in an interior American town, it is safe to say that the writer of the report would agree that the town in question was the brightest spot on the map of the state. Outside of Foreign Concessions there are no saloons in all China, although the population is five times that of the United States, and yet the total absence of the saloon in no way lightens the dark picture of China. The United States is — or is supposed to be — a Christian nation, and China is heathen. That is the reason why light in one picture is darkness in the other.

There was a Divine Man on earth

once who "ate with publicans and sinners;" who said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," and "Judge not that you be not judged;" who taught that "Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father, but the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth;" who never complained of malicious persecution to a tetrarch, or demanded an indemnity from a Sanhedrim; who from a mountain preached a sermon that will last forever, and afterwards fed his five thousand listeners without first asking them whether or not they agreed with him, and without announcing a hymn before the conclusion of the services. He "went about doing good," and "he shall draw all men unto him."

If the time shall ever come when we hear less talk about a missionary spirit and more of the spirit of Christ in mission work, then, and not till then, will there be hope for the gospel in China. From present indications that time is a long way off. But meanwhile we can at least sometimes ask the Chinaman "Why?" before we condemn him. We can listen to his reasons before we abandon him as a hopeless heathen. We can judge him in the spirit of fair play in which heathen Altangi judged England.

My experience of Fum Hoam's country has led me to hope that some day an Anglo-Saxon Altangi will ride across the gray hidden land, and from it will write letters to some friend in Christendom that will teach the world that although the Chinese is yellow and a heathen, he is yet a man worthy of fair play.

Francis H. Nichols.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PORTO RICO AND HER SCHOOLS.

It was less than a week after receiving an invitation from Dr. Lindsay to join him in an inspection of Porto Rican schools that I found myself on the tidy little steamer *Caracas*, bound for San Juan. She was as pretty as a yacht, white and trim, but so small — only three thousand tons — that she suggested large possibilities in the way of pitching and tossing. These possibilities were all realized, but on the morning of the fifth day, when Porto Rico, in all her beauty of color and form and foliage, loomed up over the bow, the discomforts of the voyage seemed as nothing, and I felt the thrill that a man must feel on first entering the tropics. In the far east rose the picturesque summit of Yunque (the Anvil), the highest mountain on the island, nearly five thousand feet above the sea. Smaller billows of green surged around its base and made an effective setting. Directly in front, the long mountainous backbone of the island presented a highly varied skyline, and stretched off into the mists of the west. Everything was intensely, vividly green, an emerald isle if ever there was one. As we drew nearer, the white line of surf and sandy beaches began to show itself, with here and there a bold and rocky headland. Slowly the rocks immediately ahead resolved themselves into a castle and beyond that into a city. We were pushing toward Morro Castle and San Juan. The castle seems an integral part of nature; it grows out of the rock, and the rock out of the sea. The walls are a warm pinkish yellow, turning in places to brown and reddish brown, with occasional splashes of vivid green moss. Coming still nearer, the foliage begins to show its texture. One sees a fringe of cocoanut palms, their drooping leaves and bending trunks giving that aspect of melancholy so charac-

teristic of tropical scenery. It is an ever present minor chord, and finds its human counterpart in the eyes of her people, — large, beautiful, even happy eyes, but with the suggestion of sadness and tragedy under their brightest smiles.

The sea was magnificently beautiful in its blue and green and turquoise. The sweeping tide that carried us through the narrow and at times dangerous channel between Morro Castle and the low-lying leper island to the west bore an enthusiastic set of voyagers. The castle and city lie on a narrow island presenting its broader sides to the sea on the north and the harbor on the south. One passes almost completely around the castle and half around the city before coming to anchor. From the harbor, the city has a most hospitable look. It rises from the water to the rocky rampart turned seaward, and seems to express a cordial welcome. From the governor's seventy-two room palace to the smallest shack, the sunlight comes streaming back from the fully illuminated walls, and proclaims that, for the moment at least, you are in a land of sunshine. The flat roofs, projecting eaves, narrow balconies, walls of white and blue and pink, great shuttered windows, all suggest the architecture of southern Europe. The palm trees add to the foreign aspect. But the most striking, not to say startling object in all this gay scene is our own American flag. To see it floating from the shipping, from Morro and San Cristobal, from school and public building, fills the heart with mixed emotions. The flag is much in evidence all over the island. It is displayed, paraded, and loved with an enthusiasm quite unknown in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. To the younger generation it is the symbol of a new era.

San Juan is the principal shipping port on the north, as Ponce is on the south, and is the largest city on the island. It has with the islanders the reputation of being very densely populated, but I saw no evidence of it myself. The narrow streets are not unduly crowded. The plaza and marina show only scattered handfuls of people. Those who know say that in some sections of the city as many as four families live in one room, — a family to each corner, — and get on very happily unless one of them tries to take boarders. To the outward eye the city is clean, attractive, and progressive. There are good restaurants and hotels, and such modern devices as trolleys, electric lights, and telephones. The centre of city life is the Plaza Alfonso XII. One finds here many lively shops, the Alcaldia, and the substantial Intendencia Building, which gives excellent quarters for both the departments of education and of the interior.

It was our own pleasure not to stop directly in San Juan, but at Santurce, just outside the city, at the garden-begirt Hotel Olimpo. As the trolley runs from the plaza directly to the hotel in twenty minutes, the arrangement proved entirely convenient. The Olimpo consists of a series of large one-story cottages, connected by a long porch. Each cottage contains about eight bedrooms, a common drawing-room, and very complete toilet and bathing arrangements. The rooms are furnished with European simplicity, — bare floors, iron bedsteads, a dressing bureau, washstand, and a couple of chairs, — and this appears to be the custom throughout the island in both hotels and private houses. The furniture is all European and mostly Viennese. One sees more bent-wood rockers and ebonized cane furniture than in the ordinary course of a lifetime.

The day after our arrival we visited the Normal School at Rio Piedras, some seven miles from San Juan, and reached

by the same convenient trolley that passes Olimpo. At present the school is held in the old summer palace of the governor, — charming, dilapidated, and picturesque; and backed by one of the most beautiful of gardens. The palace is of wood and visibly near its end, but its proportions are so good, and its setting so fine, that it seemed to me one of the most attractive buildings on the island. The young people in attendance were equally attractive, bright-eyed, intelligent boys and girls, with a keen enthusiasm for education, and evidently going in for it heart and soul. They were very well dressed, too; the boys for the most part in neat white linen suits, the girls in pretty wash dresses. One is apt to gather a wrong impression of the dress from reading that the small children are quite naked. One sees these toddling nudities on all sides, even in the cities, and sometimes they are distinctly funny, as the little brown cherub I saw one Sunday afternoon sporting a pair of red kid shoes and wearing nothing else. But, on the whole, the people of Porto Rico are more tastefully dressed than our own people. The linen suits of the boys and men are singularly neat and clean, while the wash dresses of the women are not only pretty, but seem, to masculine eyes at least, to be very skillfully made. I noticed, for example, that when insertion was used around the neck and sleeves, the lines were *straight*, and that there were no untidy gaps between belt and skirt. I leave it to the women if these are not sure signs of being well gowned! At any rate, I do not always discover these signs at home.

At Rio Piedras I had my first experience in speaking through an interpreter, and at the start it was difficult. The audience was typical of the seventeen that followed, — attentive, courteous, and patient. As many of the students knew both English and Spanish, they had to listen to the address twice, and that piece

by piece, — a heavy tax on the good intention. The instruction at Rio Piedras, so far as could be gathered from a single visit, seemed naturally inferior to the best that we have in the states, but it was distinctly in advance of much that we are doing. Considering the newness of the school, the absence of adequate preparation on the part of the students, and the difficulties that always attend two-language enterprises not fully equipped with well-trained teachers, the outlook is full of large promise. It must be remembered that the Spanish government believed very feebly in popular education, and was entirely opposed to coeducation. At the time of the American occupation there was, I believe, but one building on the whole island especially erected for school purposes, and that was the gift of a private citizen, a lady. The Americans have had to build from the very foundations.

It is a short distance from the beautiful old summer palace to the new Normal School, if you measure it in yards, but in the matter of attractiveness the distance is tremendous. The building stands on a bare, staring hill, and looks quite as if a cyclone had brought it from the most unemotional of our newest frontier towns. In general, all the new school buildings are needlessly ugly. There will soon be a marked improvement in this particular, — unless, indeed, the guests of the commissioner lost their cause by too much speaking.

In the afternoon we went to the English High School at San Juan. It is in the old Beneficencia building, on the very crown of the rocky sea wall built by nature, and from the windows one has the most enchanting views of sea and harbor and vividly green hills beyond. Across the narrow entrance channel lies the low island of the lepers, the Isla de Cabras, and the thought turns to Robert Louis and the strong, gentle face of Father Damien. The sun is shining brightly. The whole scene is fairly

aglow with color. And yet one's heart aches, for the contrast is so cruel, — over at the Isla de Cabras, hopelessness and death; here at the High School, abundant life and hope.

The building is old and charming. One thinks unwillingly of the approaching day when, unless Minerva intervene, it will give place to another architectural aberration like the one at Rio Piedras. The rooms are grouped around a large central court, an eminently suitable arrangement for this climate, and quite worth copying. We went into one of the large, cool rooms where the seniors, boys and girls, were having their Friday afternoon debate. They were a pleasant-looking set of children. One lad, a serious, handsome boy, spoke with much eloquence. He was describing a personal experience, — his first going away from home, — and spoke so touchingly that he and several of his hearers were moved to tears. When he sat down, his comrades hurried to congratulate him, but he could only bury his face in his hands, and it was several moments before he recovered himself. Then another lad played very sweetly on the violin, a selection from *Il Trovatore*. It was now the turn of the commissioner and his guests to do some speaking. It was less difficult than in the morning, and there was the same courteous attention, even from the smaller children brought in from the graded school. The color-line is not drawn in Porto Rico, and it is most fortunate that this is the case, for it would be a matter so delicate as to be impossible. Between pure Castilian and pure negro there are all proportions of admixture.

The official course of study seemed to me somewhat over-ambitious. The second year, in addition to the humanities, drawing, music, and calisthenics, was freighted in mathematics with algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and in science with biology and physics. The better practice is much simpler than this.

Trigonometry is thrown to the fourth year and is made elective, and but one branch of mathematics and of science is offered at a time. I am glad to hear that the course has since been revised along the line of this more wholesome simplicity.

On the following day, and early enough in the day to make an impression, the commissioner's party, accompanied by our excellent interpreters, Mr. Martinez and the Rev. Mr. McCormick, started out on a tour of the island. The circuit occupied eight days, and was a most unique and interesting experience. Travel in Porto Rico is varied. There was a French scheme to girdle the island with a narrow-gauge railway, but it was never carried to completion. At the present time there are three small stretches of road: one on the north, from San Juan to Camuy; one on the west, from Aguadilla to Hormigueros; and one on the south, from Yuaco to Ponce. On the map, they look like remnants of a partly destroyed system, rather than the beginning of anything. The first-class carriages are comfortable, but the fares are high, something like seven cents a mile, I believe. Most of the travel, that is of the quality, is by post coaches. These are low, double phaetons drawn by two horses so phenomenally small and so shabby that they hardly look like horses. But these tiny animals tear along at a full gallop, and make better time than our larger steeds at home. At first, one's sympathies are so played upon that the journey is genuinely distressing, but later, one feels better about it on noticing that the horses are frequently changed and on hearing that they are only taken out once in three or four days. The country people use saddle-horses where they can afford them, but the majority walk. It is a populous land, and the people seem always astir. One never has a sense of being in the wilderness, but rather of moving about in an unbroken community. Even in crossing the island, and looking out over what seems to be unbroken for-

est, one soon learns that the forest is simply the shade needed for the coffee bushes, and really teems with tiny homesteads. There are, indeed, about a million people on the island, and this in a territory a little smaller than Connecticut means considerable neighborliness.

Porto Rico has the enthusiasm for politics and political activity characteristic of most Latin countries. Her public men are ready speakers and understand the art of touching an audience. To an outsider, however, it would seem that the first duty of her patriots is to go in less for politics and more for social work. As a Pennsylvanian, I make the suggestion with all modesty and certainly in no spirit of more-righteous-than-thou!

At present there are two political parties, the Federalists and the Republicans. The Federalists are aristocratic, are opposed in general to American ways and means, and represent the old régime. The Republicans are strongly American in their sympathies, and democratic in their ideals. It is needless to say that virtue does not reside exclusively in either party. The American who wishes to know the island and to serve it must be prepared to sympathize with both parties, and to understand their point of view. While I believe most genuinely myself that both destiny and advantage are on the side of American affiliation, I quite sympathize with the Federalists. It must be remembered that their first impressions of America and Americans were gathered from the more doubtful part of our fellow citizens, in many cases from persons whom we ourselves should be unwilling to associate with at home, — adventurers, rolling-stones, army hangers-on, carpetbaggers, and the whole list of undesirable and less desirable Americans. From what I heard, and in smaller measure from what I saw, I judge the first importation of Americans to have been a curious lot. Happily all this is rapidly changing. Men like the present governor and the present commis-

sioner, and others of their stamp, are representing America with dignity and worth. But our task now is not the simple one of making a good impression; it is the more difficult task of overcoming an unfavorable impression. The five thousand men who swore allegiance to the Spanish flag within the two years prescribed by law are among the best people on the island, and are quite the type of people we should like to win over to the new order of things. Furthermore we must also remember that for the moment we have taken from these upper classes more than we have given them. They had practically achieved autonomy, with due representation in the Cortes. This was all swept away by the American occupation, and in return we have given them nothing politically. They are more truly a subject people, a mere colony, under the United States than they were under Spain. They have not even citizenship. They are inhabitants of an island but citizens of no sovereign state. If they journey abroad, they may not even secure a passport. The real power on the island is vested in the President, and is exercised through the governor and the Executive Council, both of which he appoints. The electoral House of Delegates has large freedom but no final powers.

If the Porto Ricans were inferior to the rank and file in America, there might be some excuse for this course. But they are a superior people, and I maintain that it is cavalier treatment to leave them without political status in the great world of nations. The grievance may seem trivial and theoretical to bread and butter folk, but the more high-spirited a people, the more sensitive they are to just these spiritual slights. We must not forget our own colonial experience, and with what little grace we could stomach indignities even from people of our own race.

Arecibo is the Federalist headquarters, the most "disaffected" city on the

island. A few months ago the feeling ran so strong that it was openly threatened that the governor could not safely enter the city. Yet when he did go, in February, he received a courteous welcome, and left many friends behind him. The welcome given our own little party was entirely courteous, but also somewhat chilly. It was not so much what they did, as what they omitted to do. The evening meeting at the Teatro was very well attended, and the speeches were listened to with close attention. When any of the speakers touched upon political matters there was a general sense of skating on pretty thin ice abroad, — if such an expression is applicable in the tropics. The local speaker quite outdid us. He was both eloquent and impassioned. He reviewed the substance of the American addresses most ably, touched upon the political questions of the hour, and sat down amid a storm of applause. Indeed, there were few occasions in Porto Rico where the natives spoke at the same meetings as ourselves that I did not feel that we were well beaten at our own game. They are born orators, — it is the Latin blood, I suppose, — and their oratory is unique. Paragraph succeeds paragraph, each full, fervid, flowery, leading up to some rhetorical outburst that is a fitting prelude to the ample applause which separates the paragraphs into so many little speeches. In time, this fervor might grow wearisome, but for popular occasions it is highly effective, and made our own attempts seem Anglo-Saxon.

We were quartered at the hotel, and my own room opened on a roof terrace. Night in the tropics, and especially when the moon shines, is an affair of enchantment. In the north, my old friend the Dipper spoke of home, but the Pole Star was much nearer the horizon than I had ever seen it before. In the south, the Southern Cross, albeit the false one, touched the emotions with a sense of wonder. Below, lay the sleep-

ing, flat-roofed city, the graceful plaster façade of the cathedral rising white and magnificent in the moonlight, while the straight lines of the buildings were broken by the attractive, melancholy outlines of the palms. As a background to it all, a background of impressive sound, came the constant boom of the northern ocean, like the swelling notes of a universal organ.

The following day was Sunday. I hope we did not desecrate it, but this is how we spent it. We got up early and drove with the supervisor of the district to the Jefferson graded school, six-roomed, substantial and ugly, but made pretty within by cheap, well-chosen pictures. A short railroad ride took us to Camuy, still on the north coast, where we spoke to the school-children out in the open air. Many of them were barefooted, but they were very neat and clean. They made a pretty sight, gathered into lines on the little plaza and carrying large American flags. They gave us good coin for our speeches, — they sang the national hymns in English. A short westward drive brought us to the straggling town of Quebradillas in time for dinner. It was my good fortune to dine with the Quaker teacher, and to breathe in his home an air of Sunday peace so unmistakable that had I been tired it would have rested me. In the afternoon came the dedication of the Horace Mann Agricultural School. The children were out in full force, gayly dressed, carrying beautiful flags, and singing not only our American airs, but also the Borinquen, that plaintive national air of Porto Rico, full of the minor chords of the tropics.

It is a long and intensely beautiful drive around the northwestern part of the island to Aguadilla. The villages are back from the sea, so placed for greater security against the Carib pirates who not so many years gone mixed picturesqueness and wickedness with the life of these southern waters. In point of beauty the drive is comparable with

the Cornice and the famous coast drives of southern Italy. The sea is as blue, the surf as dazzling, the sky as impenetrable, the earth as fair. Sometimes a river breaks through the hills and makes its way to the sea, its broad savannas a tender green with new-grown sugar cane. We met a group of well-mounted teachers under the captaincy of the agreeable young supervisor, Mr. Wells, and attended by this cavalcade we swept over the beauty-covered hills down toward the sea, the sunset, and Aguadilla. My heart fairly sang within me. A shadow island rose against the sunset much as Capri and Ischia and the Galli rise from out the western sea. Nor was the evening less charming. The little plaza is well set in the heart of the city, and at its upper end rises the cathedral, beautiful in its simplicity and fine proportion. The cathedral was open and I went inside. The walls are a pleasing light blue, the columns and arches white, while the flat timbered roof is white, chamfered with black. A sermon was in progress, but appeared to require no very close thinking, for the people came and went, and paid scant attention to what the poor old priest was saying. As it was Lent, the image of the Virgin, to which he so constantly appealed, was in mourning. I was much struck with the gentle, well-bred appearance of the women, they were so tidily gowned and had such pleasant, attractive faces. These were becomingly set off by the tiny scarf or dainty handkerchief which kept them from the offense of appearing in church with uncovered head.

Outside, the plaza quite swarmed with life, and a very pleasant social life it seemed to be, happy, abundant, frankly joyous, but without any touch of rudeness. Taking them by the hundred, the Porto Ricans are a better-mannered people than ourselves. At the hotel, the alcalde and the school board were waiting for the honorable commissioner, so I stopped with them until he could be

found. Then I made my way to the Protestant church. Late as it now was, the service still continued, for it happened to be communion, and there were, I believe, *between two and three hundred* communicants. A roll was called, and nearly every member responded. It was a quite remarkable church, made up almost exclusively of native members, and entirely self-supporting. I saw for the first time individual communion cups in use, a custom no doubt hygienic and proper, but taking off a trifle from the old-time sense of brotherhood. The whole scene was very earnest, and in strong contrast with the more sensuous beauty at the cathedral.

It was still too charming to go to bed. Mr. McCormick and I walked down on the beach. Some of the better houses had balconies overhanging the sands. The lamplight shining through the great open windows looked warm and yellow as against the pale moonlight. The music of softly spoken Spanish told of pleasant family groups. The sea added its solemn undertone. Then we walked on to the great spring which gives name to the city, and back again to the plaza, where we sat on the benches and talked philosophy with Mr. Wells until much later than was proper. If ever I live in Porto Rico I hope it may be at Aguadilla!

Our route continued southward along the western coast through the friendly and beautiful city of Mayaguez, and the little town of Cabo-rojo, where the fine straw hats are made, and landed us one evening after dark at a small city among the hills. The word was passed that we were to be entertained singly by the natives. I was somewhat appalled at the prospect of being without an interpreter, but my host, a tall, well-dressed, well-bred man, greeted me most hospitably in broken English and better French, and not only said, "Our house is yours," but quite lived up to it. The house was typical, — the ground floor given over to store-rooms and offices, the first floor containing all

the living rooms. The staircase led to a roomy reception hall, opening into the drawing-room, a large, cool apartment, with ceilings fourteen or fifteen feet high, *clean bare floor, comfortable Vienna furniture*, and two large French windows leading on to the balcony overhanging the street. The atmosphere of the room was good, suggesting serenity and the high mind. On one side, the room opened into the family bedrooms; on the other side, into the large and exquisitely neat guest chamber assigned to me.

At the entrance to the drawing-room I was presented to my hostess. I have seldom met either in America or Europe so charming and beautiful a woman. She had not only the beauty of regular feature, fine eyes and hair and teeth, — anatomical beauty, — but the rare beauty of the inner spirit. She spoke excellent English, and greeted me with a sweet comradeship that quite won my heart. An elaborate dinner had been prepared, but the hour was already so late that we could only touch the meal, and hurry off to the Teatro. The building was crowded with children and teachers, and the friends of education generally. A little girl presented the commissioner with a bunch of flowers, and did it very prettily. When we reached the house again it was after eleven, but a supper was waiting for us, and meanwhile the baby had wakened. He was only six months old, but much more precocious than our home youngsters. He said "Mamma," came to me without the least hesitation, laughed delightfully, and put two and two together in a most surprising way. Moreover, he omitted to cry. In spite of a man's traditional dread of babies as somewhat amorphous creatures, I think I should like to have run off with this little chap. The father and mother thought none the less of me for this.

The following morning, my host took me to see the old church, and then to good vantage ground for a glimpse of the surrounding hills. Later, we went to

the new schoolhouse to be dedicated, — the Longfellow School. I wondered how much the name meant to these children of another tongue, and so to give it more human meaning I ventured to tell them, before speaking of handicraft, that I had the pleasure of knowing the poet's family, and that two of his grandsons were in my own summer school. On the way home, my host said to me with the simple courtesy of a child, "The people liked very much what you said."

When I told the señora good-by, she begged me to give her kind regards to my sister, — I had mentioned, apropos of the baby, that I had a sister and a scrap of a nephew, — and then she excused herself for a moment. When she came back she brought an elaborate, hand-worked handkerchief, and said to me, "Will you give this to your sister for me?" It seemed to me singularly gracious, this sending of a message and a token to a lady she had never seen, the one bond that of motherhood. Besides name and address, the card, inclosed by request, with the handkerchief, carried very proudly "(U. S. A.)." It was also significant of their spirit that the boy was presented to me as an American citizen, since he had been born subsequent to the American occupation.

I do not wish to present these delightful people as typical Porto Ricans. It is too evident that they would be rare and unusual persons in any community, perhaps even in Massachusetts, but that I should stumble upon them out of the darkness gave added promise to the multitudes I had no chance of meeting. And neither of these gentlefolk had ever had the inestimable advantage of visiting the United States. When they do come may some friendly hand give them greeting and good cheer! The señora had never been off the island; the señor had been educated at Madrid, and, I believe, had been in Paris.

And I recall so many other friendly touches, — the afternoon luncheon at re-

mote Cabo-rojo, where the beer bottles (from Cincinnati) were made to spell *Salud*, — Health; the impassioned address of welcome delivered from the balcony by Señorita Lopez as we entered Sabana Grande; the hundred would-be school-children who planned to parade there, asking that they might be provided with a school, but who gave over the plan lest it seem discourteous and lacking in appreciation of what the commissioner and department are already doing; the girl in pink who sang so lustily, and who afterwards came and talked with us so unaffectedly, and in such excellent English, while we were being banqueted at the Alcaldia; the dignified old colored alcalde who presided with so much self-respect, and who proved such an admirable toastmaster; the two gentlemen who took me to drive at Ponce, and who gave me glimpses of charming rose gardens, fancy pigeons, well-regulated hospitals, beautiful scenery, and a faultless courtesy.

One other instance I cannot pass over. It was on the great military road coming back from Ponce, at a primitive country store. We were hunting native products, and came, I fear, as an interruption. The shopkeeper was doing up rice, not in a bag, but in a simple square of paper, a most exacting operation. He was doing it with great skill and speed, but the packages were not rectangular. One of our party attempted to show him better, and after much time and labor produced a somewhat neater bundle that would not carry the rice across the street, much less over the mountain. He had to confess himself beaten, and got somewhat laughed at for his pains. The shopkeeper only smiled, and said, with what seemed to me truly Chesterfieldian courtesy, "We have learned so much from the Americans, I am glad if we can teach them even so small a thing as this."

In Porto Rico one finds an astonishing enthusiasm for education. The school is recognized as the open door to bet-

ter things. The commissioner of education and the secretary of the interior, between them, would absorb the whole insular budget, the secretary maintaining that it is not worth while to have schools unless you have roads to get to them, and the commissioner retorting that no road is good unless it lead to a good school. This popular enthusiasm is a direct result of American influence, and too much praise cannot be given to the former commissioner, Dr. Brumbaugh and his colleagues for having created so ravenous and so healthy an educational appetite.

Four years have brought about a great change, not only in sentiment, but in method. Under the old régime each child was encouraged to study at the top of his voice, so that the alcalde might know that the school was open; and it is even reported that when this babble failed to reach him, he would send a policeman to inquire why the school was closed. The boy who studied the loudest and made the most noise was consequently the best scholar. It can readily be surmised that what little learning was accomplished under such conditions was entirely by rote, and almost worthless educationally.

In general, the Porto Rican children are bright and quick, and have excellent memories. They are better penmen than are American children, and are much quicker at languages. I heard little fellows of ten and twelve reading English very creditably after only a few months' study. I wish our own boys were as clever with their French and German. Of course, the incentive in Porto Rico is stronger than with us, for so many direct and material benefits follow upon a knowledge of English. The particular *bête noire* of the Porto Rican children is arithmetic. They have not been taught to reason, and consequently find all mathematics difficult.

As a rule, the children are fully as handsome as the children of the states,

perhaps handsomer, but they are less sturdy. I think this defect is not due to the climate. Aside from certain fever districts, the constant trade-winds keep things sweet and wholesome. In March, at least, the climate is ideal, and though less favorable during the two seasons of the year when the sun is directly overhead, I am disposed to believe that there is less suffering from heat than in our own northern summer. The causes for this physical inferiority are mostly removable, — poor and insufficient food, absence of ventilation in the sleeping-rooms, and lack of adequate exercise and baths. The first recommendation in my own report was for the appointment of a qualified instructor in physical culture. This was done in June. A graduate of the Posse Gymnasium in Boston was chosen to instruct the teachers in attendance at the summer normal school at Rio Piedras, and to remain throughout the year, a wandering apostle of good health, organizing the physical work in the sixteen school districts.

The great difficulty in establishing good schools has naturally been the absence of qualified teachers. Some of the native teachers had rather lax ideas of both discipline and morals. The solicitude of the old alcaldes was not entirely without foundation. But the personnel of the service is being constantly improved. Boys and girls now being educated in the states will soon return as teachers. The summer normal schools have also proved a tremendous help. In 1901, 800 candidates enrolled (*maestros* and *aspirantes*), and the present year saw a similar enthusiasm.

At the present time there are nearly 1000 schools on the island, with about 55,000 children on the rolls, — 55,000 out of 250,000 children of school age. The Normal School is the one institution of higher grade. I cannot help wishing that there might be at least one thorough, first-rate college. The other schools are divided into high, graded, rural, and

agricultural. Of the latter, I can only say that they are "well-meant," yet in time they will doubtless teach the children to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. All the schools remain open during nine months of the year, and may have a session of ten months if the municipality, the *ayuntamiento*, cares to meet the added expense. In general, it may be said that the children in Porto Rico who do go to school are better provided for in every way than the children in the rural districts at home.

As a result of the recent interest, three manual training and industrial schools are now being established. There is large need of mechanical training. The great staples of the island are sugar, coffee, and tobacco, and when one of these crops fails there is widespread hardship. Local industries and diversified agriculture would be a great boon. At present nearly everything manufactured is imported. When I tried to collect samples of Porto Rican handicraft, I found a meagre showing, — the roughest sort of pottery; water-bottles which turned out afterwards to have been made, the one in Spain and the other in Germany; wood-carving so crude as hardly to deserve the name; drawn-work distinctly inferior to the Mexican; decorated gourds and coconut dippers. These, with the straw hats of Cabo-rojo, and a rough fibre belt, constituted my entire find. Yet the people must have large aptitude for hand-work. Their superior penmanship, their neat clothing, the surprising dexterity of the country shopkeeper, all indicate latent talent.

In Porto Rico, school and state go hand in hand. While the *ayuntamientos* are expected to look after such local matters as school buildings and teachers' salaries, the control is vested in the central de-

partment of education. The commissioner occupies a position similar to that of the minister of instruction in France. He is a member of the Executive Council, the real governing power on the island, and has consequently the two sides to his activities, educational and political.

The Sandwich Islands form a territory, the Philippines an uncertainty, but Porto Rico occupies a unique political position, — she is our one colony, and our treatment of her seems to me, as an American, wholly without precedent and reason. If we take the ground that she is still a child, and needs the tutelage of our own more mature civilization before she may aspire to territorial organization and subsequent statehood, we must, to be consistent, remember that a child is never self-supporting; we must dip deep into the national, paternal pocket to make this period of tutelage profitable. We must build schoolhouses and railways and wagon roads, and otherwise look after the spiritual and material well-being of our child. Such a theory and practice would at least be understandable. But to do as we are now doing, to step in and spend the insular revenue as *we* think best, is a bit of paternalism which we ourselves, with our strong Anglo-Saxon bent for self-government, would never tolerate. Either Porto Rico ought to be immediately organized into a territory, with the prospect of speedy statehood, or else her period of preparation for these responsibilities ought to be made effective and fruitful by more adequate national aid.

At the end of a fortnight the Caracas came back from Venezuela and carried us home. Porto Rico sank below the southern horizon, and in her stead there remained an agreeable and beautiful memory.

C. Hanford Henderson.

BALLADE OF POOR SOULS.

SWEET Christ, who gavest Thy blood for us,
Tho' we have missed its healing grace,
And by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place:
Turn not from us Thy tender face,
Now when the Pit yawns foul and sheer;
Ah, think how long th' Eternal Space —
And Hell hath been our portion here!

Poor souls are we that might not climb,
Ensnared by the world's iron gin;
Yet have we known the Tale Sublime
Of Him who died our souls to win.
And ofttimes we were sick of sin,
Yea, heard that call so sweet and clear,
But sank again our toils within —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Strong bonds of circumstance have made
The Prison-House that held us fast;
And some have cursed and some have prayed,
But few the outer doors have passed:
And some do watch with mien aghast,
The while their fellows flout and fleer,
But hope leaves all alike at last —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Yet God's o'er all — and Christ doth know
Why this unequal doom we bear,
That some, like plants, in virtue grow,
And others damn themselves with care:
Mayhap His providence is there,
The Riddle Dark at last to clear,
And change to hope this Fell Despair —
For Hell hath been our portion here!

Sweet Mary's Son, turn not from us,
Tho' we have missed Thy saving grace,
And by temptations tenebrous,
Come all to meet in the Evil Place:
Thy mercy shall our sins efface,
E'en at the Pit's mouth yawning sheer,
For pity of our woeful case —
Since Hell was aye our portion here!

Michael Monahan.

THE TRADE UNION AND THE SUPERIOR WORKMAN.

THE opposition which threatened the infancy of trade unions has greatly abated or ceased, as the right of wage-earners to combine is to-day seldom questioned. But the old hostility has been followed by a new antagonism hardly less bitter. It is now frequently complained that the power of organization is employed tyrannically and ignorantly to pervert the activities of workmen, — to incite when they should not be aggressive (in contentiousness, strikes, breach of contract, and physical violence), and to paralyze their energy in its legitimate productive uses, by opposing devices for making labor effective, by preventing young men from learning the trades, and by stifling the ambition and blighting the energy of the efficient, since none is permitted to do more or to earn more than the less capable.

Of the offenses commonly alleged in this indictment, none seem more pernicious, if the accusation is true, than those practices which introduce a baneful equality by willfully suppressing superior strength and skill. In at least two ways, it is said, this disastrous effect is produced. First, a limit to the day's work is prescribed, suited to the average man, and this relatively small amount of work even the best men are forbidden to exceed. Beyond this (the complaint runs), the intelligent and vigorous are compelled to endure a second sacrifice. The minimum rate of wages established by the union is so high that the employer withholds from the better men what he is compelled to pay to the inferior men in excess of their merit. The superior men are thus maimed and dwarfed in their character as workmen, and in their personal fortunes, by being compelled to pattern after the inefficient.

At both these points, perhaps, there

has been occasion for complaint; but at neither is the accusation true in its full force. The limit of work is harmful but not entirely inexcusable; the equality of wages (if all its effects be considered) is not evidently harmful.

The policy of trades unions in these matters is often frankly enough avowed. There is no doubt, for instance, that in a large part of the trade-union world it is considered desirable to restrain the productive energy of exceptionally capable men. By a rule of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin-Plate Workers, "when it is found that any crew has violated the limit of output for tin and black-plate mills, the lodge shall collect the equivalent of the overweight from roller and doubler, and an additional fine of twenty-five cents shall be imposed on the roller and doubler for each offense." Also, if any mill is "known to be continually violating the limit of output, it shall be considered 'black,' and the charter immediately revoked." In the Window-Glass Cutters' League, "no cutter shall be allowed to cut more than two and one half pots or 480 boxes of single strength, or 360 boxes of double strength." The lathers of Chicago limited the day's work to twenty-five bundles per day. This maximum, by the way, was also a minimum; if a workman was unable to accomplish this prescribed task, his companions would help him. The journey-men plumbers forbade the use of a bicycle during working hours. The Boston bricklayers forbade any "rushing or driving that will injure or jeopardize the interests of a fellow member, such as spreading mortar on the wall before the line is up, repeatedly slacking the lime before it is laid out its entire course, or putting up the line more than one course at a time." Employees of a Massachusetts textile factory formed a

union, and immediately attempted to regulate the amount of a fair week's weaving; and employees of the National Glass Company are said to have engaged, without success, for the same purpose, in a conflict which lasted two or three years.

Where there is no rule limiting the amount of work, a sentiment no less effective frequently prevails. The "pacer" and the offense of "rushing a brother" are detested, and a too eager workman is frequently restrained by admonition from a shop committee-man or perhaps by the complaint of a slower neighbor. This aversion to extreme rapidity in work is actively manifest not only where there is no trade-union regulation to express it, but often where there is no union. The labor organization serves merely in some instances to assert it formally, or to enforce it with greater thoroughness.

Wages payment by the piece, in contrast with payment by the unit of time, stimulates the effort of the workman to the utmost, as he knows that his earnings increase with his effort. This method is correspondingly opposed by a large proportion of unionists. The United Garment Workers and the Watch Case Engravers declare in their constitutions a purpose of doing away with piece-work, and the printers' constitution calls for its abolition in book printing offices wherever this is practicable. The machinists have waged war against it for years, excluding it wherever their strength permitted, expending their time and money for this object more freely than for any of their other interests, and preventing its introduction in one hundred shops within two years.

The actual loss of productive force through limitation of output cannot well be measured, even in a single industry or a single shop; but the increase in production from the piece-work system has apparently been demonstrated somewhat definitely by comparison of results

where this method and payment by time have been applied consecutively among the same workmen. In one instance when payment by the piece was introduced in a car-shop, and the price of each piece of work fixed at its estimated cost under the time-payment system, wages were at once increased about ten per cent. Formerly sixty-six men had been employed seven days a week, working on some days overtime. The force was now reduced to forty-five, and they worked only five and one half days each week. The expense for the work diminished more than one fifth. A body of men engaged in digging clay for making brick were paid \$1.80 per day. They refused to accept payment instead at the rate of twenty cents per ton and struck. Other men were brought in to take their places, and in a short time some of them earned \$3.25 per day, working less than eight hours, while the least efficient earned \$2.40. The brick company gained a substantial advantage, as the output of clay, for which need was urgent, increased by one half.

Experiments like these seem to most people to demonstrate the folly of discouraging effort; and even without experimental proof, any restraint upon energy is commonly regarded as self-evidently harmful. Yet the policy thus condemned is not pursued in a wanton spirit of mischief-making. In its defense are offered reasons not without weight, and it is a superficial study of the subject which will permit one to dismiss the arguments as absurd or to condemn the practice as altogether blameworthy.

These arguments are of unequal force; the weakest is an error shared with the most respectable, with great men of affairs, with kings and prime ministers; the stronger arguments, which must be treated with respect, have been evolved by the workmen as a product of their own feelings and reflections.

It seems possible to single out from the whole range of motives in the cur-

rent economics of the senate, the street, and the market-place one proposition which is more widely accepted among all nations than any other. Though it is almost universally accepted, it becomes self-evidently absurd when it is plainly set forth; it is so absurd that while all believe it, all would disavow it when charged with it, though they show with the next breath that, in disguise, it controls them. Absurd and repudiated, it is yet perhaps the most influential belief in the whole range of economic speculation.

The power to labor abundantly, it seems, is superabundant, so that we must seek diligently for opportunities to employ it. Energy exists in superfluity; needs to be satisfied by its exercise are relatively scant. Workmen for this reason, in order to prevent a rapid diminution in the precious opportunity to toil, think it necessary to limit the productivity of labor, to hamper the satisfaction of needs, to cherish want. Plainly, there will not be work for all if all work with the utmost energy.

Within the last year, likewise, an American statesman has argued in favor of building many war vessels because the expenditure of time and money for that purpose would give employment to labor, would increase not the sum of capital that is available, but the sum of occasions for laborious effort, as though the sum of these occasions, which is merely the sum of poverty, were not already sufficient.

In the argument for protective tariffs and for shipping subsidies (mingled with other more rational considerations) there appears incessantly this same strange doctrine, veiled but unmistakable. Recently all Europe has been agitated by the fear that American farmers and American manufacturers will relieve Europeans of the primal curse by supplying all their material needs (asking, it appears, no equivalent of goods or services in return), and metropolitan editors and great Continental ministers

of state have even proposed an armed attack against the United States to ward off this embarrassment of unearned riches, to "limit the output" of their energetic Western neighbors.

The desire of some workingmen for a limit upon production seems at times to be inspired by this widespread delusion, and in entertaining it the wage-earners are at any rate not peculiarly at fault. Restrictions upon exertion have, however, a defense or excuse in other considerations less certainly fallacious. In some kinds of work rapidity is attained by a proportionate increase of muscular force expended; in such cases the greatest possible rapidity may not be desirable. It is alleged that in certain trades, as in the building trades, a few unusually energetic men in each group are encouraged to set a pace which the others are expected to follow, but which they cannot follow without overexertion, injurious to health, and, in the long run, to the industry for whose services they become prematurely unfit. If such customs prevail, a limit to the day's work cannot well be condemned, though there is of course extreme difficulty in determining what a fair day's work is, and extreme danger that the maximum permitted will be less than good workmen ought to perform.

There is yet another reason for limiting output or opposing the piece-work system. Though the public interest doubtless requires that production should be energetic and products therefore abundant, it is not clear that an increase of productive energy is always of advantage to the workmen. The usual assumption that wages correspond to efficiency, taken in the sense in which that proposition is commonly offered, is not true. On the contrary, incentives to energy may actually result in reducing wages for the majority of workmen, and there is no certainty that even the more capable minority will gain in wages from their accelerated labor. Let us notice first how this effect may result when ef-

fort is stimulated by the piece-work system. When wages are paid by the piece, it is a matter of difficulty to determine the prices to be allowed for the several pieces of work. A schedule is fixed by an estimate, perhaps, of the amount previously earned for each task under the time-payment system. But this schedule is always provisional and subject to revision. On a certain railway system, for instance, the schedules for car-shops are revised every three months. Subordinate officials make changes when they find it necessary, and the schedules undergo a final revision by the head of the mechanical department. What is to serve for guidance in these modifications? Under what circumstances will an item of payment be augmented, under what circumstances decreased?

It is difficult to find any calculable elements in the problem. There is no obvious equivalence between any specific piece of work and a specific sum of money — between boring or turning a piece of steel and any assignable number of cents. There is, however, one very indefinite quantitative relation between a particular task and its payment. The wages of a workman, it is presumed, will enable him to maintain himself according to a suitable standard of living. If by especial energy workmen increase the pieces of work completed and thereby swell their earnings under an established schedule to a total which seems extraordinarily high for that class of labor, there is a strong presumption that the piece rate will be reduced. It is a habit of the public to regard as abnormal, if not improper, exceptionally high earnings by manual laborers. Persons who declare most strongly that the capable man should have a proportionate reward will nevertheless protest, not literally, but by implication, when wages attain dimensions not unusual in salaries or profits.

During the Homestead strike in 1892, for example, it became known

that certain steel mill employees earned high wages, and the fact seemed not merely irregular, but ridiculous, to that influential public sentiment which reflects itself in newspaper jokes. Employers or corporation officials are presumably not exempt from the conviction that wages should conform to a traditionally befitting standard, and they are actually subject to influences tending toward a reduction of any piece rates which have permitted large earnings. Under competition rival establishments are strongly impelled to accept a principle which economizes earnings and facilitates lower competitive prices. The honest zeal of subordinates adds to this tendency.

Exceptional workmen are the ones whose record most strongly affects the fixing of piece rates, but the rates fixed must determine the earnings of the less capable. Rates which suffice for the comfort of the exceptional may mean poverty for the workman of average speed. The rapid workman, therefore, threatens with grave injury his less capable associates. The first effect of piece-work may be very probably an augmentation of wages, but the danger is ever present that a revision of price will reverse this temporary advantage. Employers have sometimes recognized the danger of injury to workmen from the piece-work system. Thus the president of the National Metal Trade Association (an important society of employers) announced during the great machinists' strike in 1901 that the employers insisted on their right to introduce this system, but that the association would not permit any member to make improper use of piece-work. The recognition of a danger that the system might be abused is plain and significant.

There is thus a conflict of interests between the more capable and less capable workmen, between the public which requires abundant production and the mass of producing laborers who are positively injured by the speed of the excep-

tional men. This conflict of interest and this injury appear not only in the piece-work system, but also in a large part of the industrial field, where wages are apportioned to time, for time-wages are frequently piece-wages in disguise. In a shoe factory, for example, if the business is well managed, careful account is kept of the expense, at the actual rate of time-wages, for each portion of the work of making a pair of shoes. In some shoe factories there is formally a "stint," — an amount of work which each person must perform in order to earn the amount established as a day's wages. But in any case it is definitely known how much work each employee has performed each week, and there is necessarily a tendency, like that in the piece-work system, to adjust wages from the better men, or women, to the inferior, according to the comparative amounts of work completed by one and another, and in this gradation to take the task performed by the more capable as constituting a "fair day's work" which gives claim to a "fair day's pay," so that those who are unable to maintain the standard set by the more efficient appear incompetent and likely to be judged unworthy of good wages. If the number of rapid workmen is great, or if special incentives stimulate a large number to great energy, the presumption against those unable to keep pace is correspondingly stronger. The exceptionally capable will have no certainty of greatly augmenting their own earnings, because employers will not pay them more than "fair wages," and their exceptional effort serves thus only to depress the wages of their inferiors. Both the employer and the union assume "fair wages" as a standard, but the union attempts to establish this standard rate as a minimum; the employer is tempted to regard it almost as a maximum.

This is the state of facts assumed by many wage-earners in condemning the rapid workman as selfish, and in attempting to curb his energy. Evidently

a restriction of output has this questionable excuse only when it restrains exceptional speed, which may tend to lower the wages of the average workman. There is evidence that in some trades, unions have forbidden men to exceed in a day an amount of work which a fairly able man should perform in half or two thirds of a day. For such a policy there is of course no justification.

It has frequently been said that the trade-union policy operates to the disadvantage of the superior men not only in purposely restraining their efforts, but also by establishing an equality of wages between the abler and inferior workmen, so that a man of special skill is denied the hope of reward for conspicuous service. The union, it is said, establishes for all its members a rate of wages higher than that which the employer would pay to inferior men if there were no union scale. The employer seeks to recoup himself for his loss in paying this rate to men whose services have little value by paying to the abler men less than the amount to which their comparative efficiency entitles them. Where there are no unions it is said men are paid in proportion to ability, as every employer desires to procure or to retain the services of the good men.

The influence of unions operates in some degree to the effect here described, but not in the degree commonly alleged. The usual opinion, which has just been quoted, seems at times to exaggerate the uniformity of wages, where strong unions exist; it certainly is inaccurate in assuming that wages where there are no unions vary in close correspondence with difference in ability. The influence of the unions in equalizing wages is limited in several ways. A very large part of the work done by members of unions is paid for by the system of piece rates, as in machine shops, printing offices, and shoe factories. This necessarily gives higher earnings to the more rapid workmen. Again some vigorous unions

have no minimum rate. Even where a union is strong, and the minimum rate so high that it is almost the universal rate, there are often or usually workmen of marked excellence who receive higher wages. In a certain large newspaper printing office, for example, nearly one tenth of the printers working by the week were paid more than the union scale, some as much as one fourth beyond the agreed minimum, although the union scale in that city was conspicuously high. Uniformity is thus not complete even where unions exist.

On the other hand, even where there are no unions, wages in most employments correspond but roughly to variations in ability or energy. This is true especially of unskilled laborers. Usually in a farming neighborhood there is a customary rate of wages for field hands employed by the month, and variations from this rate are as infrequent as variations from the union rate in the "well-organized" trades. A rather feeble youth is often paid, during a whole season, the full amount of monthly wages. The same thing is true of railway track-hands. Among 1680 such laborers employed by one railway, not one received more than \$1.15, or less than \$1.05. On another railroad, 550 trackmen were paid a uniform rate of \$1 per day, and yet another company paid 281 men \$1.25 each per day. It is certain that the inequalities of these men in strength, energy, and intelligence were not at all represented by the inequalities in their earnings. Among workmen of this class, marked inequalities of wages are more often geographical than personal. Where miners are paid by the day, their wages have in some instances shown the same uniformity before the establishment of unions. Thirty laborers employed in assisting masons at work in a Michigan town, and having no union, received without exception \$9 per week. In the same town eighteen plasterers, who were members of a union, received uniformly \$18 per

week, excepting one (perhaps a foreman) who received more. In a neighboring town, however, almost complete uniformity of wages prevailed among non-union plasterers. As a rule, it is true that the whole body of unskilled laborers receive wages fixed by local custom, with no very critical regard for individual efficiency. Even among skilled laborers, where wages are paid by the day or week, complete or approximate uniformity often appears. Railway engineers and firemen have frequently been paid by a uniform scale for a day's or month's service, and where their wages have taken the form of mileage payments there has been no attempt to vary the mileage rate to suit inequalities of skill or trustworthiness. It is probably true that for nearly all occupations, where there is a system of time payment, in distinction from piece-work, the advantage in wages to the specially capable is less than adequate to their superior ability.

A very large part of our whole laboring population is thus exempt from the theoretical conformity of wages to skill. The inferior laborer receives what is needed for his maintenance, according to a customary standard of living; the superior men contribute, without being distinctly conscious of it, to the support of their weaker fellows, while the employer makes his calculations according to an average rate of wages and the amount of service rendered by the average man. Only the socialists of a somewhat extreme type have ventured to suggest that income should depend not on ability, but on needs. Yet to a certain not inconsiderable extent we have always realized that principle, especially in the wages of unskilled laborers.

The influence of trade unions tends powerfully, beyond question, to extend that system of wage payment. Equality results by a sort of mechanical necessity from the regulation of wages by contract, as it is difficult through a contract to prescribe differences of wages

commensurate with differences in ability, and so to maintain due intervals above the upward pressing minimum. But the policy of the unions in this matter is not merely forced upon them as an incident of the attempt to raise wages. The tendency toward equality is a matter of fixed choice. The trade-union ideal of wages is a system of payment according to an accepted standard, in contrast with wages fixed by "demand and supply," and approaches somewhat remotely the communist position with its demand for income according to needs. In the strike on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, fifteen years ago, the engineers demanded equal pay, without regard to length of service, and without regard to the unequal responsibility of work on a main line, or on an unimportant branch. In fact, this demand for equality appears to have been the chief provocation for that fiercely contested struggle. In the printing trades there is an effective tendency to equalize the wages of men engaged in related but dissimilar work (proof-readers, hand-compositors, and machine operators), in which wages unrestrained would doubtless be more or less unequal. In disputes affecting the wages of workmen unequal in skill and income, a greater percentage of increase has often been demanded for the poorly paid. Thus the anthracite coal-miners in 1900 asked for an increase of ten per cent in the wages of laborers receiving more than \$1.75 per day, and twenty per cent for those whose daily wages were less than \$1.50. This is a representative instance.

The essential tendency toward equal wages is, however, the one called forth accidentally by the operation of the minimum rate. The product of this chance, where the trade union gains a controlling influence, is a revolutionized wage system, not unlike that proposed in *Unto This Last*, by John Ruskin. The "natural and right system respecting labor," Mr. Ruskin thought, was

one in which all workmen of any one trade should receive equal wages (like soldiers, physicians, and public officials of equal rank), but the good workman should be employed and the bad workman (the inferior bricklayer and the scribbler) unemployed. "The false and unnatural and destructive system is where the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half price, and either take the place of the good or force him to work at half price." There should be equality for each gradation, but inequality between ranks. "I never said," he replied to a critic, "that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate." By such an arrangement he fancied the desire for gain might be replaced as a chief motive to labor by the spirit of service which is supposed to actuate the soldier or the clergyman. In like fashion the system which the trade unions tend to create includes an approximate equality of wages between men in the same class of work, not between different employments. It makes impossible the reward of exceptionally high earnings as a result of special efficiency, but its defenders assert that an incentive to effort will still remain in the desire to win, by a showing of superior efficiency, the esteem or admiration of one's associates.

Competition of the old sort for higher wages is perhaps weakened by the minimum rate, but a fiercer competition replaces it. Many employers unite in testifying that the establishment of a minimum results in the dismissal of the inferior men,—Ruskin's bad workmen who are left unemployed. The altered character of competition may thus seem to operate with harshness to the incompetent, and with an enervating effect upon the more capable, who are no longer stimulated by the prospect of high wages. The change to such a system will doubtless seem to many people an occasion for alarm, as few persons share Ruskin's cheerful confidence in honor as a motive to doing hard work.

The danger that such a system will seriously diminish industrial efficiency is, however, much less than one might, at first thought, anticipate. The change would be less fundamental than it seems, because the old system is not so different from the new as we commonly take it to be. In the traditional system there is for many laborers no certainty that great efficiency will be commensurately repaid. The hope of the efficient man is in promotion to a totally different and higher kind of labor. This possibility is not diminished by the new system.

So far as the old arrangement has offered to an energetic man the hope of corresponding gains, one may well fear that few men have actively responded to this incentive. The attainment of ordinary comfort, by merely ordinary exertion, is for most men the limit of aspiration. There is some evidence that in shops where unions have not entered a man who finds that he is doing more than the usual amount of work indolently slackens his speed.

But if a degree of loss is after all supposed to attend the transition — if here and there men relax their efforts because the union rate means uniform wages — there are compensations so marked that it cannot, on the whole, be regarded as less fit than its predecessor to stimulate ambition. That industrial system is best in which each man most readily finds his proper place, and is influenced most actively by the hope of rising, or the dread of sinking lower. In the certainty with which the

“unfit” are rejected and cast down to less responsible positions, the new arrangement evidently surpasses the old as it results in the dismissal of the inferior men. The minimum rate is in this respect far from being “socialistic” in the sense of shielding the weak. It is, on the contrary, cruelly individualistic. On the other hand, in its tendency to impel the better men upward, it is at least not clearly less effective. The approximate equalizing of wages within a trade may at times somewhat weaken effort, yet the desirability of this motive is not beyond question. It may have an important purpose in the vanishing age of rigid social and industrial stratification, but since men now more readily win promotion to an industrial position distinctly higher, the ambition merely to increase earnings has, at least, lost its importance; it may possibly be thought even harmful if it withdraws attention from that other ambition, not merely to thrive at the old level, but to rise.

Thus since the new régime does not cease to stimulate the capable, but does more certainly eliminate the incompetent, it seems on the whole more favorable to the relative advancement of the better men. At the same time, the modern organization of the Great Industry, with its numerous gradations (in contrast with the earlier organization of widely distinct crafts), largely facilitates the process by which men pass upward or downward to their proper places.

Ambrose P. Winston.

WHY I AM A PAGAN.

WHEN the spirit swells my breast I love to roam leisurely among the green hills; or sometimes, sitting on the brink of the murmuring Missouri, I marvel at the great blue overhead. With

VOL. XC. — NO. 542.

51

half closed eyes I watch the huge cloud shadows in their noiseless play upon the high bluffs opposite me, while into my ear ripple the sweet, soft cadences of the river's song. Folded hands lie in my

lap, for the time forgot. My heart and I lie small upon the earth like a grain of throbbing sand. Drifting clouds and tinkling waters, together with the warmth of a genial summer day, bespeak with eloquence the loving Mystery round about us. During the idle while I sat upon the sunny river brink, I grew somewhat, though my response be not so clearly manifest as in the green grass fringing the edge of the high bluff back of me.

At length retracing the uncertain foot-path scaling the precipitous embankment, I seek the level lands where grow the wild prairie flowers. And they, the lovely little folk, soothe my soul with their perfumed breath.

Their quaint round faces of varied hue convince the heart which leaps with glad surprise that they, too, are living symbols of omnipotent thought. With a child's eager eye I drink in the myriad star shapes wrought in luxuriant color upon the green. Beautiful is the spiritual essence they embody.

I leave them nodding in the breeze, but take along with me their impress upon my heart. I pause to rest me upon a rock embedded on the side of a foot-hill facing the low river bottom. Here the Stone-Boy, of whom the American aborigine tells, frolics about, shooting his baby arrows and shouting aloud with glee at the tiny shafts of lightning that flash from the flying arrow-beaks. What an ideal warrior he became, baffling the siege of the pests of all the land till he triumphed over their united attack. And here he lay, — Inyan our great-great-grandfather, older than the hill he rested on, older than the race of men who love to tell of his wonderful career.

Interwoven with the thread of this Indian legend of the rock, I fain would trace a subtle knowledge of the native folk which enabled them to recognize a kinship to any and all parts of this vast universe. By the leading of an ancient trail I move toward the Indian village.

With the strong, happy sense that both great and small are so surely enfolded in His magnitude that, without a miss, each has his allotted individual ground of opportunities, I am buoyant with good nature.

Yellow Breast, swaying upon the slender stem of a wild sunflower, warbles a sweet assurance of this as I pass near by. Breaking off the clear crystal song, he turns his wee head from side to side eyeing me wisely as slowly I plod with moccasined feet. Then again he yields himself to his song of joy. Flit, flit hither and yon, he fills the summer sky with his swift, sweet melody. And truly does it seem his vigorous freedom lies more in his little spirit than in his wing.

With these thoughts I reach the log cabin whither I am strongly drawn by the tie of a child to an aged mother. Out bounds my four-footed friend to meet me, frisking about my path with unmistakable delight. Chän is a black shaggy dog, "a thorough bred little mongrel" of whom I am very fond. Chän seems to understand many words in Sioux, and will go to her mat even when I whisper the word, though generally I think she is guided by the tone of the voice. Often she tries to imitate the sliding inflection and long drawn out voice to the amusement of our guests, but her articulation is quite beyond my ear. In both my hands I hold her shaggy head and gaze into her large brown eyes. At once the dilated pupils contract into tiny black dots, as if the roguish spirit within would evade my questioning.

Finally resuming the chair at my desk I feel in keen sympathy with my fellow creatures, for I seem to see clearly again that all are akin.

The racial lines, which once were bitterly real, now serve nothing more than marking out a living mosaic of human beings. And even here men of the same color are like the ivory keys of one instrument where each resembles all the rest, yet varies from them in pitch and

quality of voice. And those creatures who are for a time mere echoes of another's note are not unlike the fable of the thin sick man whose distorted shadow, dressed like a real creature, came to the old master to make him follow as a shadow. Thus with a compassion for all echoes in human guise, I greet the solemn-faced "native preacher" whom I find awaiting me. I listen with respect for God's creature, though he mouth most strangely the jangling phrases of a bigoted creed.

As our tribe is one large family, where every person is related to all the others, he addressed me : —

"Cousin, I came from the morning church service to talk with you."

"Yes?" I said interrogatively, as he paused for some word from me.

Shifting uneasily about in the straight-backed chair he sat upon, he began: "Every holy day (Sunday) I look about our little God's house, and not seeing you there, I am disappointed. This is why I come to-day. Cousin, as I watch you from afar, I see no unbecoming behavior and hear only good reports of you, which all the more burns me with the wish that you were a church member. Cousin, I was taught long years ago by kind missionaries to read the holy book. These godly men taught me also the folly of our old beliefs.

"There is one God who gives reward or punishment to the race of dead men. In the upper region the Christian dead are gathered in unceasing song and prayer. In the deep pit below, the sinful ones dance in torturing flames.

"Think upon these things, my cousin, and choose now to avoid the after-doom of hell fire!" Then followed a long silence in which he clasped tighter and unclasped again his interlocked fingers.

Like instantaneous lightning flashes came pictures of my own mother's making, for she, too, is now a follower of the new superstition.

"Knocking out the chinking of our log cabin, some evil hand thrust in a burning taper of braided dry grass, but failed of his intent, for the fire died out and the half burned brand fell inward to the floor. Directly above it, on a shelf, lay the holy book. This is what we found after our return from a several days' visit. Surely some great power is hid in the sacred book!"

Brushing away from my eyes many like pictures, I offered midday meal to the converted Indian sitting wordless and with downcast face. No sooner had he risen from the table with "Cousin, I have relished it," than the church bell rang.

Thither he hurried forth with his afternoon sermon. I watched him as he hastened along, his eyes bent fast upon the dusty road till he disappeared at the end of a quarter of a mile.

The little incident recalled to mind the copy of a missionary paper brought to my notice a few days ago, in which a "Christian" pugilist commented upon a recent article of mine, grossly perverting the spirit of my pen. Still I would not forget that the pale-faced missionary and the hoodooed aborigine are both God's creatures, though small indeed their own conceptions of Infinite Love. A wee child toddling in a wonder world, I prefer to their dogma my excursions into the natural gardens where the voice of the Great Spirit is heard in the twittering of birds, the rippling of mighty waters, and the sweet breathing of flowers. If this is Paganism, then at present, at least, I am a Pagan.

Zitkala-Ša.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE safest appeal of the defender of realism in fiction continues to be to geography. The old inquiry for the great American novel ignored the persistent expansion by which the American states were multiplying. If the question had not ceased to be a burning issue, the earnest seeker might now be given pause by the recent appearance upon our maps of far-lying islands which must, in due course, add to the perplexity of any who wish to view American life steadily or whole. If we should suddenly vanish, leaving only a solitary Homer to chant us, we might possibly be celebrated adequately in a single epic; but so long as we continue malleable and flexible we shall hardly be "begun, continued, and ended" in a single novel, drama, or poem. He were a much enduring Ulysses who could touch once at all our ports. Even Walt Whitman, from the top of his omnibus, could not see over the roofs of Manila; and yet we shall doubtless have, within a decade, bulletins from the dialect society with notes on colonial influences in American speech. Thus it is fair to assume that in the nature of things we shall rely more and more on realistic fiction for a federation of the scattered states of this decentralized and diverse land of ours in a literature which shall be our most vivid social history. We cannot be condensed into one or a dozen finished panoramas; he who would know us hereafter must read us in the flashes of the kinetoscope.

Important testimony to the efficacy of an honest and trustworthy realism has passed into the record in the work of Edward Eggleston, our pioneer provincial realist. Eggleston saw early the value of a local literature, and demonstrated that where it may be referred to general judgments, where it interprets the universal heart and conscience, an

attentive audience may be found for it. It was his unusual fortune to have combined a personal experience at once varied and novel with a self-acquired education to which he gave the range and breadth of true cultivation, and, in special directions, the precision of scholarship. The primary facts of life as he knew them in the Indiana of his boyhood took deep hold upon his imagination, and the experiences of that period did much to shape his career. He knew the life of the Ohio valley at an interesting period of transition. He was not merely a spectator of striking social phenomena, but he might have said, with a degree of truth, *quorum pars magna fui*; for he was a representative of the saving remnant which stood for enlightenment in a dark day in a new land. Literature had not lacked servants in the years of his youth in the Ohio valley. Many knew in those days the laurel madness; but they went "searching with song the whole world through" with no appreciation of the material that lay ready to their hands at home. Their work drew no strength from the Western soil, but was the savorless fungus of a flabby sentimentalism. It was left for Eggleston, with characteristic independence, to abandon fancy for reality. He never became a great novelist, and yet his homely stories of the early Hoosiers, giving as they do the acrid bite of the persimmon and the mellow flavor of the papaw, strengthen the whole case for a discerning and faithful treatment of local life. What he saw will not be seen again, and when *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* and *Roxy* cease to entertain as fiction they will teach as history.

An assumption in many quarters that *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* was in some measure autobiographical was always very distasteful to Dr. Eggleston, and he entered his denial forcibly whenever

occasion offered. His own life was sheltered, and he experienced none of the traditional hardships of the self-made man. He knew at once the companionship of cultivated people and good books. His father, Joseph Cary Eggleston, who removed to Vevay, Ind., from Virginia, in 1832, was an alumnus of William and Mary College, and his mother's family, the Craigs, were well known in southern Indiana, where they were established so early as 1799. Joseph Cary Eggleston was a member of both houses of the Indiana legislature, and was defeated for Congress in the election of 1844. His cousin, Miles Cary Eggleston, was a prominent Indiana lawyer, and a judge, in the early days, riding the long White-water circuit, which then extended through eastern Indiana from the Ohio to the Michigan border. Edward Eggleston was born at Vevay, December 10, 1837. His boyhood horizons were widened by the removal of his family to New Albany and Madison, by a sojourn in the backwoods of Decatur County, and by thirteen months spent in Amelia County, Va., his father's former home. There he saw slavery practiced, and he ever afterward held anti-slavery opinions. There was much to interest an intelligent boy in the Ohio valley of those years. Reminiscences of the frontiersmen who had redeemed the valley from savagery seasoned fireside talk with the spice of adventure; Clark's conquest had enrolled Vincennes in the list of battles of the Revolution; the battle of Tippecanoe was recent history, and the long rifle was still the inevitable accompaniment of the axe throughout a vast area of Hoosier wilderness. There was, however, in all the towns — Vevay, Brookville, Madison, Vincennes — a cultivated society, and before Edward Eggleston was born a remarkable group of scholars and adventurers had gathered about Robert Owen at New Harmony, on the lower Wabash, and while their experiment in socialism was a dismal failure, they left nevertheless

an impression which is still plainly traceable in that region. Abraham Lincoln lived for fourteen years (1816–30) in Spencer County, Ind., and witnessed there the same procession of the Ohio's argosies which Eggleston watched later in Switzerland County.

Edward Eggleston attended school for not more than eighteen months after his tenth year, and owing to ill health he never entered college, though his father, who died at thirty-four, had provided a scholarship for him. But he knew in his youth a woman of unusual gifts, Mrs. Julia Dumont, who conducted at Vevay a dame school. Mrs. Dumont is the most charming figure of early Indiana history, and Dr. Eggleston's own portrait of her is at once a tribute and an acknowledgment. She wrote much in prose and verse, so that young Eggleston, besides the stimulating atmosphere of his own home, had before him in his formative years a writer of somewhat more than local reputation for his intimate counselor and teacher. His schooling continued to be desultory, but his curiosity was insatiable, and there was, indeed, no period in which he was not an eager student. His life was rich in those minor felicities of fortune which disclose pure gold to seeing eyes in any soil. He wrote once of the happy chance which brought him to a copy of Milton in a little house where he lodged for a night on the St. Croix River. His account of his first reading of *L'Allegro* is characteristic: —

"I read it in the freshness of the early morning, and in the freshness of early manhood, sitting in a window embowered in honeysuckles dripping with dew, and overlooking the deep trap-rock dalles through which the dark, pine-stained waters of the St. Croix run swiftly. Just abreast of the little village the river opened for a space, and there were islands; and a raft, manned by two or three red-shirted men, was emerging from the gorge into the open water. Alternately reading *L'Allegro*

and looking off at the poetic landscape, I was lifted out of the sordid world into a region of imagination and creation. When, two or three hours later, I galloped along the road, here and there overlooking the dalles and the river, the glory of a nature above nature penetrated my being, and Milton's song of joy reverberated still in my thoughts." He was, it may be said, a natural etymologist, and by the time he reached manhood he had acquired a reading knowledge of half a dozen languages. We have glimpses of him as chain-bearer for a surveying party in Minnesota; as walking across country toward Kansas, with an ambition to take a hand in the border troubles; and then once more in Indiana, in his nineteenth year, as an itinerant Methodist minister. He rode a four week circuit with ten preaching places along the Ohio, his theological training being explained by his statement that in those days "Methodist preachers were educated by the old ones telling the young ones all they knew." He turned again to Minnesota to escape malaria, preached in remote villages to frontiersmen and Indians, and later ministered to churches in St. Paul and elsewhere. He held, first at Chicago and later at New York, a number of editorial positions, and he occasionally contributed to juvenile periodicals; but these early writings were in no sense remarkable.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster appeared serially in *Hearth and Home* in 1871. It was written at intervals of editorial work on the paper, and was a *tour de force* for which the author expected so little publicity that he gave his characters the names of persons then living in Switzerland and Decatur counties, Ind., with no thought that the story would ever penetrate to its habitat. But the homely little tale, with all its crudities and imperfections, made a wide appeal. It was pirated at once in England; it was translated into French by "Madame Blanc," and was published in

condensed form in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and later, with one of Mr. Aldrich's tales and other stories by Eggleston, in book form. It was translated into German and Danish also. *Le Maître d'Ecole de Flat Creek* was the title as set over into French, and the Hoosier dialect suffered a sea change into something rich and strange by its cruise into French waters. The story depicts Indiana in its darkest days. The state's illiteracy as shown by the census of 1840 was 14.32 per cent as against 5.54 in the neighboring state of Ohio. The "no lickin', no larnin'" period which Eggleston describes is thus a matter of statistics; but even before he wrote the old order had changed, and Caleb Mills, an alumnus of Dartmouth, had come from New England to lead the Hoosier out of darkness into the light of free schools. The story escaped the oblivion which overtakes most books for the young by reason of its freshness and novelty. It was, indeed, something more than a story for boys, though, like *Tom Sawyer* and *The Story of a Bad Boy*, it is listed among books of permanent interest to youth. It shows no unusual gift of invention; its incidents are simple and commonplace; but it daringly essayed a record of local life in a new field, with the aid of the dialect of the people described, and thus became a humble but important pioneer in the history of American fiction. It is true that Bret Harte and Mark Twain had already widened the borders of our literary domain westward; and others, like Longstreet, had turned a few spadefuls of the rich Southern soil; but Harte was of the order of romancers, and Mark Twain was a humorist, while Longstreet, in his *Georgia Scenes*, gives only the eccentric and fantastic. Eggleston introduced the Hoosier at the bar of American literature in advance of the Creole of Mr. Cable or Mrs. Chopin, or the negro of Mr. Page or Mr. Harris, or the mountaineer of Miss Murfree, or the shore-folk of Miss Jewett.

Several of Eggleston's later Hoosier stories are a valuable testimony to the spiritual unrest of the Ohio valley pioneers. The early Hoosiers were a peculiarly isolated people, shut in by great woodlands. The news of the world reached them tardily; but they were thrilled by new versions of the gospel brought to them by adventurous evangelists, who made Jerusalem seem much nearer than their own national capital. Heated discussions between the sects supplied in those days an intellectual stimulus greater than that of politics. Questions shook the land which were unknown at Westminster and Rome; they are now well-nigh forgotten in the valley where they were once debated so fiercely. The Rev. Mr. Bosaw and his monotonously sung sermon in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* are vouched for, and preaching of the same sort has been heard in Indiana at a much later period than that of which Eggleston wrote. *The End of the World* (1872) treats vividly the extravagant belief of the Millerites, who, in 1842-43, found positive proof in the Book of Daniel that the world's doom was at hand. This tale shows little if any gain in constructive power over the first Hoosier story, and the same must be said of *The Circuit Rider*, which portrays the devotion and sacrifice of the hardy evangelists of the Southwest among whom Eggleston had served. *Roxy* (1878) marks a gain; the story flows more easily, and the scrutiny of life is steadier. The scene is Vevay, and he contrasts pleasantly the Swiss and Hoosier villagers, and touches intimately the currents of local religious and political life. Eggleston shows here for the first time a real capacity for handling a long story. The characters are of firmer fibre; the note of human passion is deeper, and he communicates to his pages charmingly the atmosphere of his native village, — its quiet streets and pretty gardens, the sunny hills and the great river. Vevay is again the scene in *The Hoosier Schoolboy* (1883),

which is no worthy successor to the *Schoolmaster*. The workmanship is infinitely superior to that of his first Hoosier tale, but he had lost touch, either with the soil (he had been away from Indiana for more than a decade), or with youth, or with both, and the story is flat and tame. After another long absence he returned to the Western field in which he had been a pioneer, and wrote *The Graysons* (1888), a capital story of Illinois, in which Lincoln is a character. Here and in *The Faith Doctor*, a novel of metropolitan life which followed three years later, the surer stroke of maturity is perceptible; and the short stories collected in *Duffels* include *Sister Tabea*, a thoroughly artistic bit of work.

A fault of all of Eggleston's earlier stories is their too serious insistence on the moral they carried, — a resort to the Dickens method of including Divine Providence among the dramatis personæ; but this is not surprising in one in whom there was, by his own confession, a lifelong struggle "between the lover of literary art and the religionist, the reformer, the philanthropist, the man with a mission." There is little humor in these stories, there was doubtless little humor in the life itself, but there is abundant good nature. In all he maintains consistently the point of view of the realist, his lapses being chiefly where the moralist has betrayed him. There are many pictures which denote his understanding of the illuminative value of homely incident in the life he then knew best; there are the spelling school, the stirring religious debates, the barbecue, the charivari, the infare, glimpses of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and the hard cider campaign. Those times rapidly receded; Indiana is one of the older states now, and but for Eggleston's tales there would be no trustworthy record of the period he describes.

Lowell had made American dialect respectable, and had used it as the vehi-

cle for a political gospel; but Eggleston employed the Hoosier *lingua rustica* to aid in the portrayal of a type. He did not, however, employ dialect with the minuteness of subsequent writers, notably Mr. Riley; but Southwestern idiom impressed him, and his preface and notes in the later editions of the Schoolmaster are invaluable to the student. Dialect remains in Indiana, as elsewhere, largely a matter of experience and opinion. There has never been a uniform folk speech peculiar to the people living within the borders of the state. The Hoosier dialect, so called, consisting more of elisions and vulgarized pronunciations than of true idiom, is spoken wherever the Scotch-Irish influence is perceptible in the west central states, notably in the southern counties of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It is not to be confounded with the cruder speech of the "poor whitey," whose wild strain in the Hoosier blood was believed by Eggleston to be an inheritance of the English bond-slave; and there are other vague and baffling elements in the Ohio valley speech. Mr. Riley's Hoosier is more sophisticated than Eggleston's, and thirty years of change lie between them, — years which wholly transformed the state, physically and socially. It is diverting to have Eggleston's own statement that the Hoosiers he knew in his youth were wary of New England provincialisms, and that his Virginia father threatened to inflict corporal punishment on his children "if they should ever give the peculiar vowel sound heard in some parts of New England in such words as 'roof' and 'root.'"

While Eggleston grew to manhood on a frontier which had been a great battleground, the mere adventurous aspects of this life did not attract him when he sought subjects for his pen; but the culture-history of the people among whom his life fell interested him greatly, and he viewed events habitually with a critical eye. He found, however, that the evolution of society could not be treated

best in fiction, so he began, in 1880, while abroad, the researches in history which were to occupy him thereafter to the end of his life. His training as a student of social forces had been superior to any that he could have obtained in the colleges accessible to him, for he had seen life in the raw; he had known on the one hand the vanishing frontiersmen who founded commonwealths in the ashes of their camp-fires, and he had, on the other, witnessed the dawn of a new era which brought order and enlightenment. He thus became a delver in libraries only after he had scratched under the crust of life itself. While he turned first to the old seaboard colonies in pursuit of his new purpose, he brought to his research an actual knowledge of the beginnings of young states which he had gained in the open. He planned a history of life in the United States on new lines, his main purpose being to trace influences and movements to remotest sources. He collected and studied his material for sixteen years before he published any result of his labors beyond a few magazine papers. The *Beginnings of a Nation* (1896) and *The Transit of Civilization* (1901) are only parts of the scheme as originally outlined, but they are complete so far as they go, and are of permanent interest and value. History was not to him a dusty lumber room, but a sunny street where people come and go in their habits as they lived; and thus, in a sense, he applied to history the realism of fiction. He pursued his task with scientific ardor and accuracy, but without fussiness or dullness. His occupations as novelist and editor had been a preparation for this later work, for it was the story quality that he sought in history, and he wrote with an editorial eye to what is salient and interesting. It is doubtful whether equal care has ever been given to the preparation of any other historical work in this country. The plan of the books is in itself admirable, and the exhaustive character of his researches is

emphasized by his copious notes, which are hardly less attractive than the text that they amplify and strengthen. He expressed himself with simple adequacy, without flourish and with a nice economy of words; but he could, when he chose, throw grace and charm into his writing. He was, in the best sense, a scholar. He knew the use of books, but he vitalized them from a broad knowledge of life. He had been a minister, preaching a simple gospel, for he was never a theologian as we understand the term; but he enlisted in movements for the bettering of mankind, and his influence was wholesome and stimulating.

His robust spirit was held in thrall by an invalid body, and throughout his life his work was constantly interrupted by serious illnesses; but there was about him a certain blitheness; his outlook on life was cheerful and amiable. He accomplished first and last an immense amount of work, — preacher, author, editor, and laborious student, his industry was ceaseless. He had, in marked degree, that self-reliance which Higginson calls the first requisite of a new literature, and through the possession of this he earned for himself a place of dignity and honor in American letters.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE COURT BIBLE.

WHEN the Judge brought in the new Bible wrapped in his morning paper, I begged for possession of the old one. The Judge looked at me narrowly, as he looked on the day when I hunted the passage from Isaiah for the defendant's counsel in the larceny case, and remarked that I was quite welcome.

And now the venerable book lies before me, *cum privilegio*, its soiled and tattered dignity illuminated by the softening light of reminiscence, a fat little book, born at Blackfriars, its leather coat shining like a smith's apron, its "full gilt" dulled to a mellow bronze. I estimated that it had been kissed fifty thousand times.

For ten years I had watched them salute it, — petitioners and paupers, criminals, children propped to the bar, bent old men, women who winced and interposed their gloved fingers, clergymen who raised it solemnly, gamblers who grinned and shifted their tobacco to the other side, Polish peddlers who made a revolting noise.

In the first place it had seemed by precedent to be kissed on the flat of the

cover. I fancy this was the form in the days when, as in the phrase of Scott's jailer, they "smacked calf-skin" at the old Scottish courts, and were bidden "the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal . . . in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God on the great day of judgment," — "an awful adjuration," says the chronicler of Effie Deans' trial, "which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright." In those days the witness was called upon to repeat the words of the oath, a form which must greatly have increased its solemnity, and have deepened the difficulty of maintaining those mental reservations more readily associated with an often flippant nod of the head and a perfunctory touch.

Doubtless it was some sense, æsthetic or sanitary, of the accretions of time which led the court officers who controlled the fortunes of my Bible to form a practice of holding to the witnesses' lips the gilded edge of the volume, and in the latter days of its service the officer, if the witness were a woman, and

particularly if she were a pretty woman, would invidiously open the book and offer her the relatively unfrequented space of a random page.

It had been kissed by juries, the men first standing in a circle with hands outstretched toward it, the officer then thrusting it, sometimes with grotesque ineptness, into one face after the other. Frequently it had been lost for definite minutes, until the cry went up in the court, "Where 's the Bible?" On more than one such occasion the Judge indulged in an old jest. "The stenographer's very fond of it. Search him." This was because it once had been found under my elbow after a prosy opening argument by counsel.

The spectacle of my absorption in the book during a summing up sometimes seemed to amuse the Judge, who reserved the right to read a newspaper throughout a pathetic passage by the lawyer for the defense. At one time he appeared to feel that I was covertly preparing for the ministry, and that my voluminous notes not demanded by the procedure of the court were designed to further the ends of some fanatical reform.

I was testimony clerk during the incumbency of this Bible, and sat upon the right hand of the judicial chair in a bare justice's court, on the side near the witness stand, the Bible on the ledge before me. The Bible was the beginning of everything. The complainant, police officer or civilian, saluted it after signing the complaint. The special interpreter, Slav, Hindoo, or Chinese, impartially took oath upon it before, in turn, swearing the witness. In case the witness was a Hebrew it frequently happened that the book was opened so that he might place his hand upon the Old Testament section, and he was permitted, and sometimes directed, to wear his hat.

During the ten years of my observation the practice of affirming with up-lifted hand, in preference to the older

form of oath, steadily grew. The choice to affirm generally was accepted without comment, though I can remember that at a not remotely earlier day the affirmant usually underwent interrogation as to his reasons for eschewing the oath, his attitude toward the Bible, his belief in a supreme being, and his sense of obligation as related to the affirmation. These forms are supposed to be duly regulated by statute, but in fact they vary, and vastly, within statutory areas.

The entrance of a child complainant or witness often introduced a curious scene. Eliciting facts from the mouths of babes is a dubious business in any circumstances. In the shabby witness box of a justice's court it is often painful enough, not least so, perhaps, when it is superficially amusing. My notes show many strange answers from the bewildered youngsters called to exploit psychology before a heterogeneous audience.

I can see the Judge leaning forward and asking in his most reassuring tone, "Now, little boy, do you know what it is to swear?"

The Boy. "I know that I mustn't swear."

The Judge. "I mean to swear on the Bible."

The Boy. "I know that it's very wrong."

The Judge. "No, it is n't wrong to swear on the Bible. But let me ask you, do you know what will become of you if you tell a lie?"

The Boy. "I will die."

The Judge. "And what else?"

The Boy. "Go to hell."

It was at this juncture that the lawyer who offered the child as a witness was likely to interpose by saying, "I submit, your Honor, that the witness is entirely competent," and perhaps some feeling that the fear of hell is the beginning of wisdom would influence the acceptance of the child's testimony, the court shamefacedly watching the innocent lips pucker over the book. Indeed,

the familiar procedure seemed to go upon the assumption that nothing else was to be done.

On another occasion: —

The Judge. "What will happen to you if you swear to tell the truth and then tell a lie?"

The Boy. "I will be punished."

The Judge. "By whom?"

The Boy. "By the Judge."

The Judge. "Anybody else?"

The Boy. "The policeman."

The Judge. "Who else?"

The Boy. "The jail man."

The Judge (gravely). "Will no one else punish you?"

The Boy (brightening). "Oh yes, my mother."

Not infrequently the young witness would reply with great promptness, giving sign of precautionary instruction, as for example: —

The Judge. "What will become of you if you tell what is n't true?"

The Boy. "God won't like me and I will go to the bad place."

That the solemnity of the oath to tell the truth and nothing but the truth remained well forward in the mind of the witness was often indicated in the phraseology of the testimony. An indignant witness, questioned too pointedly as to his sincerity, cries out, "What did I kiss the book for?"

"You swear that?" demands the lawyer of an irritatingly specific witness.

"Yes, sir, on a thousand Bibles!"

It was a commonplace of the minor trials, in the midst of a witness's recital, to hear a saddened voice from the benches: "And you just after kissin' the book of God!" Nothing could have been more dramatic than the interruption of an aged defendant, a lank Irishwoman, who leveled a bony finger at the witness and declared in a deep anguished tone, "God is listenin' to your dis-coorse!" And the interruptions having been many, the Judge added, "So am I, madam. Sit down."

It was a trick of spectacular witnesses to use the Bible as a means of completing an illustration as to how certain objects were disposed, and when it was available near, a witness was likely to pick up the book to indicate the manner in which some missile had been thrown. Of the average witness it may be said that his habit toward the little black volume was quickly and continuously reverential. Many reached for it as a means of emphasizing their integrity by ostentatiously holding it in their hands.

I recall the figure of a white-haired man who stood straight and solemn, with his hand upon the book. "I want to say," he began, "to the Judge and you gentlemen around here" —

"Oh, never mind us gentlemen," interrupted the opposing counsel, "say it to the Judge."

It is, of course, the business of the opposing counsel to belittle the witness in his greatest moment, but nothing of this sort has ever seemed to me more brutal than an incident in "dispossession proceedings," when a little, old-fashioned, white-faced woman, stretching forth her hand, said with gentle fervor, "Judge, this good book tells us" — and the landlord's attorney, breaking in with a rasping voice, snarled, "Madam, we have n't asked you to interpret the Scriptures. Do you owe this rent or not?" The woman turned her blanched face to the lawyer, and, without another word or movement, gave a strangely pathetic sob, which brought a moment so intense that the Judge, his eyes moistening, lowered the gavel with a bang, and ordered the crowd in the back to be quiet, though there was not a sound there.

On another morning an old man, under stress of a harsh cross-examination, caught up the book and with incredible quickness opened it at Proverbs. "You find fault!" he cried, extending a shaking finger to the text. "Read that!" And the lawyer, fascinated by the un-

expectedness of the attack, actually read aloud, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

The book, lying here aloof from the harsh turmoil of its one-time surroundings, evokes scene after scene of this kind. I see it under the hands of trembling women who totter in the crisis of the vulgar publicity. I see it grasped by eager and pugnacious veterans in discord who pant for the excitements of the trial. I see it in the hand of the Judge, himself administering the oath to a witness from whom, in a great perplexity, he asks the very essence of truth. I see it suspended while the accused, at the brink of a trial, debates with his counsel a plea of guilty. I see it hurriedly restored to its accustomed place when the accused, about to take the oath, has fallen in a heap, and there is a call for water and the doctor.

One March day a fragile girl bearing an infant in her arms stepped to the stand, keeping her eyes away from a pale young man who sat in the prisoner's chair. He was a mere boy. His mother and a lawyer sat on either side of him. His look was half dogged, half fright-

ened, and he never took his eyes away from the face of the girl. The little mother at the bar had just kissed the book, and was adjusting herself in the witness chair, when she gave a startled scream which no one who heard it is likely ever to forget.

The baby was quite dead. My recollection gives me a confused picture in which I see the pale-faced young man pulling aside the wrappings of the baby; and I hear the later formula of the Judge, in which there was "charge upon the county" and "case dismissed."

I remember another day when a fragile old man was arraigned upon a charge of theft in a business house. The charge was a mistake, and this soon appeared. Throughout the hearing the man himself had been singularly quiet and dignified. But his wife, a quakerish little woman, pale and set, watched and listened with an anxiety painful to see. When the Judge dismissed the charge, with some regretful word for the injustice of its having been made, the woman arose and kissed her husband. Then she came forward, lifted the Bible, and tremblingly touched the cover with her lips.

Alexander Black.

THE UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARIST.

I.

THE Imaginative Girl sat on a terrace in front of her Castle in Spain writing a poem to send to an Editor who lived in a Strange Country. It was a good poem, for it contained an idea and much coloring and sufficient metre. Moreover it came from the Girl's soul, which is always to be taken into account when one considers a poem. Presently she signed it with her initials, and dated it, and then she leaned back against a thornless rose tree and forgot all about it, because there above her face floated

a half moon, silver in the yellow sunshine, and it immediately put another poem into her charming head.

As she looked at it the Unconscious Plagiarist entered at the great arch of the gateway, and disposed himself picturesquely on the turf near by.

"You know the best poem I wrote last week?" he asked.

"Which best?" inquired the Imaginative Girl.

"The one you liked so much," explained the Plagiarist, who was continually under a delusion.

"Oh," murmured the Girl, convey-

ing an impression that the light had dawned, "what have you done now?"

"Stolen it from Browning," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, with the effrontery of the habitual criminal.

"That is really too bad of Browning," said the Girl, with practiced sympathy; "I have no use at all for that man. No one would have minded his writing one book of poetry, but to go and say everything there was to say in twenty" — She paused.

"Yes," assented the Plagiarist gratefully, "and to think of his ruining my career in this way when I've carefully refrained from ever reading a line of him in my life!"

"Still, I don't see what you can do about it," said the Girl. "Which poem is yours like?"

"Amphibian. The idea is the same. Also, in part, the expression. The Browning Man found him out. The only difference is that mine is the best. First," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, "it was Keats and Byron; then Tennyson and Swinburne; now it is Browning. And I took such care, too, never to read the standard poets when I discovered I was to be a standard poet myself. I was very young then."

"Now that was clever of you," said the Girl admiringly. "I never should have thought of that."

"But it didn't seem to work, you know," he submitted with hesitation.

"That is Fate," observed the Girl, with adorable gravity. She sighed, and read him the poem just finished. He considered over it judicially.

"I like *that*," he said at last; "you improve every day. How impressively you say things!"

"I think so too," agreed the Girl. "Do you notice how the rhymes recur in the fourth stanza?"

The Plagiarist requested her to read it again.

"Beautiful," he murmured with enthusiasm, "*beautiful!* Is this all you've done since yesterday evening?"

"Yes. Did you bring anything?"

The Unconscious Plagiarist modestly produced a small, square, expensive blank book.

"I've only a couple," he said, adjusting his becoming eyeglasses.

"How lovely!" cried the Girl when he had read the first; "that climax is so subtle; I've felt just that way. What is the other?"

"Oh, it's a cynical sort of thing." He looked bored as he read it aloud between intervals of extreme languor.

The Girl looked sympathetically bored.

"But it's a clever thing," she said, "and true. Nothing is worth while when one comes to think about it."

"Tobacco is worth while," said the Unconscious Plagiarist, "and poetry — while one is writing it. And love — while one is making it. But apart from these!"

He and the Girl gazed through the ilexes to the waste of life beyond. They both sighed.

"They are at tea on the balcony," observed the Girl. "Let's have some too."

As they rose to go in they saw the Browning Man coming up the terrace. The Plagiarist scowled at him with his fair eyebrows. But his companion betrayed interest.

"How good of you!" she said, giving him her hand.

No one knew just what she meant, but then she was a poet, and no one ever expected to.

"How good of *you!*" returned the Browning Man, who took the greeting in one way.

"He may be mistaken, you know," interpolated the Plagiarist, who took it in another.

"You there, young un?" said the Browning Man. "You'd best go back to the Desert Island and study Browning, — I've sent over a set — so you'll know what not to write next time."

The Plagiarist looked at him sulk-

ily out of his very blue eyes, and the three sauntered up to the rose-trellised balcony.

The tea drinkers received them amiably. There was the Youthful Sister, who thought she would write poetry some day; and there was the Long Suffering Mother, who thought that she would n't; and there was the Girl Philistine, who hated poetry; and there was the Usual Brother, who agreed with the Girl Philistine, whom he considered the most perfectly beautiful and miraculously sensible girl in the whole world.

The Youthful Sister brought a Nile green lily cup to the Plagiarist, who mounted on the iron railing, and received it absently. His eyes almost matched it. He wished the Browning Man were not so good-looking, or else that he looked a little more as if he knew it. His good looks and his unconsciousness of his good looks often wrecked the Unconscious Plagiarist's peace of mind for a whole fifteen minutes. There he was now balancing his transparent yellow cup and saucer on the tips of his brown fingers, and making the Imaginative Girl look distinctly entertained as she trifled with her yellow saucer and cup. His hazel eyes drank the sunlight as might some faun's. His head had the antique surety, the few finely decisive lines, of good sculpture, as he turned to offer the Girl some grapes. The Plagiarist was good-looking himself, but it is not every man who possesses a head one could put in marble above the folds of a toga. Such heads belong by right to standard men of some kind. As a private individual the Browning Man had clearly no right to a head like that.

"Well, good-by," said the Plagiarist.

But the Imaginative Girl did not hear. Only as he turned the corner of the walk she glanced up and beheld the vanishing smoke of his cigarette.

"What an odd boy!" she confided to the Browning Man. "Suppose you bring him back."

He shook his head thoughtfully, and the Unconscious Plagiarist wended his way to the Desert Island which divided the river Lethe at that place. It was near shore, and a few strokes landed him within sight of his hut. He moored the boat and strode moodily up the foot-path. As he lifted the hammock hung across it he saw that there was no room for him inside the hut because of the set of Browning, which occupied the small amount of available space. He dropped the hammock and lay down in it. He hated the Browning Man. About midnight he was aroused by the splash of oars. Then he saw a dark outline on the sky, and the Browning Man flung himself down near the hammock.

"I wish you'd go away," muttered the Plagiarist. "I'd like to know how this can be a Desert Island if every one crowds here."

The Browning Man lit a pipe, and looked disapprovingly at the other's cigarette.

"Did you get Browning?" he asked.

"He's in there," answered the Plagiarist angrily. "Please take him back. The hut is small and I'd like to go to bed."

"Turn him out of doors," said the Browning Man absently. "The boat is small too." He was silent a little, then, getting up, stretched his arms above his head.

"I wish I could sleep," he added in a changed tone. "I have n't closed my real eyes for a week. May you never know what that means. Go in to bed and let me stay out here to-night."

The Plagiarist, after acting on the letter of the irreverent suggestion regarding Browning, went to bed and to sleep. The Browning Man could not sleep. Therefore he thought, and thought without sleep has been known to set men crazy. To-night he thought of everything, — of the Unconscious Plagiarist, and the Imaginative Girl, and his own damnation as a poet and success as a Browning magazine man, and of how

much it was n't worth. The moon came up incredibly white. The molten light spilled like quicksilver down the river, and over the island, and ran along the Browning Man's profile turned against his coat-sleeve, until it looked like the profile on a Roman coin. The dancing light worried him. He wanted to be where it was all dark. He flung his arm across his face, but a sliver of light penetrated like an elfin dagger to his eyes. He shut them, but that served no better. Faces, some but an intense expression, some mere faint outline, swam and faded and changed on an iridescent background of shifting color that sickened him with its wavelike motion. The moonlight was better. He took his arm away and opened his eyes on a dark space of river. Then he began to think of the Imaginative Girl again.

"I wish I had n't come," he said to himself. Then he broke off.

"No, I don't," he continued almost audibly. "It's sweet, and it's brief. Why not?"

When the Plagiarist arose next morning he discovered the Browning Man sitting on the step reading *Sordello*.

"Look here!" he said.

"I shan't," said the Unconscious Plagiarist suspiciously.

"You'd better," said the Browning Man. "It's your last poem — in print too."

The Plagiarist brushed his hair viciously, but melancholy possessed him as he followed the Browning Man to the boat.

"I can't see why you take the standard *English* poets to steal from," observed the Browning Man. "There are plenty of foreign poets who might make you a standard English poet if you assimilated them judiciously. There are the Russian or Persian or Japanese, — and no one would ever know."

The Unconscious Plagiarist swore miserably, and the Browning Man subsided. They tied their boat to a fig tree on shore and went up to the Inn for

breakfast. The Unconscious Plagiarist generally took his meals at the Inn, for while, as is usual in such cases, every luxury of life was indigenous to the Desert Island, he was too busy appropriating standard poetry to be his own peripatetic chef. Later they climbed the Castle path, and there was the Girl Philistine not harmonizing at all with the griffin-backed stone seat and the dragon-mouthed fountain. They tarried on other griffin-backed benches and talked to her, for they desired to be polite, and they knew the Usual Brother would come as soon as he saw them.

"A beautiful morning," said the Browning Man, looking up to a certain vine swung balcony.

"So sunny," commented the Plagiarist, looking up to it also, and waving a greeting to the Imaginative Girl, who stood there in a white morning gown that had come out of a picture in the Castle. He could see the gold glint of her eyelashes as she leaned over the rail and flung two pink roses on the velvet green turf below. Then she disappeared in the peaked window frame, and the Plagiarist ran to get the roses.

When he came back, triumphant, the Browning Man reached over and took one as his right. The Girl Philistine laughed wickedly, and the Plagiarist frowned.

"One was mine," said the Browning Man, with conviction. He put it in his buttonhole.

"Take the other," suggested the Plagiarist, with simple irony.

The Browning Man smiled, and the Plagiarist flung it in the fountain, and marched up to the Castle, where he presently came upon the Girl feeding peacocks in the southern courtyard. She held a dark blue china bowl filled with yellow grains, which she sprinkled slowly on the stone floor.

"See here," he said; "who were those roses for?"

She opened her eyes at him. Then she returned to the peacocks.

"For whoever wanted roses," said the Imaginative Girl.

"Oh," said the Plagiarist. Some way this bit of information staggered him.

"I'd think you would have some sense of the fitness of things," he remarked at last. "You might as well put a pink rose in the buttonhole of a stone Nero."

"How could I?" objected the Girl in some perplexity.

Just then the Browning Man sauntered toward them, and all was plain. Of a sudden there were three pink roses in the old gray inclosure. Two were in the Imaginative Girl's cheeks.

"I came to say that I'll be up to row you out at five," said the Browning Man; "I've an article about Mr. Sludge to write this morning."

"Even here?" cried the Girl, with heartfelt sympathy.

"Even here," echoed the Browning Man drearily.

He suddenly cast an envious glance at the Plagiarist, whose candid face had become delightfully good-tempered. He was young, and a fool, therefore; but he had gold coins to fling, and he might dream his dreams in peace.

As he went, the remark about Nero did not seem so irrelevant to the Girl. An intangible chill frosted the sunlight, and she was glad when they came into the tower above, where the rose-colored lights from the high casements streamed like sunrise on the white rugs and divans. Here was the Girl's den, and here her desk where she leaned her white arm and wrote; here, too, the spindle-legged table where an ivory yellow skull grinned beneath a dim gold fragment of tapestry; here, too, the manuscript book of her poems, jewel clasped like a book of saints, and locked religiously against all chance of profanation by Pagan eyes. She kept the key in a jar of rose leaves near by.

"Now," she said, "I've just shown you poems at random, but in here are

my best — the ones to be published some day. You can take the book to the Island with you, if you wish to."

He hastened to assure her that he did; so she gravely unlocked it, and replaced the key in the rose jar. Then she sat down and read him her last poem. The Plagiarist leaned his chin on his hand, and looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"That is *good*," he said finally. "You say things so impressively."

"Let's get some new adjectives," remarked the Girl after an interval of reflective silence. "It's so monotonous to say the same things every day about each other's poetry."

"I've just thought up a ballade," observed the Plagiarist, somewhat pointedly ignoring the Girl's suggestion. "Two lovers ride out together for the last time. He snatches that one favor from Fate. He exults. I have not selected the refrain yet; but do you like the idea?"

"Very much," admitted the Girl, regarding him with profound pity; "so did" — She paused expressively. "You *must* read Browning," she said persuasively. "What else is left?"

"Suppose I do read him," said the Plagiarist dejectedly. "You don't expect any one except the Browning Man to remember what's in him, do you?"

"No," said the Girl, "I only thought maybe you might remember what was n't in him."

"No," decided the Plagiarist, "I can't go back on my principles. If a man gets to going back on his principles he never knows where he will end up. I've always held that a standard poet should be intellectually isolated, even to the point of living on a Desert Island whenever practicable. If he can't be original then, I'd like to know how he can be original when he deliberately fills his head with other people's stuff?"

"I wonder who it will be next?" said the Girl. Her curiosity was pardonable.

II.

The Imaginative Girl and the Browning Man floated out on the river Lethe, whose dark, clear crystal flowed with mesmeric motion from under their boat. Her beautiful eyes were vague with dreams. Her head was uncovered above her softly falling white garments. Her reflection appeared as a pallid flower sucked to the under eddies of the stream. She was adorable, and she was a real poet, and he was only a poor devil with an inconvenient sense of honor; so he leaned back and talked platitudes out of the knowledge that had come to him since he had been a damned poet.

"Nothing is worth while," said the Browning Man, "except the life sacrificed for an idea, and, on rare occasions, the idea."

Usually the Girl could murmur epigrams as fast as the Browning Man, but to-day her lips were like a shut flower.

"The eternal verities," said the Browning Man, "are only eternal fallacies. When I was young I was happy, for I believed in them. Now, — truth — pity — love — ah, *love*," he repeated with slow self-scorn.

Then suddenly she looked at him.

"I am young still," she whispered, while her soul beat its butterfly wings against the woven net of his words.

"I am ashamed," he said, getting hot and white.

He was ashamed. He had said it all before. He had even said it all to her, perhaps. He did not remember. Or perhaps she had said it all to him. Certainly she and the Plagiarist had spent the summer in saying it all to each other. Why should it be so much, then? Why should she look at him with baffled, struggling eyes, as if, because he had said it, it could mean more than any other set of idle phrases said for the saying? They drifted on in silence toward the shadow drugged East, and, when they turned, rowed straight back

into the heart of an amber sunset. Then the river turned black as infinite space and duplicated a million stars. And then the voices from the Castle sounded and they went up the dark, sweet terraces with the silence unbroken save by words that had no power to break it.

The Browning Man stayed down at the Inn after that, and let the Plagiarist go his ways in peace. These led to the presence of the Imaginative Girl, and concluded there forever thought the Plagiarist the day she said that maybe she would n't mind marrying him some time. They were in the courtyard, and he would have kissed her, but she would not.

"I don't think girls ought to let people kiss them," she said firmly.

"I'm not people," objected the Plagiarist, with some justice.

"Well, *any one*," said the Girl decisively. "It's one of my principles."

The Plagiarist had nothing more to say when she said that, because he could n't consistently object to people standing by their principles. But he secretly thought she might have made an exception in his favor, and his demeanor intimated as much.

"No," she said; "I like you ever so much, and I think I'd like to have you around to understand what I mean; but you need n't expect to hold my hand, and get sentimental, and as for kissing, I *hate* it — except in poetry. It's a very good poetic property."

"Very well," assented the Plagiarist, who was, in certain exigencies, a philosopher; "whatever *you* say. Come on in the den. I want to show you something."

Once there, he produced a blue thing which he declared to be a check. "I don't ask you to believe it," he said, "but I've sold a poem!"

The Girl dropped down at her desk and looked at him incredulously.

"Yes," he said, "and not even the Browning Man could find it in Browning. My theory is coming right. I knew it would."

The Girl was almost excited. "Of course *poetry* can't be *paid* for," she said, "and the most the Al-Raschid of editors can do is to remotely suggest an ideal value; but this is a very good suggestion. Say the poem to me."

But the Plagiarist didn't know it well enough for effective recitation, so she recited one of hers instead, which came to the same thing. Then they walked along the terraces, and she gave him all the white roses he wanted. But she gathered no pink roses for him.

"Your eyes are too blue," she explained. "It makes too much color."

In the days that followed, the Browning Man held undisputed sway over the Island, while the Plagiarist haunted the Castle like an heirloom Ghost.

One day he mailed to the Strange Country a packet of manuscript. He intended a great surprise for the Girl. This was nothing less than a volume of his very last, but of course very best poems, to be brought out by a famous publishing house in an artistic gray book dedicated to her. She had never seen these poems, for it was to be a complete birthday surprise, but the Browning Man had, and he had pronounced them original, inasmuch as they were not in any English-tongued poet, and they were undeniably good, even enviably good, said the Browning Man, and wondered where they came from.

It was Fate that a day or two before the gray book came to hand the Plagiarist should have been summoned to Arcady to see his youngest sister get married.

"It will take a week away," said he wretchedly to the Browning Man. "Will *you* take the book up to her, and talk it over?"

Therefore while he was being whirled to Arcady next morning, the Browning Man sent a note to the Girl, saying that he would be up that evening. It seemed a needless formality, but was in accord with his enigmatic behavior of some weeks past.

She waited for him in her alcove, whose wide arch framed her as he turned the hall curve. He stood looking a moment as if at some exquisite *genre* painting. Then his pulses began to beat. But he entered quietly enough, and gave her a small package which he said the Plagiarist had sent her through him so as to be in time for her beautiful birthday. She opened it eagerly. It was the book of poems. A charming glow of pleasure lit her face as she discovered the dedication. Then she whirled over the illustrations, and then she bestowed her attention on the Browning Man.

"My cousin asked me to bring the poems," he explained, smiling since she expected him to, "because he had to be away, and to tell you how really good they are, being too modest to do it himself."

"What nonsense!" observed the Girl with delightful candor; "he just thought you knew more adjectives than he did. But go on and tell me."

"They are curantistic," said the Browning Man. "They are also stimulative, and — and I think you will find them informed with deliquescent truth."

"Is that all?"

"No, but I'll tell you the rest when you read the book."

"Suppose you read it to me," she suggested, remembering how he had once read Dobson aloud one rainy morning of the risen past. Also perhaps she meant to punish him for intangible sins of the soul. It was not given either of them to know. He winced; but had she asked him to forego the one thing that rendered existence endurable, his intention of putting an end to it, he would no doubt have complied with her request. As the pages turned, he forgot the poet and the poems in bitter thought, but he read on mechanically, without lifting his eyes. When he closed the volume and turned to the Girl, he was startled into a low exclamation. She had hidden her face against the back of the divan and was evidently in tears.

"Dearest!" he cried without knowing that he did so.

"He — he has plagiarized my unpublished poems," sobbed the Imaginative Girl.

III.

As the Browning Man returned to the Inn he could not but acknowledge that things looked black for the Plagiarist. He had had the manuscript for weeks, and every poem in the gray book could be collated with poems in the manuscript book. Clearly he could not be an Unconscious Plagiarist, yet how could he have 'sent her the book if he were a Conscious Plagiarist? He had reached no conclusion when the culprit put in an exultant appearance. No one could have looked less criminal. For the first time surety of success had made a man of him.

"No," decided the Browning Man. "The Unconscious Plagiarist was still an Unconscious Plagiarist." How he did it he did n't know; but he had done it, and how was he to tell him?

"Look here!" he began in a faint-hearted way.

"Hurry up," said the Plagiarist, with a hand on the latch.

"With all the poets in the world to plagiarize from," cried the poor Browning Man, "why must you take her?"

Presently the Plagiarist fulfilled his intention of opening the door.

"I'd as well have it over," he said in an expectant voice. "You come too."

They found her in the den. She looked at the Plagiarist with the severity of youth and a righteous cause, and there was no hope in him as he met that look.

"You can't think I deliberately stole your poems?" he asked defiantly.

"You read them in manuscript before you wrote yours," said the Girl pitilessly. "I know, because yours are all dated."

The Plagiarist opened his lips, and the Browning Man waited with fascinated attention for the elucidation of the mystery.

"No, I did n't read them," said the Unconscious Plagiarist.

"Why?" cried the Girl and the Browning Man in one breath.

"My dear Girl, how *could* I?" inquired the Plagiarist with the quietude of desperation.

It was unkind under the circumstances, but the Browning Man sat down on the nearest divan and laughed. The Girl did not laugh. The offense was bad enough, but the extenuation was so appallingly worse than the offense that she could only stand and dispose of the Unconscious Plagiarist forever with a single look.

One was enough for the Plagiarist. He held his head high as he went out, but there was really nothing whatever left of him.

Then she turned to the Browning Man and looked at him, and he stopped laughing instantly, and followed the Plagiarist, whom he overtook at the water's edge, and together they sadly secluded themselves on the Desert Island.

After a week spent chiefly in expressive silence, one morning the Plagiarist rose from his hammock and made a speech replete with practical philosophy.

"After all," he said, "I might as well have been engaged to a poem!"

Next day he set sail for the Strange Country, and, out of that remote region, there came in the fullness of time a letter to the Browning Man.

"I have bought up those confounded books," said the letter, "and you can tell her so. Though unable to decipher hieroglyphics I have some self-respect left. You can tell her this also. And you will be glad to hear that I have an entirely new set of principles. I have bought all the standard poets, and I have invested in a magazine which will not reject my poems, so you see my success is assured."

The Browning Man read over this abrupt epistle, after which he lit his pipe with it, and went for a stroll under the ilexes. Halfway to the Castle he met the Girl Philistine, for a wonder alone. She accounted for it by saying that the Usual Brother had gone to the Castle for her golf clubs. The Browning Man shuddered, but he rested his arm against a tree, and conversed with her politely. There was presently a pause which the Girl Philistine broke.

"If I were a man," she said, "I would n't be an idiot."

"You could n't help it," returned the Browning Man, with impersonal conviction.

But the Girl would n't be impersonal.

"Could n't I?" she cried.

"I don't know what you mean," said the Browning Man, who sometimes lied.

"I don't know what she sees in you myself," mused the Girl candidly; "you won't dance, and you don't hunt, and you look like a Roman out of an Ancient History; and, as if it were not enough to have Browning, you spend your life writing stuff about Browning."

"And I don't make what will buy me tobacco and stamps by doing it," recklessly supplemented the Browning Man, "and I am under the influence of opium this very moment."

"I don't doubt it," said the Girl. "You look as if you were under the influence of almost anything. Still I suppose you're not quite a De Quincey yet. Is that all?"

"No; I am an unworthy wretch," said the Browning Man from his heart.

"Oh, well," said the Girl airily, "what difference does that make? You are in love with each other, and she is a poet."

At this juncture the Usual Brother came flying down the terraces and took frank possession of the Girl Philistine. When he had carried her off, the Browning Man flung himself down in the ilex shadows, with hidden face. Sometimes he also thought the Girl Philistine miraculously sensible, and then again he did n't know. Though he lay so still, he could not have been more cruelly torn two ways had he been tied between wild horses. It was dusk before he arose and went down to the river. At first he rowed to get away from his thoughts; but the glory of creating a precedent was denied him, so he swung his boat around, and went drifting back in their company. At intervals he looked down at the darkly flowing river and mused idly of the one plank dividing him from forgetfulness.

It was dark when he landed beneath the Castle and began to climb the terraces. He did not know why he did so until he caught a glimpse of white through the rose trees. In a moment he was standing by the Imaginative Girl, looking down at her face in the wavering light of a young moon. There were pink roses on her breast, and the odors of them drugged his doubting to rest. With one sure movement he drew her nearer.

"Which is better — to starve a woman's lips, or her soul?" he said, trembling. "Tell me, you who know all things."

He spoke somewhat figuratively, but the Imaginative Girl understood. Her head drooped toward him, and when he bent his own and kissed her on the eyes and the lips she did not say a word. She had forgotten all about her principles.

Fanny Kemble Johnson.

A LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

To those of us who have read the international gossip of the last few months in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and its bearing upon real or supposed South American encroachments, notably the German supremacy in southern Brazil, a reasonably clear conclusion is possible as to the relations between Europe and the United States in apposition with the South American republics. But to the same readers it would prove strangely difficult to define our direct relations with South America in general or with any particular state.

There is a widespread idea among us that South America is composed of a conglomeration of republics perpetually in revolution; and that, virtually, is the extent of information on the subject possessed by many who deem themselves proportionately informed on prevailing conditions in the world. The United States of Brazil comprise a territory more or less equal to that of our forty-five states, and have an estimated population of 18,000,000; but how many of our college students can tell, offhand, what is the language of this vast republic?

Such ignorance is, in itself, to be deplored, but when we consider its practical prejudice to our commercial expansion, it is to be doubly censured. We read the latest news of successful American invasion of European markets with avidity, and feel elated with the storming of some commercial fortress, but do we realize that the pioneers in the opening of the tremendous territory to the south are not Americans? We seem to forget that our fabulous fortunes had their birth in the exploration of natural resources and the conditions dependent upon the opening of a rich country, and not in gambling on a fluctuating exchange or in the forcing of a market. To dig mines, strike oil, build railways,

and raise wheat and cattle have been the mighty girders in America's unique fortune building; and it is to be regretted that Brazil's great field for parallel enterprise is either going begging, or to German, French, and English capitalists. One might judge that the lack of interest among us in regard to this giant among countries is a proof of its lack of advantages to American enterprise, but I would rather say that this ignorance is the key to our otherwise inexplicable indifference.

In giving this short sketch of the present political, economic, and social status of Brazil, the largest of the Latin republics, I hope to let fall the first drop on the rock of indifference, and, by showing the readers of the Atlantic the problems and hopes of intelligent men of Brazil, to give them a basis upon which to found a just estimate of that country and its probable future, its place in the world, and its vital importance in our scheme of commercial expansion.

It is an injustice to place Brazil in the same category with the see-sawing governments of those South American republics which have never lawfully elected two successive chief executives. Since the transformation from empire to republic in 1889, the government has successfully put down rebellion on a large scale, and has held its own both at home and abroad, in the latter field by arbitration. This does not mean that the government has been a strong one, but merely that the conservative element has held down the balance.

If one seeks the reason that the ship of state has sailed so untroubled a course, it can be traced to the indolence, indifference, or ignorance of the mass of voters. The federal political body is divided into two parts — the Government and the Opposition. The former comprises all who are office holders; the

latter, all who are not. If a man is put out of office he joins the opposition, and *vice versa*. Each withdrawing executive proposes and practically elects the government candidate to follow him, and the reform platforms which they invariably advance to gain the popular favor give the government a Tammany aspect.

This condition of affairs is unaccountable to any one who has in mind an American presidential election carried on before the eyes of an enthusiastic and excited people. Here the people take small, if any, part in the election which is consequently made to order by local political bosses. In a city numbering 200,000 inhabitants, during the late presidential election, I made it a point to ask each gentleman with whom I had occasion to speak whether he had voted. Not one answered in the affirmative, all giving as an excuse that the election was "made with a pen-point." To the on-looker it was especially evident that the people do not vote, but regard the whole matter with an apathy hard to understand in a republic. However, this phase of Brazilian politics has not been unnoticed by prominent men, and at the close of Mr. Campos Salles' term as chief executive it is pleasant to note that the electoral reform bill for which he asked in his inauguration message is now before the Senate in a perfected form and is about to become a law. This bill subjects the vote neglecter to a fine, and insures, to a great degree, the detection of false balloting.

Whether this measure will reach the root of the trouble and force interest in presidential affairs remains to be seen, but it at least shows an honorable desire on the part of the government to do away with the farce of the present system, and it is to be hoped that at the end of the coming term the election will prove a contrast to that of this year in which the government candidate, Mr. Rodrigues Alves, of the state of S. Paulo, was elected as soon as nominated.

In his recent message, consequent upon the election of the new candidate, Mr. Campos Salles reviewed his administration of the last four years, and compared the present state of the country with its condition at the time of his inaugural address in which he had declared the deplorable condition of the country's finances, the problem against which he would direct all his energies. In his comparison Mr. Campos Salles showed that he has tried to better conditions in general in spite of the all-absorbing nature of the financial problem, and that the latter, though far from solved, is on the high road to solution if the policy of the present government is carried to its appointed end. He called the country's attention to the new fortifications of the harbors of Rio and Santos, which place the former among the most strongly defended of the world's ports, and to the project now before the Senate for so fortifying the port of Obidos as to make its guns an invulnerable barrier to the passage of unfriendly vessels into the Amazon. This latter measure is one of unusual interest at the present moment, when Brazil, in closing the great river to Bolivian traffic, is showing that she does not consider the regulation of 1867 binding, which opened the Amazon to international merchant marine, when Brazilian interests are involved.

Mr. Campos Salles' attention, while turned toward the necessity of strengthening Brazil's principal ports, was not blind to the needs of the army and instituted several reforms. Probably the most remarkable is the utilizing of the army's engineers and soldiers in building the government strategic railway in the state of Paraná and in establishing three new telegraph lines. Both railway and telegraph lines are being instituted with the object of facilitating communication with the frontier. It should also be mentioned that the government has made an arrangement with one of the national coast steamship lines to carry on each of its boats two lieu-

tenants of the Brazilian navy. These lieutenants are forced to keep a minute diary and report fully on their observations of the coast.

The financial question, however, was the paramount topic of the message, and the President summed up the government's policy and its results in such a way as to throw the brightest light possible upon a still discouraging monetary situation. Mr. Campos Salles commenced his term of office just after the celebration of the contract of July 15, 1898, between Brazil and the Rothschilds, who, for a long time, have been the country's creditors, which gave origin to the present funding loan of ten million pounds sterling.

This contract is of especial interest because one of its clauses has determined the government monetary policy throughout the last four years. At the time of the contract Brazilian paper was at a depreciation of 73.37 per cent, and the inconvertible paper in circulation, calculated at par, amounted to \$430, - 447, 079.52. Back of this there was absolutely no gold, and naturally the capitalists sought some means of insuring the government's ability to meet gold obligations. Under the old régime, when the government had to meet a gold payment it went into the market, already rarefied by the merchants having to meet drafts with gold, and bought against the trade. The fallacy of such a policy was the first thing that drew the attention of the creditors, who, in combination with the representatives of the government, decided to insert in the contract a clause to the following effect. The government should be allowed to defer interest payments on the ten million pounds sterling loan for a term of three years from date, so lessening the drain on gold to the profit of commerce. On the other hand, the creditors, still applying the economic axiom of supply and demand, required of the government the redemption of an equal amount of the inconvertible paper in circulation. This

course was counted upon to force up the value of paper, and so put the government in a position to meet the accumulated interests at the end of the three years' grace. At the same time it was recognized that this measure would bring but temporary relief, while the *desideratum* of both government and creditors was to place the country's monetary system on a metal basis, and, by renewing specie payment, do away with the parasitical abuses which have well-nigh absorbed legitimate commerce.

The idea of redeeming paper in sufficient amount to renew specie payments and of founding a gold reserve fund had figured in the programmes of the two preceding governments, but the means in their power were completely inadequate and their efforts without result. The ten million pounds loan put in the hands of the government the means of at least making great advances toward this financial goal, and by reason of this contract the government has, at the present writing, redeemed over one seventh of the whole amount of paper in circulation at the time of the signing of the agreement, and has actually deposited in London a million and a half sterling as a guarantee fund. This latter accomplishment was the result of drastic measures which brought down upon the government the indignation of importers and taxpayers and a great hue and cry from the opposition.

Some of the means used to raise the funds were bitterly attacked, notably the requisition of a percentage of custom dues to be paid in gold. This percentage at first was ten, then fifteen, and now has reached twenty-five. Some critics say of this measure that it is an increasing burden which will kill commerce. However, it takes but little thought to appreciate the fact that the twenty-five per cent of to-day is really no more than the ten original, as the increase has been in just proportion to the steady appreciation of the nation's pa-

per. As has already been mentioned, paper four years ago was at a depreciation of 73.37 per cent, but owing to the very policy against which the merchants have been complaining, paper now is at a depreciation of only 55.55 per cent. Consequently the merchant who pays twenty-five per cent, in gold, of his regular duty charges, as opposed to the original ten, is paying his debts abroad with four fifths of the money he would have needed after the greater depreciation.

Another thing that caused a great deal of unreasonable criticism was the policy adopted in regard to railways, to which had been granted a government guarantee of seven per cent on capital invested. In 1852, with a view to encouraging foreign capital and to opening up the country, the government offered to guarantee earnings of seven per cent, for ninety years, on capital invested in railways, thinking that they would soon prove self-supporting. However, from among seven or eight which took advantage of this offer, only one has renounced the guarantee. To the others the government has been forced to pay, year after year, part and often the whole of the seven per cent interest guaranteed, and in so doing has sunk a sum far out of proportion to the benefit the roads have been to the country.

The present administration saw the necessity of stopping this flow of the country's money into a pit with no visible bottom; for even at the end of their respective interest-drawing terms, the railways would not revert to the government. The interest to be paid under the conditions existing would, in the end, have amounted to over fifteen million pounds sterling, and the state, after this enormous expenditure, would have been left with nothing to show for its money. So, with the authorization of Congress, the government started to buy in all railways holding guarantees. It was a great undertaking, and the gentleman chosen as the nation's agent was Mr. José Carlos Rodrigues, editor of the

largest daily in South America, and, by his knowledge of English and wide connections, eminently adapted for the work.

At the cost of increasing the national debt two million pounds the government now finds itself in possession of 1970 kilometers of railroad and the accompanying rolling stock. It is estimated that half the bonds issued to make the purchase will be redeemed in ten years' time with the proceeds of the amortization fund established, and that the other half will soon after be redeemed through the earnings of the roads, several of which have already been leased. That the investment may prove a white elephant on the hands of the government is quite possible, but it is undeniable that the load thrown off was incomparably larger.

Two important institutions established by the present administration have already justified the labor they incurred, and have proved a boon to those who would study the economic conditions of the country. I refer to the adoption of consular invoices, such as have been in use in the United States for some years, and to the establishment of a statistical department. This department, organized but a few months ago, has already published voluminous data of the commercial movement of the country, and has put within the reach of all who are interested a means of ascertaining the exact standing of the country among the markets of the world.

Economic conditions are, more or less, at a standstill. Business is suffering under the burden of extreme taxation and fluctuating money values. Failures among banks have been most general, with the exception of the foreign anomalies, which under the name of bank have gambled on exchange, and being, as it were, the pulse of the monetary system, far from failing, have declared for the past fiscal year dividends of fourteen and twenty per cent! These conditions, linked with the financial crisis

through which the government is passing, have seriously interrupted the flow of immigration and the progress of industries. A general lack of confidence in the banks prevents free circulation of money, and foreign capital is shy of placing itself under so heavy a tax system.

However, one important transference is being negotiated by German capital at the date of writing. It is almost certain that one of the largest and most privileged of the coastwise national steamship lines will shortly change hands, and, under German management, will be reorganized and improved. Only national steamers and vessels can enter the coastwise trade, and all must be commanded by Brazilian captains. The first of these clauses is of great advantage to the coming proprietors, and the second clause will present no difficulty, even if the company desires all German captains, as naturalization in Brazil is a most simple and abbreviated process.

A Scotch engineer of the port, who has been in the employ of this steamship line for many years, has estimated that if the Germans take the line at the figure quoted by the present owners, and put it under German management, it will pay for itself in seven years. And there is no doubt that the investment would bring high dividends to stockholders, and the reorganized line give a service incomparably more satisfactory to its patrons. At first sight it seems that the change would bring about unmixed blessing, yet in reality it is apt to prove but a mesh in a net of circumstances destined at some future time to involve Brazilian policy.

Before justifying this suspicion it may be well to give a brief résumé of external relations and a general idea of the atmosphere which is influencing public opinion, and which has given rise to surprising suspicions in regard to the United States. Brazil has an enormous territory to protect, and she is very much alive to its protection; not through warlike demonstrations, — for her army and

navy could not sustain such a course, — but through judicious arbitration. By this means the encroachments of the Argentine Republic on the south, and of French Guiana on the north, have been brilliantly repelled. The litigation over the boundary between British Guiana is fast coming to an end in the arbitration court over which the King of Italy is now presiding.

These encroachments have so far proved undisguised attempts to grab land, and Brazil, jealous of her boundaries, and conscious of the weakness of her navy and army as compared with those of Europe, has come to look on all comers with distrust. A few years ago the United States would have been made the exception, but since the war with Spain, Brazilians have been saying that the Anglo-Saxon blood has broken out in the trait for land-grabbing which has made England the most unpopular country in the world, and that the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba, the last left on the limb to ripen, are the first fruits to be gathered by the new policy. The “humane war” aspect, which so aroused enthusiasm in our own country, has been regarded here with more than skepticism. Texas and its history are fresher in the minds of Brazilians than in those of many Americans.

At the founding of the republic, the Constitution and form of government of the United States offered a model which was religiously followed; but lately it has been very evident that there is a growing aversion on the part of many intelligent men toward American institutions and methods. This may be merely the natural reaction, — the return of the pendulum, — or it may have sprung from a feeling, among those that have the nation’s welfare most at heart, that the country must learn now that it should not look for, nor depend upon, external help in the working out of its destiny. The Monroe Doctrine meets commonly with this interpretation, “America for the Americans (of the

North),” a phrase which dates only from the year of the war with Spain, and many other indications go to show that, however altruistic that struggle may have appeared to our eyes, it presented no such phase to the Latin mind. The press has fostered this tendency to dislike to a considerable extent. To a prominent editor of mixed blood is attributed this phrase, “I am enough of a negro to hate the United States.”

Out of this general atmosphere sprang what has come to be known as the “Acre Question.” A definition of Acre may be of help to many readers in properly understanding the situation. Acre is a region between Brazil and Bolivia which has been in litigation during the political life of the two countries. The final demarcation depends on the location of the true source of the river Javary, which has been placed by three expeditions in three different latitudes. A protocol of 1895 adopted the decision reached by the joint expedition of 1874, and although Congress had not made the protocol law, the question was considered as settled definitely. But three years ago the present administration was convinced by the report of Mr. Cunha Gomes that by this settlement Brazil lost 735 square miles of her territory, and on October 30, 1899, the protocol of 1895 was annulled, and the Cunha Gomes line provisionally accepted.

The whole of the disputed territory is settled by Brazilians, and when, about eighteen months ago, the “Republic of Acre” suddenly announced itself, the Bolivian government called on Brazil for help in restraining the secession. Brazil failed to see that it was any of her affair, and left Bolivia to handle the situation, which she did with considerable difficulty and expense, and, perhaps, to the chagrin of those Brazilian statesmen who would have looked upon the successful revolt of Acre, and consequent annexation to Brazil, as the solution *par excellence* of the whole problem.

It was at this juncture that the Amer-

ican Syndicate pushed in and further agitated the troubled international relations. For Bolivia there was only one point of view from which to regard the offer of the Syndicate to lease for sixty years a vast area that would include the troublesome district of Acre. No land-poor proprietor could jump more eagerly at an offer. The terms, briefly stated, were as follows: —

The Company to receive from Bolivia rights of possession, administration, sale and purchase, colonization, plantation, establishing of industrial and agricultural enterprises, exploiting gum (rubber), and minerals, and any other branch of industry that may promise advantages in the future. The Company to raise a capital of five hundred thousand pounds, of which Bolivia will subscribe one hundred thousand. Bolivia to grant the Company right to buy part or all of the territory of Acre in lots or mass, during five years, with the exception of lands lawfully occupied by foreigners whose rights must be continued and respected. Lands to be sold at ten centavos per hectare. The Company to have rights of peaceful navigation on all rivers and navigable waters in the territory of Acre, — not, however, to the exclusion of foreign vessels already trading in the region, — and of granting concessions for navigation. In case the Company takes upon itself the development of the rubber and mining industries, to pay the Bolivian government the duties established by law and a certain percentage of net receipts, — sixty per cent. The Company to have the right to construct, use, exploit, build, and open highways, railways, telegraphs, and gasometers; to rent to private persons and levy lawful taxes, the government merely acting with the Company in determining freight and passenger tariffs, etc. Bolivia to cede to the Company its rights of levying taxes and the power necessary to this end, also all fiscal properties destined for government functions. The Com-

pany to have the character of a fiscal administration with full liberty to act. No monopolies to be established. All disputes to be settled by arbitration. One month after the approbation of this contract by the Bolivian Congress, the Company was to deposit with the Bolivian minister in London the sum of five thousand pounds, as guarantee of good faith.

In the memorandum attached to the body of the contract are found the following interesting notes: The Company to maintain all necessary public institutions at its own expense, to provide its own fiscalization for taxing purposes, and to provide and maintain a suitable police force, schools, hospitals, and barracks. Within a year to make surveys for railroads and canals connecting surrounding districts with that of Acre. The expenses incurred in the maintenance of a Bolivian inspector, judges, etc., and in transactions with the Brazilian Border Commission, and, if thought necessary by the government, in maintaining an armed force for the conservation of river rights and general order, or for any other purpose, to be charged against the sixty per cent of the net proceeds due the Bolivian government.

As soon as this contract was issued Brazil was invited to purchase stock to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. But, from the first, the administration took an aggressive stand. The contract did not present any such aspect to the Brazilian as to the Bolivian government, and in his last message Mr. Campos Salles gives in a nutshell the Brazilian point of view as stated in a diplomatic note dated April 14, 1902, addressed to the Bolivian minister. The subject is presented purged of the exaggeration and jingoism with which the people and many congressional representatives have so diluted public opinion as to make Brazil's position ridiculous if rated at the popular estimation. The note in question reads as follows: "The

leasing of the territory of Acre, still an object of contention with another American nation, and dependent in all its relations upon Brazil, does not affect Bolivian economic interests alone.

"The Bolivian government, confiding to the Company the use of naval and military forces, attributes of real and effective sovereignty, in reality transfers a part of its sovereign rights, so that in cases of abuses the Brazilian government would come face to face with authorities which it cannot and will not recognize."

Close upon this note came the action of the Brazilian government rescinding the treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation entered upon with Bolivia in 1896, and the consequent suspension of traffic. It was at this stage of affairs that alarmists began to drag the United States government into the question; and the notion that Uncle Sam intends to use the Syndicate as a wedge has spread with surprising rapidity. At first it is difficult to see what interest in the matter can be attributed to the United States government, but it must be remembered that the weaker country is always suspicious of the stronger, that history shows more than one case of robbery in the name of "protecting citizens' interests," that in this special case a Roosevelt is a member of the Syndicate, and, last but not least, that Germany, with the United States' consent, is just now terrorizing, perhaps with justice, a South American republic. Also it is true that such concessions, even when contracted in perfect good faith, often lead to disputes that in turn lead to intervention and demonstration of force which neither contracting party could have foreseen.

These facts, set rolling only a few months ago by two or three Rio papers, have steadily gained impetus and much superfluous matter in the way of rumors grotesque and possible, but hardly probable. So we have several telegrams from the Argentine Republic saying that

General Pando, President of Bolivia, after the irrevocable protest openly presented by Brazil, edited a proclamation to all Bolivians stating that the American government was back of the American Syndicate.

With such incentive excitement was already running high when the South Atlantic squadron, consisting of the first-class battleship Iowa and the cruiser Atlanta, came up the coast, after a seven months' stay in Montevideo, as had long been arranged by programme. The Atlanta put into Rio, but the Iowa, whose crew is less acclimated, passed Rio on account of the yellow fever epidemic, and went to Bahia, one of the most important and largest of Brazil's seaports. No sooner had the great ship appeared in the bay than the report began to spread that there was an American man-of-war in every port of Brazil.

The papers in Rio dedicated most of their cartoon space to President Roosevelt with his "tub of a battleship;" and one would have supposed from the street talk that transports were already in the Amazon loaded with American troops. Feeling rose so high that a few days before the departure of the Iowa fifteen or twenty young ladies of different families, who the night before had assured the officers who invited them that they would be present at an informal dance, not only stayed away, but failed to send any intimation of their change of mind. This, happening among a people who pride themselves on their courtesy, and very probably not the result of combination, shows better than any other incident that, however unfounded, there is so general a distrust of the United States that the people grasp eagerly at the chance to make mountains of molehills. In Pernambuco, also a principal seaport town, on the 8th of September, the students and townspeople held a meeting of protest against the alleged intervention of the United States, and expressed indignation at the telegrams from Bolivia to the effect that President

Pando had declared that the United States had compelled Brazil to accept the Acre contract after specified modifications.

But popular feeling should not be confounded with international relations, and these, always cordial between Brazil and the United States, have been especially so of late. The stay of the Iowa in Bahia was marked, not so much by the almost childish suspicions of the city at large, as by the conspicuous confidence which the federal government displayed in allowing the American man-of-war to run ten miles up the bay to the islands Frade and Maré, with leave to land any portion of the crew for target practice.

The popular aversion is, perhaps, as was said before, the inevitable reaction; and to show that there is no reasonable base for such feeling against the United States, it is enough to recall a few facts in reference to Germany in juxtaposition with the United States as relating to Brazilian affairs.

There are only two American colonies in Brazil whose members can be counted by hundreds, and, as a matter of note, in one of the largest seaports, containing 200,000 inhabitants and third in size of the cities of Brazil, the male members of the American colony amount by actual count to eleven, and almost half of these are naturalized Jews. Yet this city is one of the loudest in proclaiming the "American danger"! On the other hand, in the most progressive state of Brazil, the Germans are estimated at 160,000; and in two wealthy states farther south there can be found villages and towns where no language but German is current, and regions from which the very reports to the federal government are written and accepted in German. These regions have German schools and clergymen under the pay of the German Emperor.

The vast bulk of Brazil's territory has never come in contact with American capital or enterprise, and, with the

exception of the Amazon in the north and the coffee belt in the south, Brazil is practically an unexplored country to our commerce. Here again the Germans have made the advances, and have invaded every centre. Their inroads have culminated in the purchase of the coast steamship line, and all its branches, known as the Lloyd Brasileiro. It is curious, in view of these facts, that Americans should arouse such popular animosity, while the greatly disproportionate and clotted German settlements in the south are looked upon with apathy and indifference.

I am not endeavoring to establish a "German danger," nor do I infer that the Kaiser intends a seizure in southern Brazil, however much he may realize Germany's vital need of a great colony into which to pour and conserve the large surplus of vitality which, for years, has gone to enrich the blood of many alien peoples. But those who judge our young naval officers to be unreasonably hot-headed in suspecting Germany's motives do not realize the magnitude of the temptation, constantly growing, under the watchful eyes of a young and ambitious Emperor.

Few people reflect that the German who is coming to Brazil to-day is not the German that so solidified the amalgam of our own race foundations. The German of yesterday turned his back on his country with a sigh of relief, and his lack of patriotism was the factor which made him an ideal immigrant; but to-day's son of United Germany is beginning to realize his new responsibilities, and a pride in the Vaterland is awakening, which greatly lessens the emigrant's powers of assimilation.

But there are no dangers in Brazil's path that a wise government cannot avoid, no struggle whose final outcome is doubtful if honor can be remembered by other governments. As far as can be judged the present administration has been reasonably honest, and has made a laudable and sustained effort to

redeem the financial situation. Mention should be made here of Dr. Joaquim Murinho, to whose financial genius and energetic disregard of public opinion and the groans of taxpayers many justly attribute the results accomplished during Mr. Campos Salles' term. On September 2 of this year Dr. Murinho resigned from the post of Minister of Finance, which had brought him many enemies, but through which he gained a reputation for originality and perseverance that may carry him far. He may be neither a good nor a great man, but he knew how to estimate the extraordinary vitality of his country and the impossibility of bringing on general misery by taxation in a land where Nature yields both warmth and food with as generous a hand as in the Garden of Eden. His motto while Minister of Finance might well have been, "There is no straw that will break this camel's back," for he lived up to it. It is said that every time he saw a house illuminated for a ball he prepared to levy a new tax in the morning.

All social questions in Brazil at present are thrown into the shade by the all-pervading money crisis. Labor organizations are in their infancy, capital is conspicuous by its absence, and the negro problem has no place in a land as yet untouched by race prejudices. Woman suffrage is unbroached, and woman's position very conservative in its tendencies. It is true that women have, to a very limited extent, entered the professions in general, but aside from a few doctors, lawyers, and certified chemists, the women of the middle and higher classes have been ruled by custom and prevailing usage, and have drawn back from entering the ranks of the wage-earner. Brazil is a Roman Catholic country, whose men are fast following the lead of France in casting aside the church, but whose women still look upon the priest's word as law. This was shown very recently in the defeat of the bill for amending the law against abso-

lute divorce. Under the guidance of the priests, thousands of women all over Brazil organized a thorough and successful opposition based upon the moral aspects of the case.

The truth is that Brazil is not ready to cope with social problems. The monetary puzzle has for years absorbed the attention of thinking men, but hard times will pass, and when the country has thrown off the financial yoke, the cry from all sides must be, "Education"! Education for the boy, who will some day be at the helm, — not book wisdom and elocution, for these come to the Latin with his silver spoon, — but a true and practical sense of honor and justice, a realization of his responsibility to his fellow men, and theirs to him, a Spartan determination to act for the good of the whole, which will not allow him to shrug his shoulders when his fifth cousin, or his friend's fifth cousin, slips out rich from a bank failure that has impoverished widows and orphans, or promotes a great swindle against the government. Education for the girl, which will teach her to work out her own emancipation, and to realize that woman's destiny rests not so much in herself as in the men her sons become.

Higher education will do much toward untying many a knot that has been the despair of a generation, and it is to be hoped that North American enterprise will soon begin to push its way south, and that with increased commercial intercourse will come better understanding and a friendly intimacy between the lands that have given birth to the inventor of the steamship and the inventor of the airship, — the republics which hold the destiny of the Americas in their future.

The very conditions which proclaim Brazil's need of America are the argument for the advantageous invasion of Northern enterprise and capital. Fancy a territory as vast as that of our states, already with a population of 18,000,000, possessed of only 2000 miles of

railways! Transportation is the greatest problem of the day in this country, rich, not only in every variety of vegetable product, but also in its vast tracts of grazing lands, forests of precious woods, and innumerable deposits of minerals, all locked behind the barrier of distance.

Nature has blessed the country with the greatest river system in the world, and in the development of an adapted system of railways lies, not only the emancipation of Brazil, but the establishment of an enormous market. For the work of opening this country and its results, Americans and American mechanical manufactures are preëminently adapted. The same problem has been solved by them once, and the hard lessons of experience learned.

This point brings to mind American machinery in general, and it is sad to state that although the United States produces the most perfected apparatus for the manufacture of sugar, such American machines have scarcely invaded the large sugar centres of Brazil, and the rare specimens which are found scattered, here and there, through the sugar belt, in many cases were imported from Glasgow!

What is true of machinery can be applied, to a great extent, to our products in general. The market is ready and open to receive every description of American manufacture, but most of our firms are working along wrong lines and depending on letter-writing to place their goods. The German houses, which have had much longer experience in export trade, know that a call from a representative is worth fifty letters, and it is through travelers that our houses must open this market of Portuguese America, which, once acquainted with our goods, will be more worthy of our attention than any four Spanish American countries combined.

The cities of Brazil have hardly been invaded by electric street railways, and it is characteristic of our general policy of

in regard to South American affairs that while a German company was building a first-class road on this continent, our contractors, in the face of fierce competition, signed for the construction of a line in one of the cities of England.

Finally, I do not mean to say that absolutely no American goods have entered Brazil, nor to seem to forget that the American Light and Power Company of S. Paulo has made a great

success, and that Manáos is an Americanized town, but I wish to make clear that, whatever the statistical tables of commercial intercourse may give as the figure of our exportation and importation with Brazil, this trade is but as a drop in the bucket compared with what the United States might draw from the development of this vast region, destined to become greater than any one market of Europe.

George Chamberlain.

WOMEN'S HEROES.

THERE are three great writers, geniuses, who are sweepingly severe in their judgment of women. The quiet irony of Euripides and the savage satire of Juvenal, which fairly eats into the mind as acid into steel, do not exceed in their degree the imperturbable, cold contempt of Milton. Indeed, the Olympian disdain of the great Puritan holds in it more potency, perhaps, than does the fine scorn of the Greek, or the furious hatred of the Latin. And though this judgment of genius may have been colored by unfortunate personal experience, yet it does not take from the fact that the judgment stands as recorded; nor is it less significant that all charges and specifications brought against womankind by her accusers great and small may be summed up in one word — Inconstancy. It is woman's ineradicable inconstancy which has always wrought mischief.

"It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it" —

declares Milton, and he furthermore adds that the defect lies as much with woman's head as with her heart, that nature, to counterbalance physical perfection in wo-

man, has sent her forth with "judgment scant" and mind but half made up.

In the writings of women, however, — though there are of course no women writers great in any sense in which these geniuses are great, — condemnation so unqualified is never found. Men are never condemned as such; for woman's judgment leans to mercy's side. The life individual, the closeness of the affections which, as society is now organized, make the affections mean so much more to women than to men, likewise make women never unmindful of the truth that they are always daughters, if not sisters, mothers, and wives.

Women have been accused of writing with one eye on the paper and the other on some individual. But if this be true, that individual is seldom flesh and blood reality, and still seldomer some Frankenstein of experimental horror. It is rather a lovely evocation of the fancy, a being enskyed and sainted. For it is a psychological truth that while personal preference and experience widely differ, yet there is, among women's heroes, a curious typical likeness. So that whether women be married or single, bond or free; whether their experience of life be large or limited; whether they be of great talents or none; whether they aim to

depict men as they are or men as they would like men to be, — this same general resemblance among women's heroes holds good.

Turning from the world of Reality where things are as they are to the world of Romance where things are as they ought to be, — accounting Romance, if one will, as the compensation which life sets over against Reality, — it is worth while to consider closely the rare gallery of women's heroes. These gentlemen may not all be beautiful, but they are all interesting, at least to women, and all have that family likeness which makes them so significant. And if in the Elysian Fields of immortality, from beds of amaranth and moly, the fine creations of fancy ask no questions, — they nevertheless suggest questions to us. Are women's heroes representative? If so, do they represent what women are, or rather what women desire? Are women's heroes instinctive unconscious reflections of women; or are they instinctively and unconsciously complementary to women? Do they stand for what women are, or for what women lack? In her heroes has the creature feminine more effectively depicted *herself* than any masculine hand — save one — has been able to limn her? These questions are evoked by that essential similarity which all these heroes wear.

For, while women themselves may have ample wit and humor they never, even by a happy accident, bestow them on their heroes. In novels by women, when humor and wit have any play at all, they are relegated to side issues, to minor characters. George Eliot had a vein of excellent humor, but she never shares it with her heroes, and she had surely worked it out before coming to the hero of her last novel, Daniel Deronda. Mrs. Poyser is a witty woman, though her wit is of the strenuous, personal kind which gives a fillip o'er the head rather than an illuminative flash; but the hero, Adam Bede, is as ponder-

ous mentally as he is physically. Jane Austen, too, had a choice humor and a delicate, butterfly wit, yet Darcy, Wentworth, Edmund — all her men who may be accounted heroes — are as solemn as Minerva's owl. Miss Edgeworth, with her rare, far-sighted sagacity, though she allows here and there to a secondary character some humor, yet has no hero who is distinctively humorous and witty. And the plentiful lack of wit and humor in the heroes of our present woman writers is a marked characteristic — to be conveniently Irish — of these sober-minded gentlemen.

Why is it, then, that women do not allow wit and humor to their heroes? Is it because, as a rule, women are essentially non-humorous? Or, seeing that wit and humor are the eyes of wisdom, and that to be witty and wise and to love as women dream of love is well-nigh impossible, do women, by an unerring instinct, refrain from giving to their heroes what would add to their charm as men but would detract from their power as lovers? Faith, I cannot tell. Yet it must be a pretty reason which shall account for this general absence of wit and humor in women's heroes.

This brings us to another trait common to these worthies. Who knows not that man's best loving falls far short of woman's dream of love? Yet there are no women writers, from least to greatest, whose heroes in respect to love and constancy are not unconquerable. So, whatever else women's heroes may have, or may lack, they are all determined lovers. They are all of an adamant constancy which will outlast the feeblest combinations of circumstance, the longest flight of years, the worst of smallpox. How constitutionally superior this is to nature and to every-day reality we all know; yet we all insist on having it so set down. Women are born idealists and theorists, and with this regard, and in respect to love and loving, women's heroes have something pathetic. But as lovers their

common likeness is overwhelming, and is done with a naïveté as great as it is charming. Through Time's defacing mask *these* lovers see the beauty that once was, or is to be. *They* realize something of the ideal of the finest of all fine lovers, and do indeed

"Feed for aye [their] lamp and flames of love,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

The highest genius being dual-natured will show the man and woman in it, co-efficients if not coequals; and women must, perhaps, wear something of doublet and hose in their disposition, and men something of farthingale and ruff in theirs, before either can do their respective heroes and heroines full justice. For men's heroines and women's heroes have this in common, that when it comes to depicting *them* the colors on the palette are mixed with some brave, idealizing pigment which is apt to destroy individuality and life likeness, even if it does leave behind what alone makes art worthy and the picture lasting — Beauty.

Judging, however, from the realistic point of view, in most fiction by women the secondary characters are best — best because done with a dispassionateness which gives them vividness and force. It is one of the tests of a really fine novel when the hero and heroine stand in the front rank of delineative power. From a woman's hand as fine an instance of this as we have is the portrayal of Paul Emmanuel by Charlotte Brontë. Paul may not be generally attractive, but he is the fitting counterpart of Lucy Snowe, the one man who (the angle of the affections being always equal to the angle of the imagination) would have attracted her; and we are made to feel and see, as the genuine outgrowth of character, the inevitableness of their attachment. But above all, Paul's individuality as a man is never sacrificed to his affection as a lover; he is a man first, and a lover afterwards, and herein lies the better

part of the author's rare triumph. For art is not the imitation of nature, but the persuasion of the intellect. And hence the failure, in the main, of the servile realist on the one hand, and of the labored romanticist and psychologist on the other; for the one would fain copy unfleaved nature, and the others would fain transcribe unfleshed emotions and mind. It is true that we none of us know just what this so glibly talked of nature really is; but we all have some conception of it. It matters not, then, whether the *method* be realistic or romantic provided the *effect* is convincing. For no matter how, or with what, he works, this power to convince is one of the incommunicable secrets of the artist.

The difficulty with most women's heroes is, however, that they do not convince. Not that women do not portray admirably men in general; they both can and do. It is in their heroes only that women overstep the modesty of nature and, by overweighting the emotional faculty in them as lovers, come so tamely off.

With men's heroines the case is different. These fair ladies convince, in so far as they go. For in a bird's-eye view of literature one cannot fail to see how few are the varieties of the creature feminine. Literature is a something of men's creating, and it is a rough and ready judgment, but not an untrue one, to say that, as represented in literature, women may be divided into two classes: woman, the charmer and deceiver; and woman, the server. On the one hand we have the Helens, Circes, Beatrix Esmonds, Becky Sharps; and on the other, the Penelopes, Antigones, Griseldas, Custances, and Amelias.

But women's heroes do, for the most part, resolve themselves into but one class, that of the Lover, an idealized creature whose like was never seen save in Antony's description of the crocodile: —

"It is shaped like itself; it is as broad as it has breadth; it is just so high as it

is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it [feminine fancy, probably]; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates."

All the old stories turn not so much upon man's inhumanity to man as upon man's inconstancy to woman, and woman's to man. But the ratio is as three to one. As against Helen and her French leave-taking of Menelaus, we have Theseus and Ariadne, Jason and Medea, Æneas and Dido; so that if the primitive *tu quoque* argument ever be worth while, here it lies all ready to my lady's hand.

But this brings us back to the beginning. Why does the creature charged with being preëminently inconstant so value constancy that she overlooks all else save this noble grace of steadfastness? If the light by which we see is in ourselves, so that we must take care how we perceive, then, judging by the degree and kind of women's perception of

this virtue, ought not they themselves to possess much of it? But what becomes of the world-old charge? And by this same token, man perceiving so much inconstancy must by masterly self-delusion attribute to woman what is his own chief defect. But this is doubtless delicate ground, even though Sir Proteus does lament, —

"Were man

But constant, he were perfect."

For Shakespeare, like women, would seem to set all store by constancy.

However may be explained the discrepancy between a time-honored theory concerning woman and women's heroes, the fact remains that in the subtle art of fiction where so much comes into view which can be found nowhere else, women's heroes rarely *convince*. And for the simple reason that women, laying all stress upon one quality only, make their heroes *typical* lovers rather than complex, seemingly actual men.

Ellen Duvall.

AN UNPUBLISHED AUTHOR.

HAPPY is he that hath ancestors and knows them! The love and reverence of ancestors, to us hardly less than to Rome, is yet a religion, though *pious* is no longer the title of him who cherishes his aged father and family Lares and Penates. Some glory in their ancestors, because they fought on the right side at Senlac, wore plumes and resplendent armor under the Plantagenets, won chivalrous duels under gentle King Jamie, and gave port wine and viands to poets when George was king. Some, in the rich melancholy of youth, find pleasure by counting those of their forefathers who died while their hair was auburn, their voices flawless. Others hoard miniatures of handsome faces, — oval saintly faces of women, with hair folded like doves'

wings over their brows, — or jocund faces framed in the stock severe, that contemplated a peace deemed primeval, in their fragrant wooded acres and pools haunted by "swan and shadow." Another class in the poverty and humble station of the old people have a flattering goad to honors. For my part, I confess a devotion to my forefathers who have been unlucky in life or death; but most of all to Ivor, fair-haired, smiling, from whose lips flowed so musically the vowel Cymric. Like a bard, he could build a ship and sail it; fashion and string a harp, — but melody for the harp, alas, was lacking. He spent an exuberant boyhood in elaborating gorgeous imageries, and died before they could be disciplined by verse. All his life he was a

dreamer. Let me recount one dream, full of symbols; for

"Dreams have their truth for dreamers."

In sleep he built a great ship. The masts rose out of sight in the thick autumnal air; he could hardly see the streamers that filliped the tackling; and her colored sides were ready to gleam in the flood. It was the work of a long day, so that his slumber after it was profound. On the morrow he was awakened by thoughts of sailing alone beyond "the limits of the morn," when lo! he found that he had built her on the mountain crest, — the sea and the cry of sailors were afar off.

His letters are preserved, and, being not learned in faces, I value them above his picture, with blue eyes guarded by dreamful eyelids, the wavering mouth ever framing an amiable phrase (for friendship had for him the perfume of rose and spices), and the overflowing curls of the color of ripened wheat. The letters give, not indeed a vulgar full-length portrait, but an animated bust of the man. Nothing of similar bulk lays the man himself open like the intimacies of impassioned correspondence. Self-revelation is their purpose, and how much truer the result than most autobiography so called. There is nothing that your letter-writer will exclude; his vocabulary will be quite unfettered. And then, too, the handwriting. It is true that his was a caligraphy as terrible as ever beatific printer changed into decent type; but is the printer indeed beatific? "Did you," writes he himself, "ever consider how much of *l'homme même* goes into an author's handwriting, how much is abstracted by that plaguy modernism — printing? Take, for example, the wine-bibber who sits down to write verses. Splendid visions he has; chance words of his are divine; but on the chill day following how little that is divine and bacchic remains, if the memorial scrawl is lost and only a *fair* copy lives. It would scarce

be worse if a painter bade his lackey put in such or such a line." The companionable seclusion of letter-making yields a confidence that in cheek by jowl conversation may vanish.

Though of consistent outward luck, within he was agitated, ridden (for instance) at his narrow inland home with a *fatigue de l'intérieur* only remediable by the feel and sight of the ocean, where prospects are boundless,

"As we wish our souls to be;"

fretted by a fever, as he put it himself, such as in the grave might urge one upward to one gust of earth and sea. Bred without religious teaching, he had no terrors concerning deity and that undiscovered country, but, content with the certitude of a vague immortality, such as oft-times was clearly promised him, when so firmly knit to the powers and thrones of nature was his soul that no complete separation from them seemed possible after that: he experienced the "embryon felicities and fruitions of doubtful faces" given by the voices of friends, caresses of love, stray kindnesses to strangers, and the taste of wine and fruit.

Side by side, and subtly entangled with his dreaming, was his love of books. Even as word-pictures, by-vistas discovered by some opulent expression, or the vague splendor with which authors were invested by a friend's narration of their story, were the material of his first dreams; so he brought to bear upon his reading the puissance of dreams past, thus supplying what was demanded by pages where more was meant than met the eye, when with Crusoe he was thrilled by footprints on the pathless beach; with Fitz-James he rose and fell in combat with Roderick Dhu; with explorers he wetted the snow with the blood of polar bears, or was drowsed under the paws of lions, and tasted the bitter pleasures of savannas lonelier than the heavens. For readers must be divided into two classes. One modestly prepares a blank sheet of

his mind for the reception of what the writer offers, whether that be a picture in line and mass, or the close characters of thought. Such a one is the philosophic reader. With premiss and conclusion he deals like a compositor. But not therefore is his mind a ream of other men's thoughts. The proof sheet (to continue the metaphor) has to go up for correction; which done, he proceeds to criticism. Far different are those of the other class. In such a mind there is no blank sheet; but not less modestly, though quite otherwise, is it prepared. It is in fact like a pool that stands in the heart of a venerable and storied forest. The shadows of blossom and bough and foliage; the clasped wings of the sitting turtle-doves; the blue sky, "fretted with golden fire," or swept by hurrying fleeces; all is reflected there, and with an awful profundity deeper even than the heaven above. Looking quietly over the bank you espy the shadows of unaccountable shapes escaping through the forest. But now and then a puff of the tired wind reaches the smooth waters. Then the ripples cast lines, like the footprints of the sea, upon the bottom; the shadows are shaken and severed; a child's reed-leaf pinnacles leave harbor for the open water. Like that is the effect of reading upon this mind. He gives as much as he receives. He gives more; he gives all, because only by reason of what was there before receives he anything.

His disquietude might partly be traced to authorship, though he had no desire of publicity, and wrote to please himself first of all; which was as well, for his exaggerated subjectivity would have found intelligent readers only in a kindred few. After many transitions,—from hyper-saxonism to hyperlatinism,—from the feverish composition of a too passionate interest to the toilsome architecture of phrase and phrase,—he set up, as the god of his idolatry and the ideal of achievement, a style that should be as lacework; if you took out a fragment

anywhere, it had needs be beautiful, and every word have an individual value; of all men Sir Thomas Browne seemed worthiest of admiration. His work was to be *all gold*. An aim perhaps the less inexcusable that his subject matter was most often descriptive. But though sensitive, he lacked sense; to put the fact as he put it himself in jingling verse, he was a man

"With five fine senses, lacking sense."

Yet once he showed good sense in following Coleridge's exhortation to would-be authors: he entered the Church. Consequently his account of some pleasures of writing is in places delicious. He chose the library, he said, of a wealthy friend as his study, a place where manuscripts long ago thumbed by astrologer or alchemist lay in a sort of purgatory of dust and quiet,—

"The haunt obscure of old philosophy."

But that dust was sacred; he never stirred it, though he was occasionally asked if he fed on it. And yet he showed many points of likeness to those alchemists, and was full as unreasonable as they. Thus he loved to recall how Leonardo, moving half contemptuously among the jetsam of a passing age, anticipating the boldest advances of the age by which it was followed, notwithstanding was allured by it, and charmed into a stagnancy and indecision from which he never altogether escaped. Ivor was never weary of proving how much the religions of the day were benighted-mared by the divinities whose funeral they had attended with curses, and how existent superstitions often prevailed over them in the sincere moments of most pious minds, especially in a land such as Wales, where free play was still possible for the powers of nature. And I preserve a fragment of his, in which he expresses this attitude by a dance of Pan and the river goddesses, in an old priory at midnight. Even in his boyhood, he

planned a mad crusade on behalf of the worship of nature, as against what he then called the *indoor* religion current.

On a hard, angular chair — which he said gave him visions of the Empyrean like a martyr on the wheel — in that library, he used to write. Of course the whole skeleton of the piece was ready beforehand in his mind: but there was a catch in his breath when he saw the white paper; his brain throbbed, and the silence became full of voices. He had to clothe the skeleton with the flesh of fair living words, and at the thought was confused by fancies. “On a dans la tête toutes sortes de floraisons printanières qui ne durent plus que les lilas, qu’une nuit flétrit, mais qui sentent si bon!” Up rose the shadow of all that was most delightful in the past or alluring in the future. Choicest phrases and words from the best loved authors fluttered round. Sweetest experiences were lived again. Everything trivial or tedious was banished successfully. He heard the love-names of Wales uttered by musical voices — Eluned and Bronwen and Olwen. He saw again the fairest landscapes, and remembered evenings when Hesperus for a time shone so brightly that you could write a lyric by help of her light; remembered caracoling birches on a flat windy country of burnt-up furze; a silver heaven at sunset, inlaid with ebony branches; the white sparks of sunlit rain sliding on the fir tree needles, coming and going on the restless branches as the light changed — like stars in a turbulent sky; or the green alder shadow at the borders of the swift river Loughor. . . . Then he wrote. But it was not always that the fervor and radiance of such visions entered into the slowly wrought sentences. He feared he had begun writing too early, when passion commanded art — a reversal of the rule. The plain ink was not enough for him; he wanted to dip his pen in the light of sunset, in the blue haze that haunts distant hills. Here is a fragment: —

“The chestnut blossom is raining steadily and noiselessly down upon a path whose naked pebbles receive mosaic of emerald light from the interlacing boughs. At intervals, once or twice an hour, the wings of a lonely swallow pass that way; when alone the shower stirs from its perpendicular fall. Cool and moist, the perfumed air flows, without lifting the most nervous leaf or letting fall a suspended bead of the night’s rain from a honeysuckle bud. In an indefinite sky of gray, through which one ponderous cloud billows into sight and is lost again, no sun shines: yet there is light — I know not whence; for a pellet of brass indoors beams so as to be extinguished in its own fire. There is no song in wood or sky. Some one of summer’s wandering voices — cuckoo or bulfinch or willow wren — might be singing, but unheard, at least unrealized. . . . From the dead-nettle spires, with dull green leaves stained by purple and becoming more and more purple toward the crest, which is of a sombre uniform purple, — to the elms reposing at the horizon, all things have bowed the head, hushed, settled into a perfect sleep. But those elms are just visible; no more. The path has no sooner emerged from one shade than another succeeds, and so, on and on, the eye wins no broad dominion. . . . It is a land that uses a soft compulsion upon the passer-by, a compulsion to meditation, which is necessary before he is attached to a scene rather featureless and expressionless, to a land that hence owes much of its power to a mood of generous reverie which it bestows. And yet it is a land that gives, that gives much. Companionable it is, reassuring to the solitary; he very soon has a feeling of security there. . . . The cool-leaved wood! The limitless, unoccupied fields of marsh marigold, so lovely when the evening rain slowly falls, dimming, and almost putting out, the lustrous bloom! . . . Gold of the microscopic willows under foot! Leagues of lonely grass, where the herds

tread the daisies and spare them yet! — the daisies rising up after a hoof falls upon them. And ever at the horizon companies of lazy cloud! . . . At last in the sweet rain, or rather the promise of rain at this warm, skyless close of the

day, the trees, far off in an indolent up-and-down landscape, stand as if disengaged from the world, in a reticent and pensive repose."

He died at twenty-three, but finished nothing after nineteen.

Edward Thomas.

AN ARTIST IN HAIR.

My father and I were spending the day with an old Garibaldino soldier in his wee bachelor house above Reggio. I had thought him, in Rome, an ordinary boaster, given to rodomontade, and I dreaded the return visit to Reggio upon which he insisted. From time to time he had sent us baskets of fruit packed with stiff nosegays and kitchen herbs. Alternately came bundles of flowers done up casually in brown paper, which of course reached us as mangled masses of hay and crushed petals. Each request that he would not incommode himself met with the retaliation of another bundle or basket, containing vegetables and fruits peculiar to Calabria, wrapped with Scripture texts.

On arriving at Reggio, my Anglo-Saxon heart sank in the hullabaloo of a welcome which made us the observed of all observers. The first offering was a calla lily bound firmly with rosemary and thyme, — a nosegay fit to fell a man; the next was a bouquet of pink and yellow roses, which I could not span with my two arms; and floral offerings continued to arrive until my room at the hotel looked like that of a successful *prima donna*. At all hours the dark, vociferous little man came rushing to our frescoed, balconied chambers, where a town council might have sat at ease, to present another bunch of violets or a particular freak of horticulture. He said this was nothing; on the morrow he would "clothe me with flowers."

I went to bed with a balcony piled high and an exhausted vocabulary. He was to come for us early with a carriage to go up to his place at Santo Spirito. How should I "win through" a day of making compliments! But dreaded things never are the worst.

Whether it was that against his own Arcadian background Signore Pasquale's flowery language and bombast found their natural setting, or that he relaxed to simple-mindedness where his vaunted Reggio di Calabria could speak for itself, I do not know, but certain it is that a gentler, more generous host was never seen, and I have spent few more pleasant days. At the end of the drive, my father was settled for a rest in the bare little stone house on the hillside, and Ser Pasquale and I, having cast aside hats and gloves, set out for a ramble through his domain. Is there anywhere such a tangle of fragrance and color as a south Italian *podere*, where nut, almond, olive, and vine grow cheek by jowl with camellia, mock orange, pansy, violet, *salvia*, and a hundred more! The hedges are of lemon, cactus, and aloe, and on the terraced hillside laughs a garden of the Hesperides. All the gamut of that idyllic farm was played for me. I must taste the young, milky almonds, and climb to gather, with my own hand, juicy yellow medlars and mammoth oranges. Ser Pasquale ravaged bush and tree remorselessly, ordering with Napoleonic peremptoriness the peasant and his wo-

mankind to fetch this or that rare fruit or flower.

When we came back to the house, laden with trophies, I was introduced to Giacinta, whom Ser Pasquale had bidden to bear me company and give me the support of my sex. In her red cotton dress and loosely knotted yellow neckerchief, Giacinta, with her pink cheeks and delicate pointed nose, might have stepped straight out of an old Italian comedy, and she performed her devoir of bowing and kissing my hand with a feminine finish and elaborateness which made my own greeting seem crude and shorn. From the kitchen came a tinkle of saucepans, and Giacinta informed me that her husband, who had been cook to the cardinal, was busy over our dinner. He had been dismissed for reading the New Testament and naming his twins after Castor and Pollux, persons not known in the calendar of saints. With the Italian frankness which reveals all, prying for nothing in return, Giacinta owned that, in consequence of this dismissal, she was supporting her Dioscouri and their father; and when I asked how, she answered proudly, "Signorina, I am the first *pettinatrice* of Reggio."

Literally translated *la pettinatrice* is the female person who combs, and throughout southern Italy hers is a common profession. Even in Rome a card is often seen in barber-shop windows inscribed thus:—

LA PETTINATRICE.

Observant travelers are struck with the universally well-dressed hair in Naples; and if one investigates why the portress, in slatternly gown, who lives on a few sous a day, has a head like a fashion plate, he discovers that she is as regular a subscriber to the *pettinatrice* as the countess on the *piano nobile*. In fact,

the hairdresser makes a progress through the house, varying her fee according to the rank of her client; but the shining black tresses of all—for Italian women have fine hair—must be done up in the latest mode.

Giacinta, with that mingling of caressing deference and easy naturalness which is purely Italian, inquired, "Does the signorina wish me to dress her hair?" And when I accepted the offer, she set me a chair on the balcony, and fetched a wizened comb from Signore Pasquale. In the south our Anglo-Saxon reserves seem stilted; there it was the most natural thing to have Giacinta's light fingers play over my head while Ser Pasquale went back and forth "on hospitable thoughts intent," and my father pored over a stray volume of Gioberti. A breeze blew up from the blue Straits of Messina across a valley radiant with the luxuriance of the Calabrian spring. In it were whiffs of mandarin orange, lemon, bergamot, each more subtly entrancing than the last. Shifting sunlight played on the early leaves of fig trees, snowy drifts of pear blossom, and wide plantations of orange, celebrating that intoxicating bridal of golden fruit lingering to kiss waxen blossoms. Beneath the balcony passed the peasants in holiday dress, for it was the feast of St. Agnes, and they looked up to smile friendly greetings.

I have a rebellious, sensitive head, which refuses to be touched by any hand save my own, but under Giacinta's magic tips every nerve was soothed, every hair fell lightly into place. A cool, delicious mesmerism filtered through her fingers.

"Does the signorina desire her hair high or low?"

"As you think, Giacinta."

"Then it must be as high as it is possible, to be in the latest mode, and show the lines of the head, with a few little curls to lend grace and charm."

"Have I too much hair, Giacinta?"

"Well, signorina, yes," she confesses

ruefully, but adds with the self-confidence of the capable, "It is pliable, it can be made to conceal itself."

"How do you know the styles?"

"Signorina, I study the fashion plates of those ladies whom I comb. When one is mistress of the art, it is easy to adapt and adopt the fashion. It is only those poor miserable ones who have never regularly studied who find themselves entangled." In Giacinta's tone is a commiseration for those "poor miserable ones."

"And with whom did you study?" I ask meekly.

"With la Maddalena Rovena. Ah, she was a *pettinatrice* indeed. I was apprenticed to her for years, and then, having inclination, I could continue alone. Where there is passion for the art, one perfects one's self always." Giacinta spoke as Giulio Romano might have done of Raphael. "Now every poor thing to whom the caprice jumps thinks she can be a *pettinatrice*." A scorn of rivals scintillates in her voice.

"Is it a well-paid profession?" I ask, thinking of the Dioscuri and the imposing man creating our dinner.

"Eh, signorina, it *was*. I used to receive as much as two francs per month from a daily client, but now there are so many who ply the comb they would have us come for seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents) a month. Dear lady, it does not pay one's shoes to go up their stairs."

As she talked she went steadily on, looping and puffing daintily.

"If I had known I should have the honor to comb the signorina, I would have brought my implements," she regretted. But real talent is never a slave to material tools, and with Signore Pasquale's mutilated fragment, a candle, and a small iron she waved and curled and plaited until she could say with quiet triumph, "Behold the signorina combed! Knowing your ladyship is to travel, I have made the coiffure firm. The signorina need not comb herself for three days."

During the hairdressing we have talked of many things, and I discover that Giacinta as well as her husband has heretical convictions which have lost her more than one client. But with the arrival of a new guest Giacinta effaces herself. Evidently she and Signore Pasquale have a great admiration for the jolly, prosperous neighbor who has been invited to share our feast. He too is an old Garibaldian, but clearly he has fared well with the world; for his fashionable clothes and the resplendent gold chain across his aldermanic figure contrast with the shabby black of Ser Pasquale's insignificant person. The latter tells me, with pride in his friend, that Signore Prospero has made a fortune in Cairo of Egypt, and that though he and his beautiful signora have come to enjoy it in a new villa on the slope, they still possess and direct three large salons in Cairo. The word suggests to my mind those old French symposiums of beauty and wit where Madame de Récamier charmed and Madame de Staël dazzled by her eloquence, when I wake to find that Signore Prospero's salons are for the outside of men's heads, and that like Giacinta he is an artist in hair. Having "studied" in Paris, he commands her respect and touches her manner to even deeper deference.

The cardinal's cook gives us an excellent dinner. The colossal swordfish does credit to Reggio, and the olives and mingled salad have a deliciousness only found in an Italian country house. The meal is served by Giacinta with noiseless alertness, as if she had never aspired to be other than a waitress; but when we have wended our way through many courses to the fruits of the Garibaldian's farm, she enters with a goblet held aloft between forefinger and thumb. Her other fingers are curved and extended with a finical eighteenth-century grace, and on her cheeks burn two bright pink spots. She casts her eyes to heaven, waves the glass in my direction,

bows, and improvises in a high key a health which flatters and yet is apt. With even more circumstance she rapidly composes a *brindisi* to my father, in which Biblical, mythological, and floral figures swiftly follow each other; and then come verses to the delighted host and the gentleman from Cairo, and in

the facile, high-flown phrases glints now and then a flash of wit or an appropriate personal allusion, marking them, composed on the spur of the moment. Manner, attitude, and expression of rapt inspiration say clearly, "I know myself no less an artist in verse than an artist in hair."

Mary Argyle Taylor.

THE ELDER DUMAS.

IN his recent work on the elder Dumas,¹ Mr. A. F. Davidson has produced an eminently readable and entertaining book, illustrated by a series of twelve interesting portraits and caricatures, and furnished with a complete bibliography, containing a very large amount of information hitherto inaccessible to readers outside of France. Moreover, he seems to us to have performed a service long due to Dumas's memory, and one which should be welcomed by the reading public, by setting forth in their true light the character and talents of a man to whom nothing like full justice in this respect has ever been done. Dumas has been for so many years the property of all the world that it is quite time that the world should know the truth concerning him and his work; should know that if he was not the "literary giant," the "Colossus of genius and strength," which some too enthusiastic admirers have discovered in him, he is even less accurately described as the "father of humbug," or the "tawdry purveyor of books which he did not write."

Mr. Davidson has not attempted a complete and formal biography of Dumas. "After a fairly extensive study, during the last fifteen years, of Dumas and whatever has been written about

him," he says in his Preface, "it seemed to me that there was room for a coördination of facts which might represent, in justly balanced proportion, and with some pretense of accuracy, both the life of the man and the work of the author." And again: "None but a simpleton or an impostor would think to measure the length and breadth of Alexandre Dumas within the compass of one moderate volume. Any one, out of half a dozen aspects of the man, supplies material for a book as large as this. In fact . . . there does not exist in his own country any comprehensive and continuous work, biographical and literary, such as this is intended approximately to be."

The publication of the book coincided very nearly with the hundredth anniversary of Dumas's birth at Villers-Cotterets (Aisne), July 24, 1802. His paternal grandfather, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, representative of one branch of an ancient Norman family, emigrated, about 1760, to St. Domingo, where he took unto himself (but probably did not marry) a native woman named Marie Cessette Dumas. The strain of tropical blood inherited from this grandmother unquestionably counted for much in the character of Dumas, as it did in his physical appearance. The only child of this union, Thomas Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie, accompanied his father to Paris in 1778, after his mother's

¹ *Alexandre Dumas, his Life and Work*. By A. F. DAVIDSON. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1902.

death. There the young man, a fine specimen of tropical growth, but most distinctly *un homme de couleur*, found his social progress impeded by the prejudice of the aristocratic society of the old régime against a swarthy skin, and by the ungenerous treatment of his father, with whom he came to an open rupture after the marquis's marriage to a woman of his own class. "Thereupon," wrote the young man's son nearly seventy years later, "my father resolved to carve out his fortune with his sword, and enlisted in what was then (1786) the Queen's Dragoons." The marquis having stipulated that his name should not be borne by a common private, the young soldier enrolled himself under his mother's name of Dumas, dropping all of his baptismal names except Alexandre. With the death of the marquis soon after, the marquisate became extinct, "but the arms (three eagles) and the title were, fifty years later, claimed by the novelist and used by him in official designations. They had obviously," says Mr. Davidson, "only a burlesque value at a time when all the world had become familiar with the name of Alexandre Dumas."

The first bearer of the name, who speedily became one of the most brilliant and successful of the young generals developed by the Revolution, fell out with Napoleon during the Egyptian expedition, and passed his latter years in obscurity, under the ban of the imperial displeasure. He married in 1792 the daughter of an innkeeper at Villers-Cotterets. Of the validity of this marriage there is no possible question, although during the lifetime of the novelist it was not infrequently asserted that he was born out of wedlock, as his father probably and his son certainly were.

General Dumas was, as Mr. Davidson well says, "essentially the most admirable of the three men who have borne the name. . . . A simple heroic figure, fairly to be classed with Hoche

and Marceau, Joubert and Kléber . . . a man of single purpose and heroic deeds. Some few of his characteristics will appear to have been inherited by his son." He died at Villers-Cotterets in 1806, leaving his widow burdened with the care of two children (Alexandre, then four years old, and a sister some ten years his senior) and almost penniless.

Substantially the only authority for the story of Dumas's early years is his own ten volume compilation, *Mes Mémoires*, of which a large part of the first volume is devoted to traditions and anecdotes of the father whose memory he never ceased to revere. Indeed, whatever his faults in other domestic relations, he cannot justly be charged with lack of filial respect and affection: throughout all the *péripéties* of his extraordinary career, replete with every sort of interest, his mother, while she lived, was always the object of his tenderest care and solicitude; and her death, in 1838, caused him the most profound sorrow of his life. These *Mémoires*, which, except for a few brief allusions, do not carry the author's life beyond 1832, abound in information and anecdote upon all sorts of subjects. They were begun in 1852, when he was living at Brussels in voluntary exile, after the financial crash from which he never really recovered.

Those portions of Mr. Davidson's book which deal with Dumas's life rather than with his work are based mainly upon the *Mémoires* and upon the numerous volumes (between thirty and forty in the familiar duodecimo edition of Lévy) of *Impressions du Voyage*, in which he describes his travels in many European countries and in Africa. These volumes have been carefully weeded out, the facts and incidents related have been checked, whenever practicable, by reference to contemporary sources of information, and the result is an interesting and entertaining narrative, interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and containing ma-

terial from which the great Dumas, as he sometimes called himself, might have turned out more than one romance rivaling in interest many of those to which he owes his fame. Indeed, M. Blaze de Bury says that Dumas has told the story of the most important events of his life in his books, and has thereby obviated the necessity of a biographer. Of all his varied experiences there is none more characteristic and at the same time more amusing than his participation in the Revolution of July (1830), and his self-imposed mission to Soissons to obtain ammunition from the magazine there. Mr. Davidson gives to this episode a chapter by itself (*A Political Interlude*). Of Dumas's account of the Revolution itself he says: "Otherwise agreeing in all principal facts with the narratives of professed historians like Louis Blanc, the pages of Dumas present perhaps the best picture ever penned of what Paris in Revolutionary times looked like. The picture of course is colored — it would be ungracious to say over-colored — by the personality of the narrator, and the grouping of it is so arranged as to show us La Fayette, Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, and the rest flitting like pale shadows across a scene mainly occupied by Alexandre Dumas."

Lack of space makes it impossible for us to follow him through the many notable incidents of his career not connected with his literary work: his unique experiences as a government clerk; his relations with Louis Philippe and his sons; his marriage to one of his many "friends" of the gentle sex, because her unmarried presence with him at a state function was frowned upon by the Citizen King; his travels; the semi-political trip to Spain, and thence to Algiers on a government ship, of which he proceeded to make use as if it were his private yacht, to the scandal of the opposition and consequent interpellation and harassment of ministers; his experience as a landed proprietor, and the disastrous financial crash coming close

upon the construction of the gorgeous château of Monte Cristo at Saint-Germain; the exile at Brussels and the "Struggle to Retrieve;" the years of diminishing popularity and of growing disappointment and bitterness; and the pathetic end. It is our purpose to refer to one or two questions connected with Dumas's literary work, and especially with that part of it in which English and American readers are most deeply interested — the great novels. In the book before us more space is given to Dumas's work as a playwright than to his vast output in other branches of literature. This may be in accord with the fitness of things; it certainly is from Mr. Davidson's point of view, — the belief that Dumas's influence has been greatest in the sphere of the drama, which was especially his, and that M. Sardou justly called him the best all-round *homme de théâtre* of his century. Moreover Dumas began his career as a playwright; his name first became known to the world through his plays; and lastly, the instinct of the dramatist, the dramatic touch, are apparent in the least as in the greatest of his works: memoirs, notes of travel, history, fiction. The fact remains, however, that to English-speaking readers — at all events to that vast majority who are obliged to rely on translations — Dumas is known through his novels alone; and that for every one who has ever heard of Henri III., or Christine, or the Tour de Nesle, there are thousands who can say with Stevenson: "Yet a sixth time, dearest D'Artagnan, we shall kidnap Monk and take horse together for Belle Isle."

The great service for which we have to thank Mr. Davidson is his lucid and authoritative exposition of the facts concerning the degree of credit due to Dumas's collaborators for their share in the various works published under his name. It may be said in the first place that it was a natural assumption that no one mortal could produce, unassisted,

the enormous mass of material that was given to the world under the name of Alexandre Dumas in the twenty years succeeding 1830. (The Lévy edition contains upwards of three hundred volumes, and a very large proportion of the works now included therein first appeared before 1850.) Indeed, the fact that Dumas had collaborators from the very beginning was no secret; but the nature and extent of their collaboration, particularly in the works of fiction, were the subject of much controversy — savage and vindictive on the one side, contemptuous, yet good-humored, on the part of Dumas himself. The most determined attack upon him was made in 1844 by one “Eugène de Mirecourt” (born Jacquot), who, after failing to demolish him by presenting him to the Société des Gens de Lettres as an impostor and disgrace, published a pamphlet full of personalities and abuse, under the catchpenny title of *Fabrique des Romans: Maison Alexandre Dumas et Cie.* It was “spicy enough to meet with a ready sale and libelous enough to incur a fortnight’s imprisonment for its author. . . . It has in itself no importance, and neither then nor since has influenced any reputable critic.” But its echoes have never entirely died away; and even at the present day we sometimes hear it said that Dumas was not the author of one tenth of the books published under his name, but that he was an impostor incapable of writing anything good himself, and indebted for all his successes to the brains of others. The true story of this matter, as evolved by Mr. Davidson, is deeply interesting, if for no other reason, because it is probably without a parallel in the history of literature.

Dealing with what he calls “legitimate collaboration,” with which alone we are concerned in all those of Dumas’s works on which his reputation depends and which fall into the hands of the ordinary reader, Mr. Davidson says: “There is no need to shirk the

question. *Maison Dumas et Cie.* — why not? The fact, if not this way of putting it, was common enough in Paris at that time. It was brought about by the insistence of editors, publishers, and theatrical managers upon having some well-known name with which to attract the public; and all sophistry apart, the only difference between a commercial and a literary undertaking was, that in the former the firm might bear the name of one who took no active part in it, whereas in the latter honesty demanded that the name on the cover of the book should indicate a real and chief share in the work. To this condition the collaboration of Dumas conforms — that wonderful infusion of himself into others which, so far from belittling the man, has only in the course of time intensified the greatness of his individuality and power. . . . The various forms of collaboration may be reduced to two main classes, according to the nature of the principal partner’s share. . . . To the second category belong those works in which Dumas was responsible for the subject, and in this class come all the books written in partnership with Maquet,” and more particularly referred to below. “In such cases, after discussing the plan with his partner, Dumas’s habit was to draw up in outline a scheme of the whole, with the divisions and titles of chapters; then, when the assistant had filled in the outline, the MS. was handed to Dumas, who rewrote it with such additions and alterations as he thought fit.” Paul Lacroix, familiar to most book-lovers under the name of “Le Bibliophile Jacob,” was one of those who afforded Dumas most assistance, next to Maquet, and he wrote thus of their relations: “I used to dress his characters for him and locate them in the necessary surroundings, whether in old Paris or different parts of France at different periods. When he was, as often, in difficulties on some matter of archæology, he used to send one of his secretaries to me to ask perhaps for an

accurate account of the appearance of the Louvre in the year 1600. I used to revise his proofs, make corrections as to historical points, and sometimes write whole chapters."

Many anecdotes bear witness to the unruffled good temper with which Dumas met the virulent attacks upon him in relation to this matter. The critic Quérard having made the assertion that one part of *Monte Cristo* was written by Fiorentino and the other by Maquet, Dumas, after demonstrating the facts of the case, added: "After all it was so natural to think that I had written it!" He once called upon a magistrate of Bourg-en-Bresse, a local antiquarian of some note, to make an inquiry concerning certain facts that he proposed to work into one of his novels. "Ah!" said the magistrate, "so you are going to write a novel *yourself* this time?" "Yes," was the reply; "I hired my valet to do the last one, but as it was very successful, the rascal demanded such an exorbitant increase of wages that to my great regret I have had to part with him."

It is a most significant fact that the relations between Dumas and his assistants were generally excellent, especially when we consider their number: the bibliography furnished by Mr. Davidson names more than twenty, of whom about a third had some share in the production of the great mass of fiction. Maquet was the only one of them all with whom there was any falling out, and the breach with him was of pecuniary rather than literary origin. Maquet stands upon an entirely different footing from the rest; and his relations with Dumas demand a few words of more detailed explanation. He was originally a lecturer at the Collège Charlemagne, but for a number of years had been known as a writer of stories and verses when, in 1839, his association with Dumas began, through assistance furnished by the latter in the construction of a drama. Dumas, then

known almost exclusively as a playwright, had begun to cherish the idea of popularizing French history, which he had had occasion to dip into more or less in connection with certain of his dramas. Ambitious to do for the history of his country what Scott had recently done for the history of Scotland, he needed some one to look after the costumes and scenery. It happened that Maquet had written a short story called *Jean Buvat*, dealing with the Cellamare conspiracy against the Regent d'Orléans. As he had been unable to dispose of it, he carried it to Dumas (1843), who expanded it into a long romance, renamed it *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, and secured for it the *feuilleton* space in *Le Siècle*, paying Maquet twelve hundred francs for his share, in place of the hundred francs he had tried vainly to obtain. So began this most notable of literary partnerships. Maquet was grateful; he was a student of history, "an unwearied rummager of documents;" and for the next ten years the two worked together in perfect harmony, the result of their collaboration being the whole collection of historical romances by which Dumas is best known to us: the *D'Artagnan* series, the *Valois* series, the *Revolution* series (except *La Comtesse de Charny*, which was written after their rupture), and *Monte Cristo*; to say nothing of other less known books. During their association they were never far apart, and "between the two a ceaseless stream of messengers came and went, bearing copy. In the course of time this *fidus Achates* developed powers of invention and description which made him far more than the mere searcher-out of facts he was at the outset. . . . Yet never till the breach between them came did he claim a position of equality. . . . Bankruptcy is a terrible solvent of friendship; and when Maquet, to whom considerable arrears of salary were due, found himself in the position of an ordinary creditor and entitled only to

twenty-five per cent, which the other creditors had agreed to accept, it occurred to him that he might assert his right to be joint-author instead of mere collaborator, a right which would involve the appearance of his name with that of Dumas on the novels they had written together, and an equal share in any profits arising from these books. Twice the case came before the courts. . . . In both cases Maquet's claim was disallowed, though his share in the production of eighteen works was recognized; and with this barren honor he had to be content. The legal proceedings add nothing to what has already been said on the nature of the collaboration, but they leave us convinced of two things: first, that, as a matter of equity, Maquet ought to have been described as co-author; and secondly, that, as a matter of literature, he was not the essential author. Dumas without Maquet would have been Dumas; what would Maquet have been without Dumas?" To illustrate this point we have an anecdote concerning Ange Pitou (1853), the last book in which Maquet had any share. "Maquet had been making researches at the library and came to Dumas with a mass of information about the hero, who was to be traced back to Louis Pithon, one of the authors of *La Satire Menippée*. . . . Dumas thereupon made an agreement with Le Constitutionnel for the story, receiving an installment of the money in advance. As ill luck would have it, a disagreement with Maquet — the beginning of their quarrel — supervened. Dumas, bound by contract to supply Le Constitutionnel, had no time to look up the antecedents of Ange Pitou, and for that matter he did not know where to look. And so, like a brave man, he cut the difficulty by constructing a Pitou whose early years were passed in Villers-Cotterets, and whose early experiences were those of Alexandre Dumas! So little in reality did he, except as a luxury, depend on the help of others."

On this whole subject, we may, with Mr. Davidson, leave the last word with M. Blaze de Bury, whose book on Dumas (*Sa Vie, Son Temps, Son Œuvre*, Paris, 1885) is more comprehensive than any other French work, and who knew more about the subject than most people. He says: "Dumas in a way collaborated with every one. From an anecdote he made a story, from a story he made a romance, from a romance he made a drama; and he never let go an idea until he had extracted from it everything that it could yield him. Admit — as the critics will have it — his collaboration, plagiarism, imitation: he possessed himself what no one could give him; and this we know because we have seen what his assistants did when they were working on their own account and separately from him."

In connection with what Mr. Davidson calls a "reasoned résumé" of all the more familiar stories, he discusses another much vexed question, to wit, the historical value of Dumas's "historical romances." In the judgment of one who had occasion several years ago to investigate this subject with some care, the conclusions arrived at are eminently fair; if they err at all, it is in claiming too little rather than too much. "Let us grant at once to the author of dramatic historical romance the privilege of regulating facts and marshaling them for effect. Otherwise how can he realize that famous ideal which Dumas set before himself, of 'elevating history to the dignity of romance'? 'Inaccuracies,' then, or 'elevations' — many such may be discovered, . . . yet these, and some 'extra-historical' incidents, are but the acknowledged licenses of fiction, with which none but a pedant will quarrel. The more important question is: What impression of the main characters and events of French history will these romances leave on a reader who knows French history only through them? Will such a one on the whole see right? Doubtless, yes. About the

course of religious strife, of domestic intrigue, of foreign policy, he will gather little which serious history would have him unlearn. And as to the persons of the drama, admit that their characters are modeled on the traditional and popular view; it is always possible that this view, formed at or near the time itself, may be the truest. . . . For Dumas it has to be said that whenever he touches history — in novels, plays, or studies — he has the true historical instinct; without either faculty or inclination for the drudgery of analysis, he somehow arrives at a synthesis quite as convincing as any that can be reached by the most minute methods." In some of the less well-known works, for instance *Olympe de Clèves* (temp. Louis XV.), which Mr. Henley calls a masterpiece of fiction, and in which Dumas had the valuable help of Lacroix, this truth is quite as apparent as in the more familiar ones. In this one respect the historical romances of Dumas are superior, if that be the proper word, to the *Waverley* Novels, but for which the former would probably not have been written.

Every reader may determine for himself the measure of Dumas's great indebtedness to Scott in this and other respects. Mr. Davidson's parallel between the two is drawn with skill, but we must confine our excerpts to one epigrammatic sentence: "Scott wooed the Muse of History as a sedate and courteous lover; Dumas chucked her under the chin and took her out for a jaunt." This, by the way, recalls another equally happy comparison, drawn in connection with an entirely distinct subject of discussion. "Monte Cristo resumes and sublimates Dumas the *conteur*, and Edmond Dantès is the ideal Dumas. In some respects the idol is close to the real. Type and anti-type, the one is an ardent lover, so is the other; the first, with his jewels and fine clothes, is not a little vain, so is the second; both have traveled the wide world over, and read or learned about all things.

Dantès has usurped the functions of Providence, Dumas is not averse from that rôle — a prophet, if only the rulers would listen to him; Dantès has become a millionaire, Dumas was at one time on that way; Dantès flings his money broadcast, Dumas does likewise; Dantès discharges his debts and even those of others, Dumas — well, every analogy must break down somewhere." It may be noted here that the most enthralling part of the story of *Monte Cristo*, that is to say, the beginning, including the escape from the *Château d'If*, was an afterthought, prefixed to a story of which the middle and the end had already been outlined.

In his final chapter, *The Real Dumas and Others*, Mr. Davidson discusses the many-sided character of Dumas with absolute fairness and impartiality, not as an advocate, but as a just judge, giving due weight to his many and glaring faults, but seeking, and it seems to us with success, to defend him from the exaggerated and unjust aspersions which would make of him not only a monster of dishonesty and hypocrisy in letters, but of the grossest immorality, if not of downright wickedness, in his private life. Here again each reader must be left to form his own judgment; we venture to quote an additional sentence or two upon the general subject of Dumas's moral standing in literature, to show the author's method of treatment. "Dumas has survived the excess both of eulogy and of abuse. What is more, he has survived the purposed slight of those who ignore him when discussing French literature of the nineteenth century, and the polite condescension of those who consider him as a meritorious amuser of children. The condescenders, it must be said, have no alarming altitude from which to climb down; they are mostly men who from lack of the creative faculty make much of the critical, and no one is simpler to criticise than Dumas. To such minds his fecundity, his ease, and his rapidity are

an offense. The man of one labored book cannot forgive the man of a facile hundred. . . . Therefore the literary crimes of Dumas have been paraded, some of them inconsistent with others. It is said that he was neither original nor justly unoriginal; that he was careless and unscrupulous about facts and utterly deficient in style; that he wrote too much, and was a reckless and lucky improviser; that he wrote nothing and lived by the sweat of other men's brows; that he degraded literature to the position of a dubious though profitable commerce; that by sheer force of swagger he imposed himself upon his fellow creatures; and much else. . . . But, in truth, any views of him which imply design or deliberation are false and ridiculous. . . . Dumas had no style, it is said; and certainly, if by 'style' be meant that body of mannerisms which one author affects in order to distinguish himself from others, he has nothing of the sort." The truth of this last statement will be readily apparent to one who considers how much less Dumas suffers by translation than Balzac, Daudet, and others, who have such distinguishing mannerisms in a greater or less degree, whether affected or not. Although there has been no English version of the more famous romances nearly so adequate, from a literary standpoint, as those of some volumes of the *Comédie Humaine* and of some of Daudet's masterpieces of literary art, the result of a comparison with the original is much less satisfactory with respect to the last two. This is due, doubtless, not only to the absence of a distinctive "style," but to what Mr. Davidson characterizes as "the one true and serious reproach against his work," that "it seldom indicated thought in the writer and hardly ever provokes thought in the reader. . . . 'He makes us,' as some one said, 'turn over the pages, but he never makes us meditate.' . . . What he did was to absorb such lines of thought as were in the air around

him, and to put them — either by raising or by lowering — on the exact level of popular appreciation. He did this in his dramas, he did it notably in his historical novels; and he did it always in a way of his own, by feeling rather than by understanding."

With all his limitations (Mr. Davidson justly denies him the epithet of "great," but attributes to him genius, in the sense of "the possession and use of natural gifts"), Dumas has for two generations maintained an honorable place among the authors most popular with English and American readers; nor are his admirers confined to the rank and file only, for no one has ever been more sanely enthusiastic in his praise than have two of these men whom most of us delight to honor. "If I am to choose virtues for myself or my friends," said Stevenson, "let me choose the virtues of D'Artagnan. I do not say that there is no character as well drawn in Shakespeare; I do say that there is none that I love so wholly. . . . No part of the world has ever seemed to me so charming as these pages; and not even my friends are quite so real, perhaps quite so dear, as D'Artagnan."¹ The humblest of us need not be ashamed to confess our liking for the creator of a character of whom this was said, even though the facts that lie at the basis of the story were gathered by Maquet from the *Mémoires d'Artagnan* by Courtills de Sandras, which, by the way, have recently been translated into English for the benefit of those who may desire to know how much Dumas borrowed from them. But if Stevenson's sanction be insufficient for our justification, let us turn to that one of the Roundabout Papers (*On a Lazy Idle Boy*) in which Thackeray tells of a visit to Chur in the Grisons, and of a boy whom he fell in with on one of his walks, so absorbed in a book he was reading as to be utterly oblivious to aught else.

¹ Gossip upon a novel of Dumas (*Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*).

"What was it that fascinated the young student as he stood by the river shore? Not the Pons Asinorum. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world? . . . Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a *novel* that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If, cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself — novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing) — cutting himself out of the sack and swimming to the

island of Monte Cristo! O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes."

But all this is by the way; most of us have read and enjoyed *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Reine Margot* without knowing or caring what others thought of them. We repeat that the greatest service Mr. Davidson has rendered by his book is the dispelling of that vague feeling of uncertainty as to whether our interest and emotion are aroused and rearoused by the pen of some nameless, hired writer, or by the fertile imagination of the "immortal quadroon" himself.

George B. Ives.

HIGGINSON'S LONGFELLOW.¹

THE most noteworthy feature in Colonel Higginson's recently published life of Longfellow is the presentation of a considerable amount of fresh biographical material. The first of these new contributions consists in extracts from the manuscript correspondence of Mary Potter Longfellow. With this aid he has drawn a most attractive picture of the wife of the poet's youth. The slender library of "selections of elegant poems from the best authors" with their pathetic marked passages, and the letters full of unaffected delight in the sights of Europe and of amiable criticism of the people she met, produce the impression of a charming personality, to which Colonel Higginson has now for the first time given due importance among the influences on Longfellow's early manhood. The letters, too, have occasionally an interest beyond the biographical. Thus,

¹ *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. [American Men of

writing from London to her mother in 1835, she says: "Mr. Carlyle of Craigenputtock was soon after announced, and passed an half hour with us much to our delight. He has very unpolished manners, and broad Scottish accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful to listen to him. Perhaps you have read some of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. He invited us to take tea with him at Chelsea, where they now reside. We were as much charmed with Mrs. C[arlyle] as with her husband. She is a lovely woman, with very simple and pleasing manners. She is also very talented and accomplished, and how delightful it is to see such modesty combined with such power to please." Again, "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle have more genuine worth and talent than half the nobility in London. Mr. Carlyle's literary fame

Letters.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

is very high, and she is a very talented woman — but they are people after my own heart — not the least pretension about them.” Such comment throws as pleasant a light on the Longfellows as on the Carlyles, and not every visitor to Chelsea has recorded his impressions so frankly and come off with impunity.

The second source of the new material is the Harvard College Papers in the University Library. From these Mr. Higginson is able to throw light upon the academic side of the poet's career. It appears that he had to fight for his department against the tyranny of the classics, that he was an early advocate of the elective system, and that in money matters he found the corporation more impressed with the necessity of economizing the college funds than with the beauty of generosity to its teachers. So we learn that things were not all so very different sixty years ago. The biographer's personal experience enables him to give a pleasant picture of his former teacher's courtesy and skill in the classroom. On the whole, this section of the book is perhaps the most valuable.

Less convincing is the endeavor to show by extracts from Longfellow's earlier writings “the origin and growth of his lifelong desire to employ American material and to help the creation of a native literature.” But the undergraduate dialogue on Indians and the Commencement Oration on Our Native Writers, though they are indications of natural youthful interests, even when taken in connection with Hiawatha and Evangeline, hardly suffice to prove that American nationalism was either the main aim or a prevailing characteristic of Longfellow's literary production. Neither the Indian nor the French Acadian is a serious factor in American civilization, and, as far as national feeling is concerned, Hiawatha and Evangeline might have been written by any English-speaking poet. Nor do the slavery poems, or those touched with local color

or politics, prove Colonel Higginson's point. Americanism in the sense in which we apply the word to Bret Harte or Mark Twain, or in which Mr. Kipling defines it in *An American*, is not to be found in Longfellow, even in germ. He shows no consciousness of its existence, and consequently no effort to express it. Colonel Higginson himself quotes from one of the poet's letters these words: “A national literature is the expression of national character and thought; and as our character and modes of thought do not differ essentially from those of England, our literature cannot.” Longfellow may not have foreseen how the two nations were to diverge, but he was acute enough to recognize that it was absurd to seek to build up, in the phrase and spirit of “the prospectus of a new magazine in Philadelphia,” “a national literature worthy of the country of Niagara — of the land of forests and eagles.”

In other words, the position taken by Mr. Wendell in his *Literary History of America* is not seriously threatened by the new collection of evidence in the volume under review. Longfellow was a man of letters, and as a poet derived his chief inspiration, not from forests and eagles, but from the literature and art of Europe. These possessed his imagination, and, whatever his ostensible theme, it was in the European spirit that he treated it. And it is no minimizing of his service to his contemporaries to say that it mainly consisted in opening to them the treasures of Continental literary tradition, — a tradition of which he had a finer appreciation than any American had yet attained. In this aspect the professor and the poet are one.

Colonel Higginson thinks that “up to the present moment no serious visible reaction has occurred in the case of Longfellow.” It is to be feared that his faith will not be universally shared. Only his own closeness to his subject explains how he can fail to be aware

of the attitude of the younger generation toward the poetry of Longfellow. Whether the reaction is justified is another matter, but reaction there surely is. The numerical test of which Colonel Higginson gives some interesting instances will probably still hold both here and abroad, but if the figures could be gathered from the literary class the result would assuredly be different. This is easy enough to understand. Longfellow, though rich in allusion, was never precious, never eccentric, never obscure, and those who sniff at him to-day are apt to be enamored of just those qualities. American poets of the rising generation are in general no more spontaneous, no more free from tradition in phrase and figure than he was, but they are often affected and usually difficult to understand. If this be distinction, Longfellow had none of it. He was always simple in thought and expression, always healthy, always sincere, always well bred. He uttered clearly and melodiously the old inherited wisdom, and if, as Colonel Higginson says, "he will never be read for the profoundest stirring, or for the unlocking of the deepest mysteries, he will always be read for invigoration, for comfort, for content." He had quiet humor, gentle pathos, the power of telling a story and of suggesting an atmosphere, and these may well suffice to maintain for him an audience that does not demand the originality and profundity of the great old masters, or the subtlety and complexity of the little new ones.

The danger which an author incurs from the lack of a clear conception of his probable public is particularly great in the case of short biographies such as those in the series to which the present volume belongs. In the large official "life," no matters of fact dealing with the immediate subject are taken for granted; in the appreciative essay, all such are merely alluded to or assumed altogether. But in a book of the present type, the ideal is to supply all

the essential facts likely to be required by the outsider, yet to do this so freshly and succinctly as not to tire those who are familiar with them, and to leave space for individual criticism and a personal estimate.

Colonel Higginson, in spite of his interest in the literature of the day, has found it hard to realize what a new generation may not know about Longfellow, and he has been acutely conscious of how much his own neighbors and contemporaries do know. He has consequently at times failed to relate things which the intelligent reader of another place or generation might fairly expect to be told; and he has sought, on the other hand, to interest those who have inherited the Cambridge tradition by gleanings material not hitherto presented. From this spring both the defects and the value of his book.

The value has already been indicated in what has been said of the new contributions. One or two illustrations will show the nature of the defects. Nowhere in the volume does the author mention Longfellow's religious affiliation. Now this is not merely a matter of curiosity; for Longfellow's Unitarianism is an important fact in the light of his consistently cheerful faith in human nature, and of the absence of black shadows in his picture of human life. Further, we are told of his friendship with Emerson, but the nature and extent of his relations to the Transcendental movement are left unexplained. Doubtless every one on Brattle Street knows, but Colonel Higginson's audience has no such narrow limits, and it is conceivable that there are readers who need to be told.

Again, although there are novelty and value in what is said about the period during which Longfellow held the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, the significance and influence of that chair are not touched upon. Yet, outside of Harvard circles, there must be many who do not know

that in that position Ticknor, followed by Longfellow and Lowell, began the study of the literature of modern Continental Europe in American colleges. The relation of this fact to the influence of Longfellow's literary work on the country at large needs only to be suggested.

In his final summing up, Colonel Higginson is admirably quiet and restrained. He gives full credit to Longfellow for the qualities which are fairly his, and he is justly enthusiastic over his blameless character and the charm of his personality. Of these he can

speak with authority, and his presentation of them is marked by the assurance that comes from first-hand acquaintance. Probably no one will ever give us a knowledge of Longfellow intimate as our knowledge of some poets is intimate, for the absence of passion in him prevented that laying open of the springs of feeling to which we owe the fact that we know some great men as we know ourselves. But to the external portraiture, which is all we get of more reserved natures, Colonel Higginson has made a contribution of substantial value.

William Allan Neilson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

CLEVERNESS.

I.

It is impossible to give any sort of attention to the passing show of fiction without being struck and struck again with the extreme cleverness of the performance. This suggests the fact that the quality of popular literature is bound to reflect the quality in life which is most desired by the people. Never has the race more sharply enjoyed its sportsmanship. Even the stout Anglo-Saxon, though he takes satisfaction in the existence of an ethical standard, finds his recreation in spectacles of adroitness. The sleight-of-hand and aplomb of the wheat operator makes the American breathe hard, and the Briton smiles outright over the triumphant ruses of the diplomat. Naturally, therefore, the public is not going to put up with any kind of dullness or clumsiness in art, and, by the only step that remains to be taken, is ready to put up with almost any kind of cleverness. What it really enjoys is a certain brilliancy, sometimes of a smooth workmanship which it does

not perceive to be simply imitative, and sometimes of a dashing irregularity which it takes for a sign of genius: not to say that this public has any concern with empirical exercises of the pen. The issue of style, the cry of art for art's sake, has never been generally listened to in England or America. We are too practical and straightforward for that. We do not require quite everything to be written in dialect, but we have a liking for English which is not ashamed to own kinship with the vernacular. The cleverness of the stylist or of the coterie has little attraction and no danger for us, therefore. According to our several degrees, we nod over our Paters or wonder over our Maeterlincks, and pass on to matters which interest us.

The public can, to be sure, feel no perfectly justifiable pride in the alternative choice, whether it happens to fall upon imitative cleverness or "freak" cleverness. Why should the affectations of a Hewlett be creditable simply because of their archaic flavor? And why should

the hysterical confidences of a morbid precocity have recently gained our serious attention simply because they were cleverly "made up"? Is this to be our conception of originality, that a man shall say things queerly, or a woman say queer things? Surely if the choosing of bizarre phrases or the employment of such literary motifs as the toothbrush are to be treated as manifestations of genius, the critic cannot do better than betake himself once more to the amiable consideration of Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

We have in America a special susceptibility to any unusual sort of cleverness, a fondness for surprise, based, it may be, upon a sense (which underlies our agreeable theory of his capability) of the essential commonplaceness of the average man. We like to think of Lincoln as a rail-splitter whom Fate, in a spirit of bravado, deputed to illustrate the futility of the old monarchic idea. We do not, however, hold the theory that every rail-splitter possesses the genius which clearly belonged to Lincoln; and we compromise by dwelling upon the infinite cleverness of the man, — a quality more comprehensible because capable of development by outward circumstance, but a quality quite apart from his genius. This is not good for us. We need especially to cultivate the habit of contemplating the supreme expression of personality in life and art which is the product of genuine inspiration. If that product is not to be achieved even by means of "an infinite capacity for taking pains," it is obviously unattainable by any effort of irresponsible cleverness. Since we cannot satisfy ourselves with the idea of literature at its best as a commodity prepared by conscientious labor, we ought not, either, to let ourselves look upon it as a kind of sublimated Yankee notion.

¹ *In the Fog*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: R. H. Russell. 1902.

II.

Imitative cleverness on both sides of the water continues to find a favorite model in the work of Louis Stevenson. One of Mr. Davis's recent stories¹ is worthy of a place in *The New Arabian Nights*, and Mr. Morrison's spirited tale² of the old London waterside is a landsman's *Treasure Island*. Nothing can be said against this sort of book so long as it does not pretend to the rank of original creative work. Indeed, the time is hardly come as yet for the final placing of Stevenson's own fiction in that aspect. Excessive cleverness was his foe; so that if *Weir of Hermiston* were not an indubitable though fragmentary monument of higher powers we might not be sure that he was really more than a "restaurateur," as the Chelsea prophet in an atrabiliar mood called Sir Walter. Stevenson was at least clever in a reasonable way, so that we cannot help looking with patience upon current imitations of his wholesome method.

Our present responsiveness to an irregular and decadent cleverness is another matter. Doubtless this eager hearkening to the strange voice is due partly to our anxiety to miss nothing original; but there is a good deal of idle curiosity about it, too. The swaggering journal of the ignorant girl whose name filled the national mouth not long since was pitiful enough; but the public upon whose gaping attention the young egotist rightly reckoned became a full sharer in the pitifulness of the situation. In that case allowances were possible that do not appear to be called for by later books which express a similar condition of morbid sensibility. More than one of them have appeared in well-known magazines, and are the work of experienced writers. They are nevertheless paltry in theme and hysterical in treat-

² *The Hole in the Wall*. By ARTHUR MORRISON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

ment, records of the emotional experience of "intense" persons whose lamentableness even is not impressive because their characters are insignificant. Let us have our delineations of the average person, by all means, our Laphams and our Kentons; in their society we shall at least be in no danger of confounding character — the real stuff of personality — with temperament, which is a minor though showy ingredient thereof.

III.

Unfortunately our clever writing loves to deal with temperament, especially with the "artistic temperament," whatever that is. Its possessor appears to be a figure particularly to the mind of the feminine novelist. She finds in it, perhaps, a grateful means of accounting for the uncomfortable behavior of the Orsino type of man, with his giddy and infirm fancies, and his complacent self-absorption. What sort of morality can one expect of a person who threatens to be inspired at any moment? The rougher sex does not share George Eliot's tenderness for Ladislaw, or Mrs. Ward's consideration for Manisty. It chooses to fancy the masculine character an integer, at the cost, if need be, of cleverness. It prefers an Orlando, a John Ridd, or (to cite the latest example) a Captain Macklin, to the shuffling and emotional creatures in masculine garb in which women seem to find some unaccountable fascination. Seriously, is irresponsibility, masculine or feminine, so absorbing a theme as to deserve its present prominence in fiction? Even Mr. Barrie's Tommy, a sad enough spectacle in all conscience, was not half so dreary as these weak-kneed and limber-souled little gentlemen whom we are now required to hear

about. Among considerable novels recently produced by women I think of seven or eight in which the central male person boasts the artistic temperament. In a few cases the problem of temperament is complicated by some fatal determination of heredity. In *The Winding Road*¹ the hero, as usual, sacrifices his womankind, but less in his inalienable right as a possessor of the artistic temperament than as an inevitable result of the *Wanderlust* which burns in his gypsy blood. In *Wistons*² the situation is reduced to its barest elements, for the hero is not only irresponsible but futile; a will-o'-the-wisp, mere temperament, without enough character about him to suggest even dimly a personality. The human sacrifices upon the altar of his temperament appear more than ordinarily unprofitable. Other effective properties beside heredity are elsewhere introduced, as in the case of the hero who turns out to be the owner of a creditable cancer, which is employed at the eleventh hour to draw off the venom of one's contempt for his character.

But if the public is content with this sort of hero, it must be content also with such methods as he might himself (if he ever did anything) be capable of employing. Nothing is to be managed quite naturally or straightforwardly. Everything must be "original," that is, out of the ordinary, unexpected, strained if necessary, but somehow different. Hence arises the vogue of the writer whose manner is full of petty tricks and inventions. Here is the opportunity for masters of cheap aphorism like H. S. Merriman, and for cool and witty chroniclers of smart life like John Oliver Hobbes. The popularity of such work may remind us afresh that the greater public is in matters of taste perennially an undergraduate. His latest book³ would suggest that Mr.

¹ *The Winding Road*. By ELIZABETH GODFREY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1902.

² *Wistons*. By MILES AMBER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

³ *The Vultures*. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

Merriman has pretty much exhausted his aphoristic exchequer without having acquired the deep sense of life in character which we should be more than willing to accept in exchange. In *Love and the Soul Hunters*¹ Mrs. Craigie gives another of her brilliantly cynical pictures of rather vulgar life above the salt. The princely hero is yet another example of the terrible temperament; though it is pleasant to admit that when in the end his inexplicable charm is rewarded by the hand of a girl greatly beneath him, and much too good for him, he is beginning to show signs of character.

IV.

Admirers of this popular conception of the artist may perhaps be disappointed in two recent heroes who have been treated in a different spirit. *Oliver Horn*² and *Paul Kelter*³ are both sturdy and tolerably steady young men, though they do not look altogether promising upon first acquaintance. They do escape the mud-bath, and in the end each of them is permitted to achieve a success in his own sort of art without ceasing to be a respectable citizen or a reliable lover. Mr. Smith is of course a more experienced writer of serious fiction, and nature has given him a more regular cleverness. His story is therefore told more simply, with an action perfectly direct and unencumbered by irrelevances. The real theme is once again the familiar portraiture of the Southern gentleman of the old school. The young Oliver, in spite of the fact that one suspects the existence of an autobiographical touch here and there, is evidently far less in the mind of the author than Richard Horn. The setting of the type is extraordinary; for if the old man is in prejudice and breeding an aristocrat, he is also a good deal else:

¹ *Love and the Soul Hunters*. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. New York: The Funk and Wagnalls Co. 1902.

a man of practical ability and versatile accomplishments. Imagine a Colonel Carter endowed with ripe culture, by profession an inventor of electrical appliances, by training an expert musician, swordsman, and what not — and one will have a notion of Mr. Smith's new and confessedly paradoxical embodiment of a favorite type.

Mr. Jerome has labored under the disadvantage of an unfamiliar medium and an irregular method. Many scenes and passages in *Paul Kelter* are marked by the sort of extraneous cleverness which used to baffle one in Dickens. There is a machinery of ghostly and sentimental reminiscence which hails too patent-ly from *Gadshill*, and a frequency of farcical episodes which serve to dim the effect of the main narrative, as they too often did in the later work of the great Boz. But the narrative itself, stripped of its embellishments and superfluities, possesses real power. Paul is neither prig nor rascal, and Norah is neither fine lady nor fool. Altogether one is grateful, if a little surprised, that Mr. Jerome has done more than merely resist the temptation to be whimsical. It is much for the writer of long-standing reputation for cleverness to lift himself even momentarily above it.

V.

A contrary tendency is, it seems, to be observed in the recent work of Mr. Barrie. The whimsicality which in *A Window in Thrums* and *Margaret Ogilvy* kept to its rightful place as a palliative accessory of deep feeling is coming more and more to insist upon being heard for its own sake. The writer has the advantage of a taking personality and a confidentially sympathetic method. But though he might probably increase his audience by it, we must hope that he

² *Oliver Horn*. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

³ *Paul Kelter*. By JEROME K. JEROME. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

will not allow his growing taste for whimsical paradox to get quite the upper hand. The *Little White Bird*¹ is much less fundamentally shocking than *Sentimental Tommy* was; but in manner it is even more coquettish and inconsequent, full of cleverness, and in consequence not infrequently tiresome. I do not think Mr. Barrie, except in his *Jess* and *Margaret*, has given us any distinct personalities. His studies are, in fact, in human nature rather than human character. He is a congener of *Sterne* without *Sterne's* instinct for concrete characterization. *Walter Shandy* and *Uncle Toby* find no counterpart in reality among the amusing *Tommies* and pathetic *Grizels* of Mr. Barrie.

It is a curious fact that the three modern English novelists from whom most is now looked for should be ingenious commentators rather than creators. Mr. Meredith and Mr. James, as well as Mr. Barrie, so delight in talking about their persons and events as to impede the action and confuse the reader's conception of the characters. As pure fiction the status of such work is dubious, but we may well afford to have it so — with the compensations. These ingenious, satirical, sympathetic, discursive essays, with illustrations, constitute an invaluable commentary upon contemporary life. Only, there is the danger, evident in each of these in-

stances, of too great exercise of ingenuity, of a growing appetite for subtlety and paradox, which are the wine and caviare of the literary feast, and not at all good to live on. For there follows upon the gratification of this taste a tendency to have recourse to superficial clevernesses of style which should be left to those who have nothing better to offer. Surely, without enslaving ourselves to classical or alien models, we cannot help feeling that our strife should now be, not toward an art ornate and irregular, an art overborne, and even warped, by cleverness, but toward an art pure and round and balanced, free from arbitrary mannerism and meretricious embellishment. By extraneous expedients, we now know, the effects of veritable genius are likely to be obscured rather than enhanced. Hardly elsewhere than in Homer do we see cleverness held firmly in its proper place as a confidential servant of Genius. Shakespeare made a boon companion of it, and Milton, not always without awkwardness, waited upon himself. Lowell was altogether too clever for that best kind of success which Hawthorne, with his utter lack of cleverness, did not fail to attain. Byron's work now suffers from the difficulty of estimating it apart from its cleverness; while the gold in the poetry of Wordsworth, who never had a clever moment, is easily freed from the dross.

H. W. Boynton.

OF LIONEL JOHNSON.

1867-1902.

AN early death has lately robbed the world of letters in England of its one critic of the first rank in this generation. Poet-minds of the Arnold breed, with what may be called the hush of scholarship laid upon their full energies

¹ *The Little White Bird.* By J. M. BARRIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

and animations, must necessarily grow rarer and rarer, in a world ever more noisy and more superficial. They cannot expect now the fostering cloistral conditions which were finally disturbed by the great Revolution. Yet they still find themselves here, in a state of royal dispossession, and live on as they can.

Of these was Lionel Johnson. In criticism, though he seemed to care so little about acknowledging, preserving, and collecting what he wrote, he was nobly able to "beat his music out;" his potential success lay there, perhaps, rather than in the exercise of his singularly lovely and austere poetic gift. But this is not saying that he was more critic than poet. On the contrary, he was all poet; and the application of the poet's touchstone to human affairs, whether in art or in ethics, was the very thing which gave its extraordinary elasticity and balance to his prose work. Being what he was, a selfless intelligence, *right judgments came easy* to him, and to set them down, at the eligible moment, was mere play. He had lived more or less alone from his boyhood, but alone with eternal thoughts and classic books. Whenever he spoke, there was authority in the speech colored by companionship with the great of his own election: with Plato; Lucretius and Virgil; Augustine; Shakespeare. His capacity for admiration was immense, though in the choice of what was admirable he was quite uncompromising. Beyond that beautiful inward exaction, "the chastity of honor," he was naturally inclined to the charities of interpretation. He gave them, but he asked them not, and would not thank you for your casual approval, except by his all-understanding smile. Neither vanity, ambition, nor envy ever so much as breathed upon him, and, scholar that he was, he had none of the limitations common to scholars, for he was without fear, and without prejudice.

A striking feature in the make-up of his mind was its interplay and counterpoise of contrasts. Full of worship and wonder (and a certain devout sense of indebtedness kept him, as by a strict rubric of his own, an allusive and a quoting writer), he was also full of an almost fierce uninfluenced independence. With a great vocabulary, his game was always to pack close, and thin out, his

words. Impersonal as Pan's pipe to the audience of *The Chronicle* or *The Academy*, he became intensely subjective the moment he reached his intimate, sparsely inhabited fatherland of poesy. His utterance, as daring in its opposite way as Mr. John Davidson's, has laid bare some of the deepest secrets of the spirit. And side by side with them lie etched on the page the most delicate little landscapes, each as happily conceived as if "the inner eye" and "the eye on the object," of both of which Wordsworth speaks, were one and the same.

One might have thought, misled by Lionel Johnson's strongly philosophic fibre, his habits of a recluse simplicity, his faith in minorities, his patrician old-fashioned tastes, that he would have ranged himself with the abstract critics, with Joubert and Vauvenargues, rather than with Sainte-Beuve. But it was another of his surprising excellencies that he was never out of tune with cosmic externals, and the aspirations of to-day. Into these his brain had a sort of detached angelic insight. His earliest book, published while he was very young, was not about some subtlety of Attic thought: it was a masterly exposition of *The Art* of Thomas Hardy. To have dwelt first with all divine exclusions for housemates is to be safeguarded when time drives one forth among its necessary acceptances and accretions. This same relevance and relativity of our friend, this open dealing with the nearest interest, was his strength; he not only did not shrink from contemporary life, but bathed in the apprehension of it as joyously as in a mountain stream. How significant, how full of fresh force, have been his many unsigned reviews! Nothing so broad, so sure, so penetrating, has been said, in little, elsewhere, of such very modern men as Renan and William Morris.

It is perhaps less than exact to claim that Lionel Johnson had no prejudices. All his humilities and tolerances did not

hinder his humorous depreciation of the Teutonic intellect; and he liked well King Charles II.'s word for it — "foggy." Heine, that "Parisianized Jew," was his only love made in Germany. Non-scientific, anti-mathematical, he was a genuine Oxonian: a recruit, as it were, for transcendentalism and the White Rose. His studies were willful and concentrated; he never tried to extend his province into a thorough understanding, for instance, of arts which he relished, like music and sculpture. And, discursive as his national sympathies certainly were, he was never out of the British Isles. In all such lateral matters, he saw the uses of repression, if his calling was to be not a dilettante impulse, but the sustained and unwasted passion of a lifetime. Culture in him, it is truly needless to say, was not miscellaneous information; as in Newman's perfect definition, it was "the command over his own faculties, and the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass." He had an amazing and most accurate memory for everything worth while: it was as if he had moved, to some profit, in several ages, and forgotten none of their "wild and noble sights." And the powers which were so delighting to others were, in a reflex way, a most single-hearted and modest way, sheer delight to himself, chiefly because he had tamed them to his hand.

His non-professorial conception of the function of a man of letters (only it was one of the thousand subjects on which he was sparing of speech, perhaps discouraged by insincerities of speech elsewhere) amounted to this: that he was glad to be a bond-slave to his own discipline; that there should be no limit to the constraints and the labor self-imposed; that in pursuit of the best, he would never count cost, never lower a pennon, never bow the knee to Baal. It was not his isolated position, nor his exemption from the corroding breath of poverty, which made it easy for such

an one to hold his ground; for nothing can make easy that strenuous and entire consecration of a soul to what it is given to do. It extended to the utmost detail of composition. The proud melancholy charm of his finest stanzas rests upon the severest adherence to the laws and by-laws of rhythm; in no page of his was there ever a rhetorical trick or an underbred rhyme. Excess and show were foreign to him. The real shortcoming of his verse lies in its Latin strictness and asceticism, somewhat repellent to any readers but those of his own temper. Its emotional glow is a shade too moral, and it is only after a league of stately pacing that fancy is let go with a looser rein. Greatly impeded in freedom of expression is that unblest poet who has historic knowledge of his own craft. To him nothing is sayable which has already been well said. Lionel Johnson, even as a beginner, was of so jealous an integrity that his youthful numbers are in their detail almost scandalously free from *parentalia*. Is it not, surely, by some supernatural little joke that his most famous line, —

"Lonely unto the Lone I go,"

had been anticipated by Plotinus? Here was a poet who liked the campaign better than Capua. He sought out voluntarily never, indeed, the fantastic, but the difficult way. If he could but work out his idea in music, easy as composition was to him, he preferred to do so with divers painstaking which less scrupulous vassals of the Muse would as soon practice as fasting and praying. To one who looks well into the structure of his poems, they are like the roof of Milan Cathedral, "gone to seed with pinnacles," full of voweled surprises, and exquisitely devotional elaborations, given in the zest of service, and meant to be hidden from mundane eyes. Yet they have the grace to appear much simpler than they are. The groundwork, at least, is always simple: his usual metre is iambic or trochaic, and the English alexandrine he made his

own. Precision clung like drapery to everything he did. His handwriting was unique: a slender, close slant, very odd, but most legible; a true script of the old time, without a flaw. It seemed to whisper: "Behold in me the inveterate foe of haste and discourtesy, of typewriters, telegrams, and secretaries!" As he wrote, he punctuated: nothing was trivial to this "enamored architect" of perfection. He cultivated a half-mischievous attachment to certain antique forms of spelling, and to the colon, which our slovenly press will have none of; and because the colon stood, and stands, for fine differentiations, and sly sequences, he delighted to employ it to tyrannize over printers.

Lionel Johnson's gallant thoroughness was applied not only to the department of literature. He had a loving heart, and laid upon himself the burden of many gratitudes. To Winchester, his old school, and Oxford, his university (in both of which he covered himself, as it happened, with honors), he was a bounden knight. The Catholic Church, to which he felt an attraction from infancy, and which he entered soon after he came of age, could command his whole zeal and furtherance, to the end. His faith was his treasure, and an abiding peace and compensation. The delicacy, nay, the sanctity of his character, was the outcome of it; and when clouds did not impede his action, it so pervaded, guided, and adjusted his whole attitude toward life (as Catholicism alone claims and intends to do), that his religiousness can hardly be spoken of, or examined, as a thing separate from himself. There was a seal upon him as of something priestly and monastic. His place, like his favorite Hawthorne's, should have been in a Benedictine scriptorium, far away, and long ago.

"Us the sad world rings round
With passionate flames impure;
We tread an impious ground;
We hunger, and endure."

So he sang in one of his best known numbers. Meanwhile, the saints, bright from their earthly battle, and especially the angels, and Heaven their commonweal, were always present to the imagination of this *anima naturaliter Christiana*. Again, his most conscious loyalty, with the glamour of mediæval chivalry upon it, was for Ireland. He was descended from a line of soldiers, and from a stern soldier who, in the ruthless governmental fashion of the time, put down at New Ross the tragic insurrection of 1798. Study and sympathy brought his great-grandson to see things from a point of view not in the least ancestral; and the consequence was that Lionel Johnson came to write, and even to lecture, as the heart-whole champion of hapless Innisfail. In the acknowledged spirit of reparation, he gave his thought, his time, and his purse to her interests. He devoted his lyre to her, as his most moving theme, and he pondered not so much her political hope, nor the incomparable charms of her streams and valleys, as her constancy under sorrows, and the holiness of her mystical ideal. His inheritance was goodly unto him, for he had by race both the Gaelic and the Cymric strain, and his temperament, with its remoteness, and its sage and sweet ironies, was by so much more and less than English. But he possessed also, in very full measure, what we nowadays perceive to be the basic English traits: deliberation, patience, and control. It was owing to these unexpected and saving qualities in him that he turned out no mere visionary, but made his mark in life like a man, and that he held out, for five and thirty years, in that fragile, terribly nervous body always so inadequate and perilous a mate for his giant intelligence.

Next to the impersonal allegiances which had so much claim upon him was his feeling for his friends. The boy Lionel had been the exceptional sort of boy who can discern a possible halo about a master or a tutor; and at Ox-

ford, as at Winchester, he found men worth his homage. The very last poem he sent forth, only the other day, was a threnody for his dear and honored Walter Pater, honored and dear long after death, as during life. Like so much else from the same pen, it is of synthetic and illuminating beauty, and it ends with the tenderest of lyrical cries:—

“Gracious God keep him: and God grant to
me
By miracle to see
That unforgettably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end!”

Friendship, with Lionel Johnson, was the grave, high romantic sentiment of antique tradition. He liked to link familiar names with his own by means of little dedications, and the two volumes of his poems, with their placid blue covers and dignity of margin, furnish a fairly full roll-call of those with whom he felt himself allied: English, Irish, Welsh, and American; men and women; famous and unknown; Christian and pagan; clerical and lay. It was characteristic of him that he addressed no poems directly to a friend, except once or twice, when well sheltered by a paraphrase, but set apart this or that, in print, as private to one or another whose heart, he knew, would go along with it. As a proof of the shyness and reticence of his affections, it may be added that some who were fond of him did not discover, for years after (and perhaps some have not yet discovered), the page starred with their own names, once given to them in silence, and for remembrance, by the hand which of late answered few letters, and withdrew more and more from social contact.

Alas, this brings us upon sad ground. We all first began to be conscious of losing him nearly four years ago, when he shut himself up, and kept obstinate silence, for weeks and months, in the cloistral London nooks where he and his library successively abode. Then, not quite two years ago, he had a painful

and prolonged illness, in the course of which his hands and feet became wholly crippled; and for the ardent lover, in any weather, of the open countryside arrived a dark twelvemonth of indoor inaction. It is to be feared he was not properly nursed; he had never known how to care for himself, and had lived as heedless of the flesh as if he were all wings. It seemed ungenerous, that instinct to go into the dark at times, wholly away from wonted intercourse. Yet it was neither ungenerous nor perverse. Surging up the more as his bodily resources failed him, a “mortal moral strife” had to be undergone: the fight in which there can be no comrades. The brave will in him fought long and fought hard: no victor could do more. He had apparently recovered his health after all the solitude and mental weariness, and had just expressed himself as “greedy for work,” when he went out from his chambers in Clifford’s Inn, late on the night of the 29th of September, for the last of his many enchanted walks alone: for with Hazlitt, against Stevenson, this walker held that any walk is the richer for being companionless. No one saw him faint, or stumble and fall; but a policeman on his beat found the unconscious body against the curb in Fleet Street, and had it carried to St. Bartholomew’s Hospital. And there in the ward he lay, with his skull fractured (a child’s skull it was, abnormally thin, as the inquest showed), recognized and tended, but always asleep, for four days and five nights; and then the little flickering candle went quietly out. In the bitter pathos of his end he was not with Keats, but with Poe. It was the 4th of October, 1902, a Saturday of misted autumn sunshine, sacred in the ecclesiastical calendar to the Poverello of Assisi. Of that blessed forerunner his dead poet had once written:—

“Thy love loved all things, thy love knew no
stay.
But drew the very wild beasts round thy knee.

O lover of the least and lowest! pray,
Saint Francis, to the Son of Man, for me."

The only other Englishman of letters so elfin-small and light was De Quincey. Few persons could readily be got to believe Lionel Johnson's actual age. With his smooth hair and cheek, he passed for a slim undergrown boy of sixteen; his light-footed marches, in bygone summers, over the Welsh hills and the coasts of Dorset and Cornwall, were interrupted at every inn by the ubiquitous motherly landlady, expostulating with him for his supposed truancy. His extreme sense of humor forbade annoyance over the episode; rather was it not unwelcome to one who had no hold on time, and was as elemental as foam or air. Yes, he lived and died young. It was not only simple country folk who missed in him the adult "note." And yet a certain quaint and courageous pensiveness of aspect and outlook; a hint of power in the fine brows, the sensitive hands, the gray eye so quick, and yet so chastened and incurious, could neither escape a true palæographer, nor be misconstrued by him. Lionel Johnson must have been at all times both a man and a child. At ten years old, or at the impossible sixty, he must equally have gone on, in a sort of beautiful vital stubbornness, being a unit, being himself. His manners, as well as his mental habits, lasted him throughout; from the first he was a sweet gentleman and a sound thinker. His earliest and his latest poems, in kind altogether, and largely in degree, were of a piece. A paper produced at Winchester School, on Shakespeare's *Fools*, is as unmistakably his as his final review of Tennyson. To put it rather roughly, he had no discarded gods, and therefore no periods of growth. He was a crystal, a day-lily, shown without tedious processes. In his own phrase,—

"All that he came to give
He gave, and went again."

He had a homeless genius: it lacked affinity with the planetary influences

under which he found himself here, being, as Sir Thomas Browne grandly says, "older than the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun." He seemed ever the same because he was so. Only intense natures have this continuity of look and mood.

With all his deference, his dominant compassion, his grasp of the spiritual and the unseen, his feet stood foursquare upon rock. He was a tower of wholeness in the decadence which his short life spanned. He was no pedant, and no prig. Hesitations are gracious when they are unaffected, but thanks are due for the one among gentler critics of our passing hour who cared little to "publish his wistfulness abroad," and was often as clear as any barbarian as to what he would adore, and what he would burn. He suffered indeed, but he won manifold golden comfort from the mercies of God, from human excellence, the arts, and the stretches of meadow, sky, and sea. Sky and sea! they were sacrament and symbol, meat and drink, to him. To illustrate both his truth of perception when dealing with the magic of the natural world and his rapturous sense of union with it, I am going to throw together, by a wholly irregular procedure, consecutive sections of three early and unrelated poems; one written at Cadgwith in 1892, one at Oxford in 1889, and the last (with its lovely opening anticipation of Tennyson), dating from Falmouth Harbor, as long ago as 1887.

I.

Winds rush, and waters roll;
Their strength, their beauty, brings
Into mine heart the whole
Magnificence of things:

That men are counted worth
A part upon this sea,
A part upon this earth,
Exalts and heartens me!

II.

Going down the forest side,
The night robs me of all pride,

By gloom and by splendor.
High, away, alone, afar,
Mighty wills and working are :
To them I surrender.

The processions of the night,
Sweeping clouds and battling light,
And wild winds in thunder,
Care not for the world of man,
Passionate on another plan.
(O twin worlds of wonder !)

Ancients of dark majesty,
Priests of splendid mystery,
The Powers of Night cluster :
In the shadows of the trees,
Dreams that no man lives and sees,
The dreams ! the dreams ! muster.

III.

I have passed over the rough sea,
And over the white harbor bar,
And this is death's dreamland to me,
Led hither by a star.

And what shall dawn be ? Hush thee :
 nay !
Soft, soft is night, and calm and still.
Save that day cometh, what of day
Knowest thou, good or ill ?

Content thee. Not the annulling light
Of any pitiless dawn is here :
Thou art alone with ancient night,
And all the stars are clear.

Only the night air and the dream ;
Only the far sweet-smelling wave ;
The stilly sounds, the circling gleam,
Are thine : and thine a grave.

Surely, no pity need be wasted upon one who resolved himself into so glorious a harmony with all creation and with the mysteries of our mortal being. To be happy is a feat nothing less than heroic in our complex air. Snow-souled and fire-hearted, sentient and apprehensive, Lionel Johnson, after all and in spite of all, dared to be happy. As he never worried himself about awards, the question of his to-morrow's station and his measure of fame need not intrude upon a mere character-study. Memorable and exhilarating has been the ten years' spectacle of him in unexhausted free play, now with his harp, now with his blunted rapier, under the steady dominion of a genius so wise and so ripe that one knows not where in living companies to look for its parallel. Well: may we soon get used to thinking of our dearest guild-fellow in a safer City, where no terror of defeat can touch him ! "And he shall sing There according to the days of his youth, and according to the days of his going up out of the land of Egypt."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LOWELL'S Anti-Slavery Papers seem likely to serve, as the early writings of authors often do, chiefly to confirm the impression we have drawn from his mature and more familiar work. These brief occasional articles, written for a heroic cause long since won, are too slight, for all their fervor and cleverness, to add anything to Lowell's literary reputation. But they will deepen the impression of him as a man of temperament. They will show where his wealth of nature lay, in

opulence of interests and sympathies and moods, in a vivacity almost Gallic in its gayety and tinged with a dash of Gallic skepticism. This must justify the appearance of the papers, — that in their number, range of topics and of illustration, their abundance of allusion, fecundity of ideas, and their flash of epigram and phrase, they corroborate our impressions of the man. Stretching also as they do over the years of his later youth, between twenty-six and thirty-three, they throw some lit-

tle light on the shaping of Lowell's character and the growth of his style.

The first five articles, written in 1844, show little grace or lightness and scarcely a gleam of humor, but instead a somewhat labored and hortatory seriousness. With Daniel Webster, however, the first paper contributed, a year later, to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, there come flashes of wit and some promise of the ease and flexibility of his mature style. The subject was one that always aroused Lowell, and it calls forth phrases of real, if somewhat imprecatory, eloquence, striking bits of description, and a few trenchant strokes of characterization. With the succeeding papers the play of wit becomes more frequent and more graceful, though it remained, as suited the occasion, for the most part satirical. It was hardly to be supposed that the humor of an anti-slavery advocate should be of an especially ingratiating sort. The abolitionists were engaged in a struggle with what they conceived to be the greatest of all evils, and they did not expect their spokesman to deal in smooth and mellow phrases. Nor was Lowell, though lacking that intense and unwearying devotion which kept a man like Garrison at his task of reform through thick and thin, mealy-mouthed, or wanting in conviction. There is then plenty of plain speaking here, and no little downright dogmatism, but of careful argument or painstaking exposition not a whit. For this he had no stomach, being possessed, as he said, of "a certain impatience of mind" which made him "contemptuously indifferent about arguing matters that had once become convictions." This "impatience of mind" was a sign of the elastic and ebullient nature which lightens all his pages with such wit as in the later papers sparkles into frequent epigram, occasionally swelling into irresponsible bubbles of facetiousness, and not always stopping short of puns.

In fact, apart from the patriotism

which glows through them, the papers have no quality like this temperamental one. It furnishes indeed the true register of Lowell's growth during the period of their production. One might even say that his temperament grew at the expense of his character. For though his writing shows gain in sense of proportion, in dexterity of phrase, as well as in the instinct for words that was always alert in him, it shows no like or proportional advance in grasp, in eloquence, or in that "grave exhilaration" which marks the greater English prose. If we can imagine one of Lowell's friends, stirred by the promise of his first paper on Webster, looking to find in him another Burke, we may be sure he was disappointed. Power and ease his work often shows, but complete subordination and control of mood never. A careful reading of it will give point anew to the impression which Fredrika Bremer, who visited the Lowells about the time the last of these little essays was being written, has recorded. The young author seemed to her less earnest than she expected to find him, and she thought the effect of his conversation much like that of fireworks.

It was not only Lowell's conversation that was like fireworks; much also of his writing is pyrotechnic, a series of scintillations, luminous flashes, sudden felicities, jets of improvisation rather than a steady glow or a quiet sustained light. Versatility he had and vivacity, both in a high degree, a love of epigram, too, and a fondness for allusion which with his facility of utterance and play of imagination made him the most delightful of American letter-writers. His style gained in grace and urbanity from year to year, but it never acquired the acceleration and resonance, the deepening inward glow, that is the sign of supreme power. Brilliancy it continued to have in larger abundance as the years passed, but the weighty advance of massed forces, the surging movement that seems inevitable, the flow, unstud-

ied and irresistible. of great prose, such as Raleigh's and Bunyan's, or Milton's and Burke's at their height, — like lava from the crater, — this it never showed. The heat of Lowell's mind seemed never to concentrate and rise to such intensity as would fuse his materials into a uniform molten state. It did not melt them, but put them forth too frequently in the unfluid form of epigram and quotation, bearing indeed the stamp of his taste, but not subdued to his purpose and dyed to the color of his mood. This, too, was an effect of his temperament, — a never quite harmonious temperament, but, as he once remarked himself, a mingling of two contradictory dispositions, of mystic and humorist. The union produced a scintillating activity which gave a thousand brilliant effects, and stamped Lowell's work as the clearest of all American writing, yet prevented the greater single effect that comes from a mind at one with itself. We could hardly apply to Lowell, as we might to Whittier, Gardiner's phrase about Cromwell, that he was distinguished by a certain moral unity of nature. Lowell's work seems often the result of internal insubordination, which we are inclined to think kept him from ever writing a book, and made his longer poems series of fine lines and stanzas complete in themselves rather than parts indistinguishable in a wrought and tempered whole.

In the brave days of Haroun Al Raschid and the fairy princes what is now a notable cause of ennui was its most popular cure. When the great men of that legendary part of history that is too original to repeat itself became footsore from standing on their dignity, they often dressed as ordinary citizens and went forth to study local color. As it was the chief duty of the bards and romancers of those days to record the deeds of the great, it naturally followed that many of their ballads and romaunts deal with the lively exploits of their patrons while thus

engaged. And because this feature of their work adds to its charm a grave error has crept into the present practice of literature, which makes a pastime more ancient and royal than golf a somewhat wearisome profession. To free this branch of sport from the stain of professionalism, and restore it to its wonted glory, is the purpose of this contribution.

Because the minstrels and gestours entertained the antique world with adventures in the study of local color as well as with the triumphs of gallantry, the chase, and war, their successors of the present day are making the curious mistake of studying local color for themselves. It would be just as reasonable that they should fight all the battles they describe, kill all the game, and do all the love-making. Indeed, some of the more advanced are already doing this, and defending their methods so cleverly that one cannot but marvel at the temerity of Shakespeare in writing King Lear without first going mad.

This erroneous view of the writer's function began with the study of local color that seemed to be made necessary by the spread of democratic ideas. Of late years, as has been shown by some recent exploits of the German Emperor, kings have found it hard to enjoy their once favorite pastime without danger of black eyes and other forms of *lèse-majesté*. But because our nominal kings have abandoned the practice, it does not follow that writers should take it up. If they were in touch with the progress of the world, they would celebrate the exploits of our real kings, and give us ballads and romances of the Walking Delegate and the President, or of the Populist and the Plutocrat. Just as kings once put on rags and went slumming, the sovereign voter now puts on a dress suit and attends a reception.

Now in order to rescue the sport of studying local color from its present fallen condition, it will be necessary to hold some discourse with the learned Thebans

The Study
of Local
Color.

who regard it as one of their prerogatives. Only by convincing them that they are mistaken can this end be attained; and although analytical criticism is not usually part of a sport lover's training, I am obliged, with due humility, to essay the task.

Fortunately for what is popularly supposed to be literature, local color cannot be defined accurately. Like Hamlet's cloud, it may look like a camel, like a weasel, or very like a whale, and every author is at liberty to describe it as he pleases. Like love, it can only be illustrated, and for that reason is a perennial source of copy. And just because it cannot be defined the temptation to define it is irresistible. Local color is that which enables the earnest modern writer to give his problem novels a local habitation and a dialect. The only requisites to its study are an unfamiliar environment and a superior mind, which naturally bring it within the range of every man with enough energy to walk around a block. It consists of all that is seen, heard, or smelled by a sage of one locality when visiting another locality. Indeed, the matter might be pushed to such an extreme as to show that the industrious local colorist may use all the known and some unknown senses in the study. Dr. Holmes's description of a tavern bedstead doubtless owes its definiteness to observation made through the sense of feeling; Mark Twain's description of a Turkish restaurant appeals peculiarly to the palate; and in some of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's stories scenes are described by the aid of that mysterious sixth sense that is the desire of the Theosophist and the chief equipment of the yellow journalist.

But the exclusive study of local color by writers, besides staining a royal sport with professionalism, has wrought much injury to pure literature. In some places of high and rarefied mentality it is held that minute descriptions of local color really make literature, and when a new

writer appears the critics first concern themselves with the quality of his peculiarities. If they are sufficiently marked, he is promptly hailed as a genius, without any consideration being paid to the quality of his message to the world. As a result of this, a man who discovers a new vein of local color feels himself called upon to write a book to exploit it; and some who have real stories to tell become mute inglorious Hall Caines because they cannot find a suitable brand of local color to serve as a medium for their creations. And all this is due to a mistaken idea that local color is anything more than a blemish that adds value to literary work, just as a misprint makes the "Vinegar" Bible command a fancy price in the auction room.

It is true that much of the world's best literature is permeated with local color, but in every important case it will be found that it is inevitable rather than elaborated. Burns wrote in "honest Lallans" because it was the language of his heart and of the people to whom he appealed, and he was handicapped when he tried to express himself in the stilted English of which he was a laborious master. He wrote in his mother tongue, and used his environments to illustrate his thoughts, because he lacked the necessary familiarity with all others. Dialect was not an affectation with him, but a necessary means to an end; and it was because he used it from within rather than from without, as one who was imbued with it rather than as one who had observed it, that it takes on an immortal dignity. His peasant's phrase became him, just as cultivated speech becomes the scholar, but when the peasant and scholar change garb and language both become masqueraders. When a student of language and custom undertakes to write like a peasant, his work may interest, but it can never be of supreme value; for it simply shows how a soul may express itself when handicapped. Only when local color gives the soul greater

freedom, and makes possible a more final expression of thought, is it other than a defect. If the books written by our masters of local color could be read or understood by the people whose lives they portray; if such works recorded their joys, sorrows, and aspirations in a way to excite gratitude or applause, there would be some excuse for making the short and simple annals of the poor both long and complex. Unfortunately, they can be read only by patient students with a taste for glossaries, while the people who are supposed to be voiced read their Bibles and the comparatively good English of the weekly papers. Our citizens are taught in the public schools to read and write the current language of the commonwealth; and if climatic conditions affect their pronunciation and peculiar occupations mould their phrases, they either do not notice the deviations or do not give them a thought. It is unspeakably absurd, and yet true, that the country poems and stories of to-day are written for the people of the city. It was not so in the time of Burns. He wrote for his friends and neighbors, and they understood him better than any one else; but I have yet to find the ordinary farmer who can misspell out the delightful poems of James Whitcomb Riley, though I have met many who are familiar with Shakespeare and Milton, and widely read in well-written history.

It may be thought that, for one who is merely advocating the purification of a sport, I have gone too far afield in literary criticism; but as the authors are the professionals of whom I complain, and as their sweet reasonableness is well known, I feel that I can best attain my end by showing them their error. I would not have them think, however, that I consider their work totally without value. On the contrary, I am convinced that their adventures in the quest of local color will furnish excellent ma-

terial for the true literary men of the future, just as did the adventures of the kings and beggars in the songs of the ancient ballad makers. Already a young friend who appreciates the true needs of the art he practices has filled many notebooks with accounts of adventures in the study of local color by makers of books. Moreover, he is writing a history of the subject, and dealing with it as a form of mining. He has maps and charts showing where the various outcrops, placers, and pockets have been found. He recounts the adventures of different toilers while developing their claims, and deals at considerable length with the exploits of that literary desperado, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is one of the most inveterate of claim jumpers. He also devotes a ballad to him, and as nearly as I can quote from memory it opens as follows:

"Now Rudyard Kipling rose — when called —
And pushed th' electric bell;
'Ho! bring to me a writing pad,
And typewriter as well!'

"He climbed aboard a varnished car,
He rode three days and one,
And to a Western village came
At the setting of the sun.

"Then up and chinned a village maid:
'Tis Hamlin Garland's ground,
And much I fear you'd get the gaff
If you should here be found.'

"Go to, go to, thou village maid,'
And a rude 'Har! Har!' laughed he.
'What's owned by one belongs to all,
And all belongs to me.'"

When the young man finds a publisher who will take his history seriously, and will not regard such ballads as the above satirical, he will bring out the results of his labors, and the world's literature will be enriched with an honest view of an ancient and royal sport under modern conditions. All the people will then indulge in it as a right, and the gayety of the nation will surpass even the dreams of humor.